

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 17, 1965

NEW WAR IN ASIA

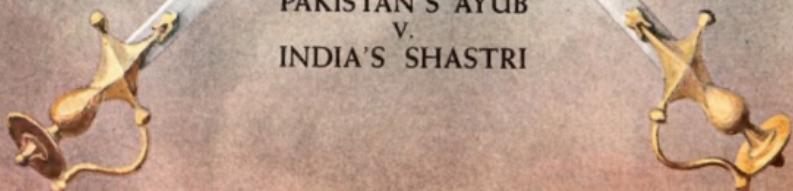
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Boris Chaliapin ::



PAKISTAN'S AYUB
V.
INDIA'S SHASTRI





Floor style shown: 86705. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

A Montina Vinyl Corlon floor goes with any style of color television set, especially on Wednesday evenings.

The styling of Montina Vinyl Corlon is especially contrived to be compatible with any decorating—and redecorating, and redecorating—impulse that may take your fancy. This is a point we have often made in magazines (and we hint at again in the picture above) and on television. Until now, however, we have confined our television commercials exclusively to what is known as black-and-white.

This, you might think, was a bit feeble-minded of us, since black-and-white is not a color combination in which Montina

comes. We could cite a number of economic and practical reasons for our past monochromatism, but they are of little interest now—even to us. Suffice it to say that we are about to start—on Wednesday, September 15, to be precise—presenting Montina in full color in our commercials.

Gentle reader, if you have not yet seen fit to trade in the old black-and-white for a Louis XVI or Duncan Phyfe or Victorian or high-impact polystyrene color TV set, it is none of our business. We make floors, not television sets. However, you

may recognize that the moment that makes the whole transaction worthwhile has now come. Armstrong commercials, we repeat, are now in color.

All that remains is to order a Montina Corlon floor to give tone to the thing.

We should mention that the shows in which these commercials can be found are also in color:

Gidget and Big Valley. Stirring shows, both ABC-TV. See your local listing for the exact time and station. Wednesday evenings in most places.

Why are so many promising men "failures" at thirty?

*men who think that success is only a matter of "a few years"
are failures . . . whatever their age!*



1. "The most dangerous enemy of personal progress in business is indecision. . . ."



2. "Aimlessly shifting from job to job adds nothing of value to one's experience. . . ."



3. "We believe we've learned, over the years, the secret of succeeding while you're still young. . . ."



4. "And we're always happy to pass along our suggestions to anybody who is genuinely ambitious."

An interview with James M. Jenks, President, Alexander Hamilton Institute

MOST BUSINESS LEADERS agree that the years from thirty to forty are the decisive ones for young men who hope to become major executives.

Often their twenties are spent orienting themselves to the commercial world—experimenting, searching, changing from one kind of business to another, or from department to department.

But when a man reaches thirty, he should surely know where he plans to go. And he should begin to take definite steps in that direction. Otherwise, he risks the danger of moving about aimlessly for the rest of his working days.

Why do so many promising men fail to solve this elementary question of direction? Why do they waste so much precious time switching jobs and objectives until all hope of success has passed them by? The answer, quite simply, lies in their refusal to face a question which is fundamental to the progress of every businessman:

"How important are the rewards success will bring to me and my family? Am I willing to sacrifice a great deal of time, to devote myself wholeheartedly to my job and to work hard in order to make—not just a living—but a substantial success?"

We try not to influence a man's thinking on this question. The answer must come from within himself.

It would, of course, be unrealistic not to recognize that success in business demands its price. Top management men are required to shoulder burdensome responsibilities—to work abnormally long hours—to spend less time with their families than they would like.

Further, not everybody has the native

ability, the vision and the "drive" to be a leader.

Thus each man should take a hard, objective look at himself—and come to an honest conclusion as to what his goal in business should be.

If you are ambitious, have at least average ability and intelligence, and look upon business as an exciting challenge rather than as drudgery . . . the Alexander Hamilton Institute can provide you with expert guidance and counsel.

The Institute, while functioning in much the same way as the home study Extension Divisions of our great universities, is geared precisely and practically to the needs of management-minded men.

Each day, as a subscriber, you come a little closer to your chosen goal. You grasp a clearer understanding of the principles which underlie all major departments of business. In a matter of months, you learn business practices which would, ordinarily, take years to master.

Send for Your Copy of "Forging Ahead in Business"

Many years ago, the Institute published an unusual little book on the subject of personal advancement titled "Forging Ahead in Business." It was offered, without cost, to ambitious businessmen, and the response was overwhelming.

Each year since then, we have made whatever changes were necessary to keep "Forging Ahead in Business" up to date and as refreshingly candid as the first edition.

The latest edition is now off the press, and is again being offered, with our compliments, to anybody who is genuinely interested in improving his position and his income.

The current issue explains why literally

thousands of businesses and businessmen fail every year . . . in times of prosperity as well as depression. It tells what a man must *know* . . . what he must *do* . . . to make upwards of \$15,000 a year. It lists the eleven essentials of business, and shows how they relate to each other.

But make no mistake. "Forging Ahead in Business" holds nothing for the man who sees an easy, pat formula for success. Its only "magic" lies in the widespread influence it has had in persuading thousands upon thousands of mature men to supplement their specialized knowledge with broad training in *all* departments of business.

The booklet is mailed, upon request, without cost to you. The price we expect you to pay is the 30 to 60 minutes it will take you to read and absorb its 32-page message.

Its value, of course, depends entirely on what you decide to do with the information in the booklet. If you *act* while time is still on your side, you may find—as others have found before you—that its pages contain a fortune. Simply fill out and return the coupon below; and the booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE.
Dept. 228, 228 Bay Street, N.Y. 10017
In Canada: 57 Bloor St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the Institute's descriptive booklet,

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"

Name.....

Firm Name.....

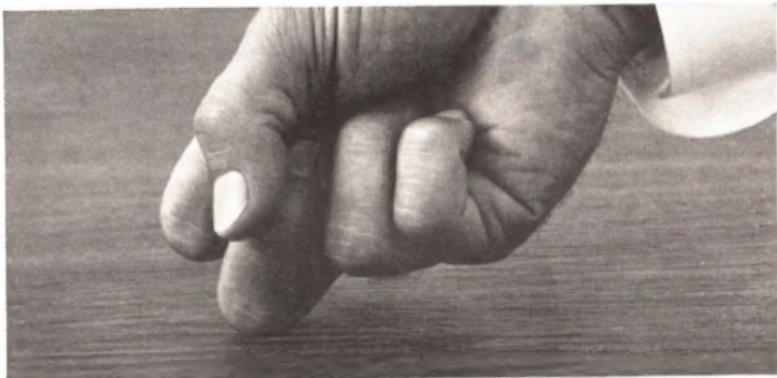
Business Address.....

Position.....

Home Address.....

44

Knock wood



Primitive men offered burnt sacrifices to appease the angry spirits.

Today many men knock on wood to woo fortune or to ward off trouble.

Knocking on wood won't product the urgent cash you may need for an emergency or an opportunity.

Knocking on wood won't provide the income to keep your family going if you should die prematurely. It won't find the money to pay off the mortgage or to give your children the education they will need in this fiercely competitive world.

But a carefully planned program of Guardian life and health insurance can do all these things and more. And when you are ready to retire after seeing your children grown to independent adulthood, Guardian guarantees to send you a monthly retirement income check for as long as you live — even if you live to more than 100.

Have a talk with your local Guardian representative or your broker. Draw freely on his down-to-earth advice. It beats knocking on wood. He will show you how you can be protected by —

Your Guardian for Life

The GUARDIAN Life Insurance Company OF AMERICA
A Mutual Company • Established 1860 • 201 Park Avenue South • New York • New York 10003



As a young man,
you liked
ordinary
whisky.



Years later,
you found
that Scotch
was lighter.



Then, you
discovered
Ballantine's is
remarkably
smooth
and light.



(you must be)
successful.)



Key men from Citibank's overseas branches at our 399 Park Avenue headquarters in New York

Who's minding the store back home?

Over 8,500 other Citibankers in 41 countries on 5 continents

"Home" for these Citibankers means widely scattered cities throughout the world. For these are some of the men who run our fully-staffed branches abroad. Why did they leave home? To exchange information and ideas that can result in better world-wide banking service for you.

And by that we mean ways to make the most of business opportunities anywhere in the free world. Wherever your interests lie, Citibank . . . with complete banks-on-the-scene in 41 countries abroad . . . is the right bank in the right place to serve you.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
PARTNERS IN PROGRESS AROUND THE WORLD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation





Who needs rear wheels?

The *front* wheels on the MG Sports Sedan do all the work. They pull. They steer. They cling to the road like cleats. They serve up fast, safe, disc-brake stops.

The *front* wheels are where the power is. MG's front wheel drive takes the Sports Sedan straight as a string to where you direct it. The *front* wheels are where the weight is. MG's competition-proved engine is up forward where it ought to be...and where its poundage delivers extra traction, even

on tricky surfaces.

True, the rear wheels help support the car. But it is the *front* wheels that tell them what to do—as part of MG's rugged Hydroelastic® (liquid) Suspension System. They actually telegraph news of road conditions to the rear wheels, so you stay on the level, no matter what. What does it add up to? Simply this: *no car is more roadworthy than the Sports Sedan*. It holds steady and true, in spite of slick, snow, breeze and bumps. Most re-

assuring, whether you drive for the sport or for the family (of five). Incidentally, the modest price includes all five wheels.

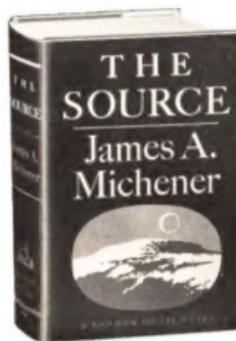


FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP., HAMPTON, NEW JERSEY,
100, 100 GRANT AVENUE, HOBOKEN,
NEW JERSEY.

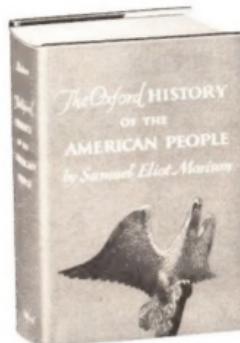
A SHORT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WILL DEMONSTRATE

These three...or any three OF THE BOOKS LISTED ON THESE PAGES... FOR ONLY \$1

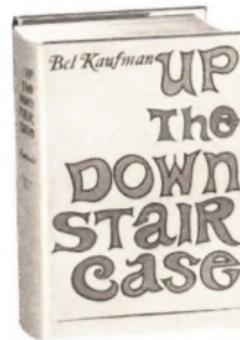
THE TRIAL: SIMPLY BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS WITHIN A YEAR
AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% BELOW RETAIL PRICES



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by JAMES A. MICHENER
Illustrated
(Retail price \$7.95)



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(Retail price \$5)

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: SOMETHING FOR EVERY READING FAMILY TO KNOW ABOUT

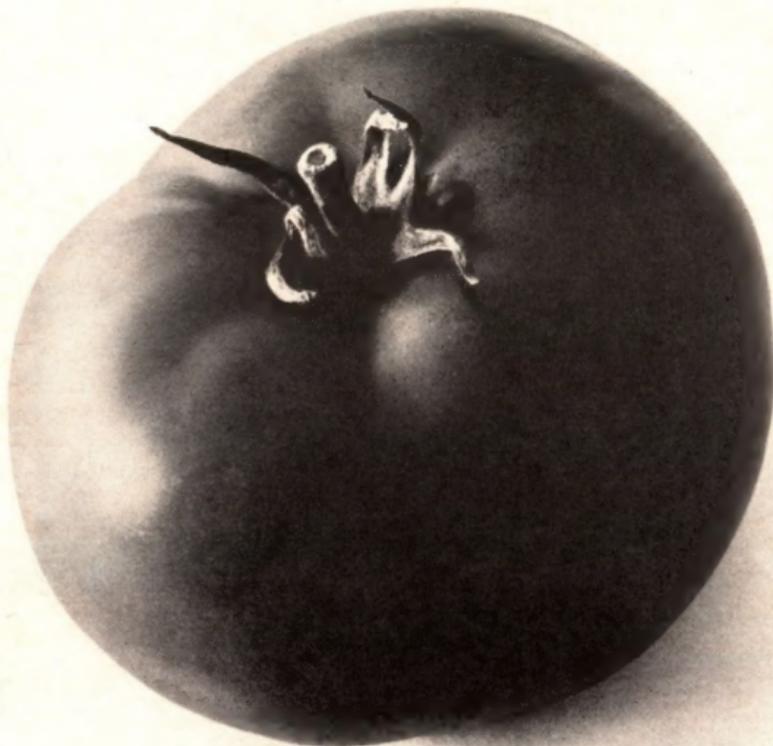
THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, by your own actual experience, how effectively membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another equally important advantage enjoyed by members: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system Book-of-the-Month Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying the books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance Book-Dividends" earned by the

purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will receive, with every Club choice you buy, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each Certificate, together with a nominal sum, usually \$1.00 or \$1.50—occasionally more for unusually expensive volumes—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine volumes whose retail prices average \$7. Since its inauguration the almost incredible sum of over \$330,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Club members through this unique plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
345 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 10014

There is a fleeting moment...
just before sweet tomatoes pop out of their skins...
when flavor is at its fullest. It is possible to
capture this lush moment, when canners use a salt
of precise strength and purity. Successful
canners trust Sterling, and their know-how.



Homemakers trust pure Sterling, too.
It's the Sterling you use every day.

 INTERNATIONAL SALT COMPANY





Power train guaranteed for 24 months or 24,000 miles

Most people buy the SAAB on the ground

The one in the air cruises at more than 1,500 mph, goes at least 30 gallons to the mile and costs \$2,000,000.00 f.o.b. Stockholm. It's the new Viggen super-jet SAAB is building for the Swedish Air Force.

Most people will take off in the SAAB on the ground. Developing more than a horsepower per cubic inch of displacement... more than most high-powered sports cars... it can cruise easily at speeds higher than the law allows, goes 30 miles to the gallon, and has a p.o.e. cost about 1,000 times lower.

It's the only car in the world engineered to aircraft standards. You can

feel it in the driving, see it in the wind tunnel styling, sense it in the 18-gauge Swedish steel body that protects you and your family.

SAAB designed the car to handle like a jet fighter, beginning with front wheel drive and the up front engine. And 16 years of improving on a good thing give you sports car feel and response in a family sedan with typical Swedish quality.

SAAB always goes exactly where you point it... pulls you through unexpected curves and tight spots instead of pushing you into spinouts. And does it with traction you won't believe until

you drive it... on rain slick or icy roads through snow, mud or sand.

SAAB dealers throughout the country will give you a test fight.

But don't buy the jet fighter. Hold out for the one. It beats four more people six times you buy the station wagon.

Happy landings!

SAAB

A night photograph of the Golden Gate Bridge. The bridge's towers and cables are illuminated against a dark sky. In the foreground, several cable cars are visible on the bridge deck, some moving towards the viewer and others away. Below the bridge, the lights of cars on a highway reflect on the wet asphalt. The overall scene is a composite of multiple exposures, creating a sense of motion and depth.

You can't get
the whole
picture in just
a day or two.

Rome was built on seven hills. San Francisco has *forty-two*—some so steep they have steps instead of streets. If you don't want to walk up, you can take the elevator—an 1890-vintage cable car.

Between hills, you can take a world tour—without leaving the city. Step into the Orient along Chinatown's Grant Avenue. Have lunch in a Paris sidewalk cafe. Discover a bit of Naples in North Beach. Visit a Chinese fortune cookie factory. Explore a Spanish mission the Indians helped build. Sip jasmine tea in a Japanese tea garden. Dine Tahitian style—or French or Greek or Armenian or German or East Indian or Cantonese.

Care to cross the Pacific? Head over the Golden Gate Bridge. Just on the other side you'll discover Sausalito, a suburban town imported from the Italian Riviera.

And of course there are theaters, museums, galleries, bay cruises, sidewalk flower stands and night clubs where it's New Year's Eve every night.

How long will it take to see all this? Some say a lifetime. So maybe you'd better plan on at least a week.

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

For a free illustrated guide write to
San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau • Dept. T5
1375 Market Street • San Francisco, California 94103

How come more than 50,000 lawyers have signed on the dotted line with Metropolitan Life?

Practicing law gives a man a keen eye for what goes into a contract. And clearly, lawyers like what goes into a Metropolitan policy.

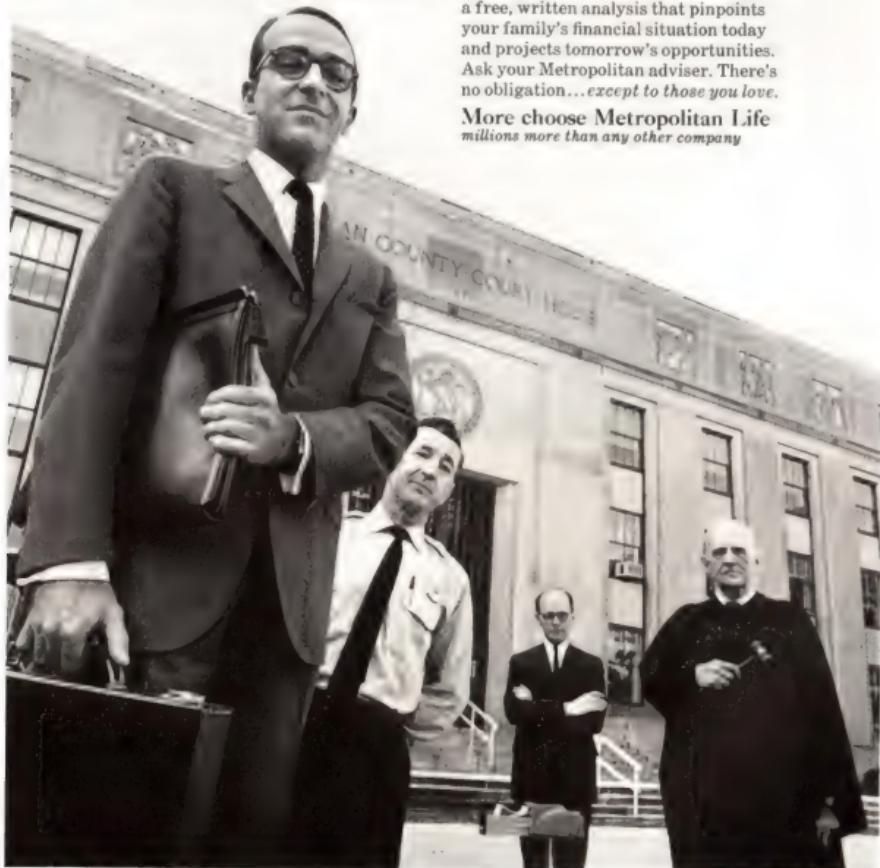
Which is why so many of them have Metropolitan policies of their own.

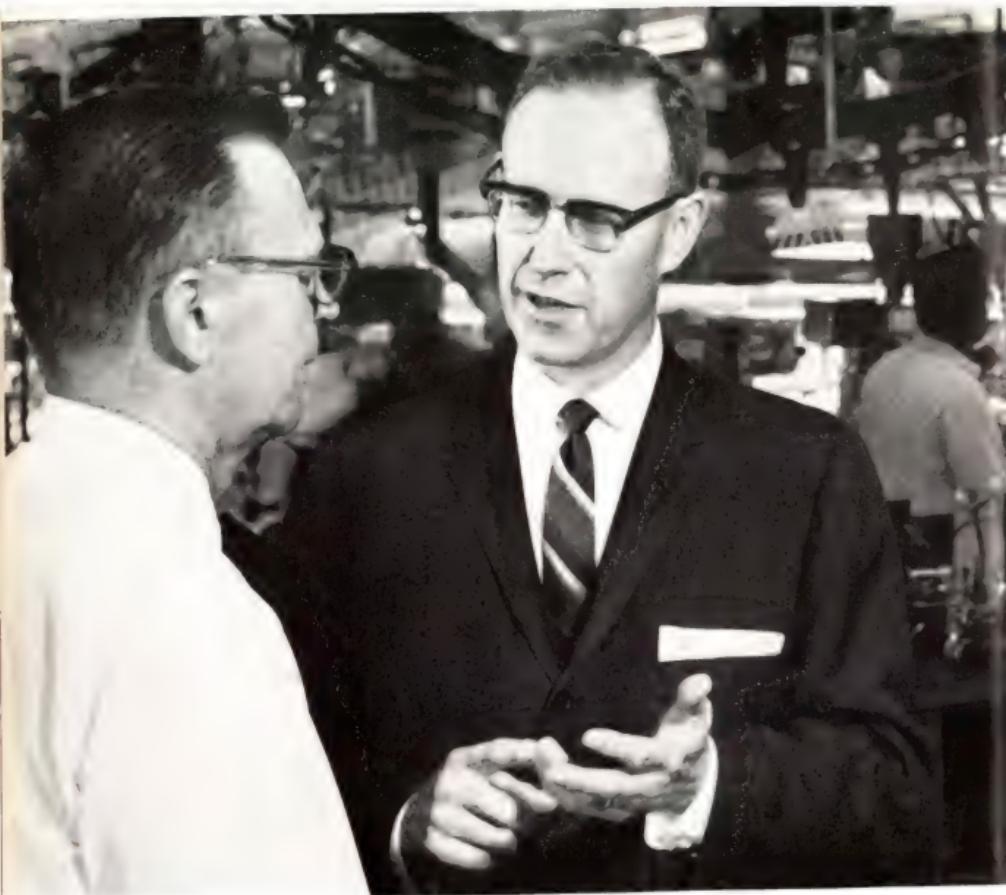
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TIME, SEPTEMBER 17, 1965



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Left: This is how the photograph at top was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass. The model is a stuffed owl from F. A. O. Schwarz.

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Look for the British label.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

The 1965-66 season is at hand, with all the new series (TIME, July 23) kicking off in a single week. The premieres—plus a few worthy public-affairs programs:

Wednesday, September 15

LOT IN SPACE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) Guy Williams and June Lockhart head a family marooned on an unknown planet.

GIDGET (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Sally Field in a teen-age situation comedy.

GREEN ACRES (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). City Lawyer Eddie Albert and Wife Gabor move to the sticks.

THE BIG VALLEY (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Barbara Stanwyck as an Old West matriarch.

SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Comic adventure with a pair of U.S. agents.

AMOS BURKE, SECRET AGENT (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Former Millionaire Cop Gene Barry becomes a millionaire spy.

Thursday, September 16

OK. CRACKERY (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Burl Ives as a cracker-barrel billionaire.

LAREDO (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Adventure with the Texas Rangers.

THE CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). CBS's first plunge into prime-time feature films, beginning with *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962), starring Frank Sinatra (*see below*).

MONA McCLOSKEY (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Juliet Prowse in a situation comedy about a movie star with an Air Force husband.

THE LONG HOT SUMMER (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A dramatic series based on Faulkner's stories, with Edmund O'Brien.

THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Variety. Opening-night guests include Diahann Carroll, Bob Newhart and Frank Sinatra (who will thus be competing with the *Manchurian Candidate* version of himself).

Friday, September 17

CAMP RUNAMUCK (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Situation comedy at a summer camp.

THE WILD, WILD WEST (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Robert Conrad as a Civil War hero turned Government agent.

HANK (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A comedy about an unregistered college student.

TAMMY (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A backwoods girl becomes a secretary.

CONVOY (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A World War II drama series.

HOGAN'S HEROES (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Adventure comedy in a World War II P.O.W. camp.

HONEY WEST (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Anne Francis as a private eye.

THE SMOOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Folk songs and comedy.

MR. ROBERTS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A situation comedy based on the hit play and movie.

Saturday, September 18

I DREAM OF JEANNIE (NBC, 8:30 p.m.). An astronaut and a girl genie.

GET SMART! (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Don Adams as a spook-spy.

THE TRIALS OF O'BRIEN (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new lawyer series with Peter Falk.

THE LONEER (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Lloyd

All times E.D.T.

Bridges in a post-bellum Western dramatic series.

Sunday, September 19

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). An interview with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson via Early Bird satellite.

THE FBI (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Efrem Zimbalist Jr. as a G-Man.

THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Comedy-adventure on a two-masted schooner during World War II.

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "K.K.K.—The Invisible Empire," a film-about-the-inside report on the Ku Klux Klan.

RECORDS

Rock 'n' Roll

The latest wave to hit the beach is folk rock. It combines the big beat with folk themes of sentimental love and social protest. Its king: Bob Dylan, who leaves behind the straight-haired purists of folk as he takes up electric guitar. He and his imitators are bringing the message right into the front seat of the convertible, although it is still not strong enough to drown out the we're-not-too-young-to-get-married gang.

LIKE A ROLLING STONE (Columbia). Dylan lights out after Temple Drake's daughter spoiled man-eaters whom he can only taunt and threaten. He shouts out the chronicle of a girl's decline from board-ing-school brat to streetwalker. The lyrics, written by Dylan, are powerful and literate and the song is twice as long as most pop hits. But it is climbing the charts and probably dusting off a lot of dictionaries.

EVE OF DESTRUCTION (Dunhill). With a belligerence that makes Dylan seem mild-mannered, Barry McGuire declares the nuclear apocalypse at hand. Enumerating signs of deterioration, from Congress to Selma and Red China, he castigates the entire world. Efforts to ban the song from radio have failed, and kids are buying it at the phenomenal rate of 10,000 a day.

I GOT YOU BABE (Atco). Riding the folk-pop wave are Sonny and Cher, a husband and wife with Siamese-twin voices that make it hard to tell who's the boy and who's the girl, and even whether one or both are singing. They muse at the quaint notions of elders, who think that people who spend their allowances before they get them won't be able to make a go of marriage.

ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO (Imperial). Cher soaks the Dylan song that lays down Martin Buber's I-Thou philosophy for teen-agers: "I don't want to select you, disect you, inspect you or reject you. All I really want to do is be friends with you." Cher turns out to have a coarse, grainy alto voice with a wide-open quality that projects a lot of feeling without too much sentimentality.

IT AIN'T ME, BABE (White Whale). In another song written by Dylan and sung by the Turtles, he lectures clinging vines who only want a strong shoulder to lean on. "Go way from my window at your own chosen speed," he declares.

SATISFACTION (London). The Rolling Stones are getting the TV message, but they don't like it: "When I'm watching my TV, and that man comes on to tell me how white my shirt can be, well he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke the

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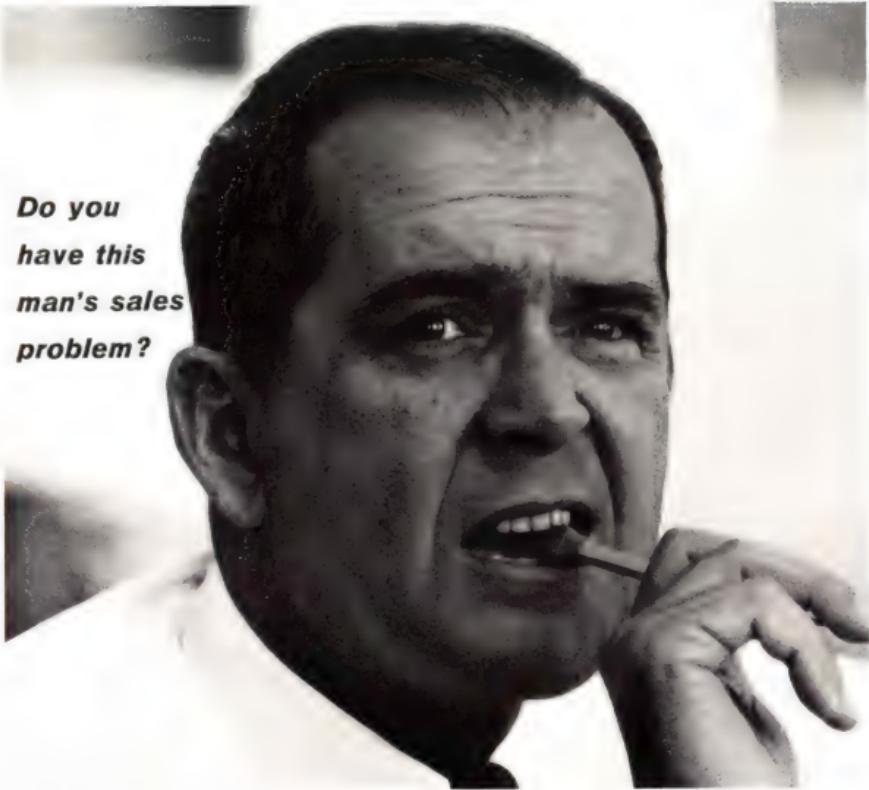
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same cigarettes as me." The Stones manage to sing with nervous intensity and snigger at the same time.

CALIFORNIA GIRLS (Capitol). The Beach Boys make a point that is hard to dispute: a tan enhances the charm of a bikini.

FM DOWN (Capitol). "I'm down, down on the ground," twang Paul and John and George over and over again. Ringo explains why: his girl not only flirted with other boys, but threw away his grandmother's valuable ring.

CINEMA

HELP! The Beatles romp through sight and sound gags pursued by a band of sinister Orientals out to make a human sacrifice of Ringo. Addicts will welcome the shots of the Beatles' communal pad, which—among other things—has wall-to-wall grass.

THE KNACK. Director Richard Lester, who Helped! the Beatles, makes Rita Tushingham the goal of three zany British bachelors who share a town house. At the final guffaw, it's three down and goal to go.

RAPTURE. A gloomy farmhouse on the coast of Brittany harbors an escaped criminal (Dean Stockwell) who tortures the various needs of an embittered ex-judge (Melvyn Douglas), his otherworldly daughter (Patricia Gozzi), and a bed-minded serving wench (Gunnel Lindblom). The tragic result is a triumph for English Director John Guillermin.

DARLING. Julie Christie irresistibly shows how to succeed in bed without hardly trying. This tale has its own kind of moral when you finally get there, it's time to go somewhere else.

THE IPCRESS FILE. Harry Palmer (Michael Caine) is an un-Bonded type of counter-spy, who can hardly see without his glasses and does his job only to keep from being sent to jail. But he does it well and interestingly enough to make a thriller that is fun all the way.

SHIP OF FOOLS. Grand Hotel afloat, with such passengers as Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner expertly rocking Katherine Anne Porter's boat.

THE COLLECTOR. Terence Stamp plays a butterfly collector who tries to get a girl (Samantha Eggar) into his killing bottle.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. It is hard to say which are the top stars of this frantic spectacular—the vintage airplanes in a 1910 race from London to Paris or their intrepid pilots, who include Terry Thomas as No. 1 Bad Guy.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MRS. JACK, by Louise Hall Tharp. An immensely readable biography of Isabella Stewart Gardner, one of Boston's most colorful Victorian lady eccentrics. Armed with money, an unfettered imagination and a whim of iron, she kept Boston's newspapers in copy with her antics for half a century—and along the way assembled a collection of great art now housed in the Gardner Museum.

THE GARDENERS OF SALONIKA, by Alan Palmer. During World War I, the Allies used Macedonia as a dumping ground for out-of-favor generals. But in 1918, French General Franchet d'Esperey refused to stay dumped; instead he struck boldly at the heart of Germany through Belgrade and Vienna. Palmer tells the story of D'Esperey's swift and decisive drive in

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highly readable style, and wonders aloud why this strategy was not followed three years earlier.

SQUARE'S PROGRESS, by Wilfred Sheed. When his wife calls him a bore and leaves him, a nice, adjusted insurance salesman sets out to discover the Cool World. He learns that hips are duller than squares.

ESAU & JACOB, by Machado de Assis. Rio de Janeiro in the last decade of the 19th century is presented to the reader with a dated but delectable use of hyperbole, metaphor and epigram.

THE LUMINOUS DARKNESS, by Howard Thurman. The essays of Dr. Thurman, a Negro and dean emeritus of Boston University's chapel, reflect the experience of a man who has given thought as well as action to the cause of his people.

NEVER CALL RETREAT, by Bruce Catton. Deservedly the bestselling of Civil War historians, Catton shows the South overwhelmed and analyzes two great leaders: Lincoln, who resisted vindictive penalties on the South, and Lee, who refused to start a guerrilla war in the Virginia hills, which would have bled the country dry.

WARD 7, by Valery Tarsis. A bitter novel about a group of Russian intellectuals languishing in an insane asylum because they dared oppose Soviet leaders.

REPORT TO GRECO, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The tormented Greek writer's autobiography is a powerful, personal testament and a key to the sources of his obsession with God. Kazantzakis died when the book was only in first draft, but the occasional tenderness and awkwardness show the raw energy in his creative gift.

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, by John le Carré. The author sends another ungimmecky thriller out to fight the cold war with James Bond. Grey East Germany and red-taped London are again the settings; the spy is another drab, lonely man.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, by Giorgio Bassani. The author was responsible for the posthumous publication of Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, and he has learned much from the master. Bassani's gracefully written novel depicts the elegant, decadent world of a rich Jewish family and its confrontation with Fascism and death.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Hotel, Hailey* (3)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
4. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (6)
5. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (5)
6. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wouk (9)
7. *The Green Berets*, Moore (4)
8. *The Ambassador*, West (7)
9. *Night of Camp David*, Knebel (10)
10. *The Flight of the Falcon*, Du Maurier

NONFICTION

1. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (1)
2. *Intern, Doctor X* (3)
3. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (6)
4. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapierre (2)
5. *Morkins, Hammarskjöld* (5)
6. *Games People Play*, Berne (4)
7. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morrison (7)
8. *The Memoirs of an Amnesiac*, Levant (8)
9. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (9)
10. *Report to Greco*, Kazantzakis



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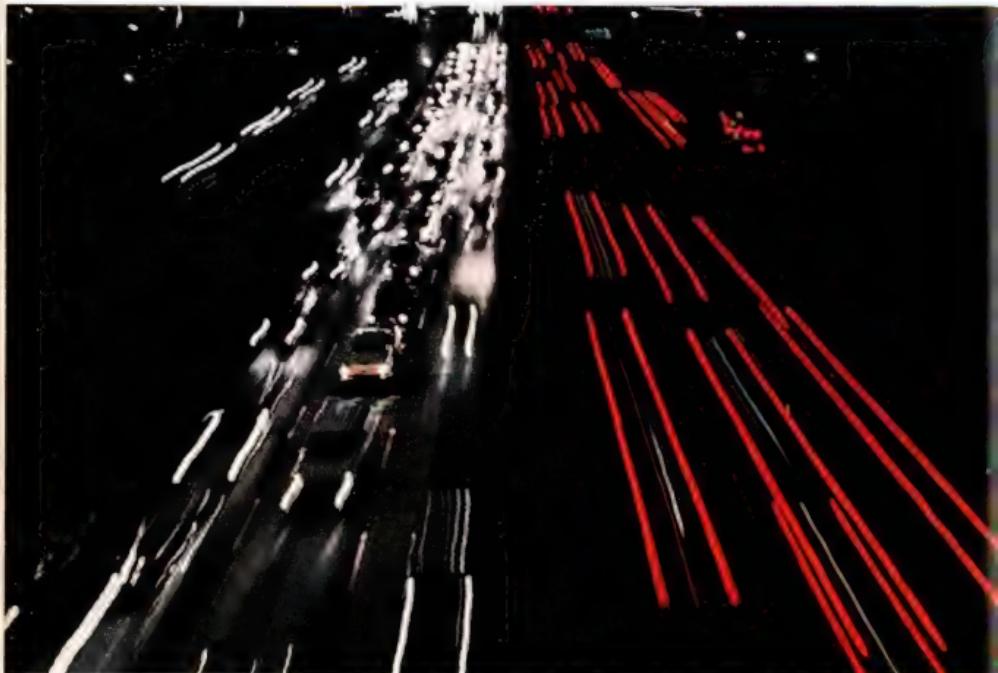
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ASK 

LETTERS

Fowler & The Dollar

Sir: That was a splendid cover story [Sept. 10] on Henry Fowler, a very dedicated man and one who is tops in his field.

PINKNEY G. DURHAM JR.

Natchitoches, La.

Sir: The story on monetary reform is shoddy treatment of the issues, with oversimplifications and inaccuracies and misrepresentations. As someone who deals daily with problems posed by deteriorating currencies, I find it notable that plans for reform avoid mention of the most fundamental one—monetary discipline!

GEORGE T. STENT

Chicago

Farm Report

Sir: Never in such a brief space has there been a better analysis of the "farm mess" [Sept. 3]. I want you to know that we appreciate your outstanding work.

CHARLES B. SHUMAN

President

American Farm Bureau Federation
Chicago

Sir: Your cover story was a colorful puff on Charlie Shuman, but that's about all. It is obvious that your reporters never got within a country mile of an honest-to-God farmer with manure and dirt on his boots. Farmers laugh aloud at the bickering efforts of farm organizations to solve problems. Most farmers belong to a farm organization only to participate in low-cost insurance programs or co-operatives, which are growing bigger all the time. The Farm Bureau itself is looking into the idea of buying a huge supermarket chain. Farm organizations are big business, as Shuman is aware.

HERB KARNER

President

Newspaper Farm Editors of America
Tulsa, Okla.

Sir: As past president of Newspaper Farm Editors of America, I found your story well done, much more balanced than farm people usually see in national or big-city publications. Thank you for bringing out some highly important facts that the public seldom hears about.

BILL HUMPHRIES

Tulsa, Okla.
Farm Editor

The News and Observer
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir: Your story is a cogent and objective presentation of a complex subject. But under no circumstances can the National Farmers Organization be classed as rightist. Neither is the N.F.O. loath to accept government direction or dictates.

JAMES C. THOMSON

Editor

Prairie Farmer
Chicago

Sir: As a farmer, I compliment you on your excellent story on Charles Shuman, a man I've long admired. It was an accurate, fair account of agricultural problems and the Farm Bureau's position.

KEN MCINTYRE

Harwood, N. Dak.

Traffic Solution

Sir: Your Essay "Ode to the Road" [Sept. 10] has accomplished the impossible. It has solved the traffic problem

and at the same time presented the Government with a new, lip-smacking spending program: just think, a subsidy to car manufacturers for not producing cars.

PHILIP C. WALWORK

Boston

Foreign Aid Affairs

Sir: I thought your foreign aid Essay [Sept. 3] most interesting. In view of the mixed results of our foreign aid, and in view of the balance-of-payments deficit, it would seem that curtailment of wasteful aid programs presents the best opportunity to plug the dollar leakage. It is vital that every aid project have a specific objective, and that we see progress toward that objective or abandon the program. The objective must be reasonable, obtainable and in keeping with our resources. More funds should not be granted until past authorizations are spent, or better still, Congress should cancel all past authorizations and re-examine aid to regain control over distributions.

CHARLES P. STESTON

President

Stetson Securities Corp.
Fairfield, Conn.

Tales of Childhood

Sir: There is something pathetically juvenile in the President's having to distribute souvenir pens to grown men after signing a bill [Aug. 20]. The pen he gives out has no meaning; it reminds one of a birthday party at which each small child has to "get something" to avoid hurt feelings!

HELEN M. ROGAI

Hartford, Conn.

Sir: While L.B.J. is trying so desperately to give an image of the Great White Knight or of Robin Hood creating a Sherwood Forest, I am reminded of another childhood tale, *The Tar Baby*. As the President's honey-toned, sugar-coated words come dripping from your pages or a radio, I find myself smothering an immense urge to warn all the little rabbits: "Don't be fooled, 'cause once you're stuck, you can't get unstuck!"

(MRS.) NEVA STREVER

El Paso

Cultural Apogee

Sir: There's long been doubt as to the single outstanding event in Chicago's cultural history. Founding of the Chicago Symphony by Theodore Thomas? Found-

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How Associates helped launch a Gulf Coast Crewboat Company

Back in the 50's when the oil companies asked Charles Slater to expand his crewboat service to their offshore rigs, it seemed impossible. Not only would it tie up all of his capital, but several payments would come due before he received any money for the service. Then Mr. Slater talked to his local Associates man. A special plan was created by Associates for Slater with payments

deferred until his money started coming in. Since then, "Slater Boats" has grown to fleet size. We've helped add 5 new boats to his fleet and we're looking forward to more. Whatever your financial or insurance needs, ask an Associates Company. With nearly two billion dollars in assets and over 700 offices in the U.S. and Canada, the Associates Group of Companies is ready to meet your needs.



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Why Sentry is happy to insure a "small" business like ACDC Electronics but might have to pass up GE



"Small" business? Lewis List knows what that means. Smaller than General Electric.

Lew is Executive VP of ACDC Electronics, Burbank, California. 165 employees. Lew says, "Sentry understands our business." Sentry agrees. Our company was started by small businessmen to insure small businesses. So, we feel we can do better by them than anyone else.

True, we sell all kinds of insurance, but our particular cup of tea is planning insurance for businesses like ACDC.

Complicated insurance problem. ACDC once had as

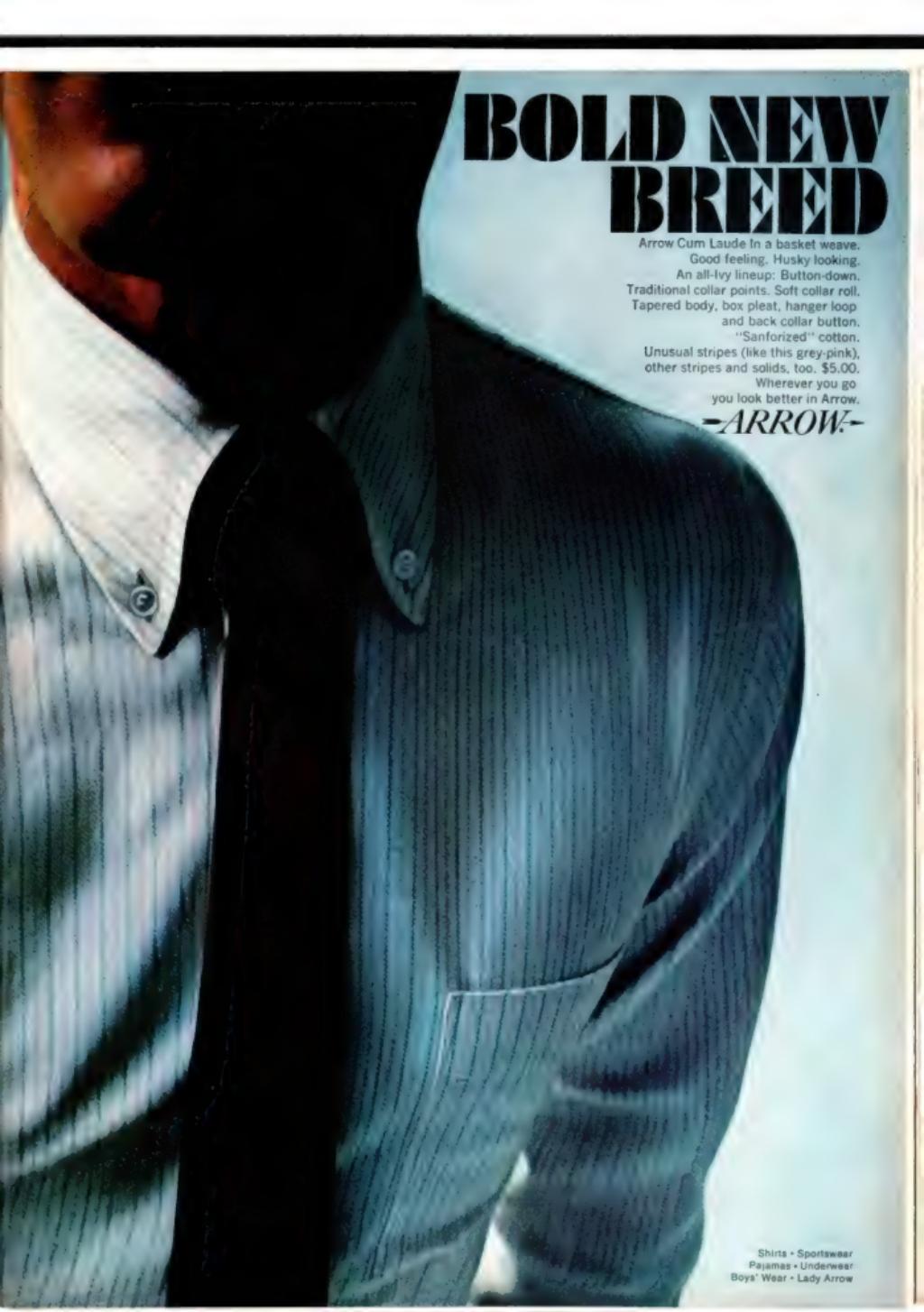
many as 10 different policies.

Then they called in Sentry. Now: everything all wrapped up with one organization—Sentry. Tailored to fit the ACDC situation.

Now what about General Electric? Fine business, but too big for us. Even though we do over \$135,000,000 a year now. Suppose we took on GE? We just wouldn't have the people to give men like Lewis List (and you) the proper attention.

If you have a "small" business — the Sentry man would be proud to talk with you. Why don't you give him a ring? He's in the phone book.

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-ARROW-

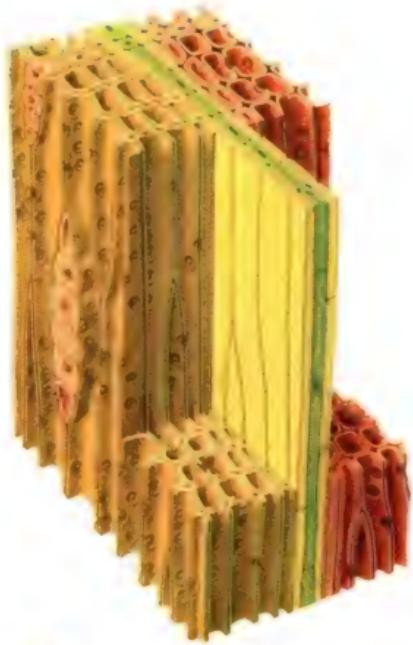
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A tree breathes. It draws
nourishment from air and soil. It grows.
But what part of a tree is alive?



A large tree has hundreds of miles of roots to anchor it to the soil. But most of that length is dead, woody matter. At the very tips of the roots are living, growing cells that push a protective cap of dead cells through the soil. Just behind the tip are the root-hairs, tiny, single-cell projections that absorb water and dissolved minerals from the soil, and start it on its way up to the leaves.



Extending from the tips of the roots to the ends of the branches is a single layer of living cells—the cambium layer. They are the only living cells in the trunk. In summer, when the tree grows, these cells divide continually—adding thickness but no height to the tree. The cells that form on the outside of the cambium layer become bark; those that form on the inside become wood.

Only a small part of a living tree is actually alive. The very tips of the roots. The leaves. The buds. The flowers. The seeds. And a single thin layer of cells that sheathes the entire tree from the tips of the roots to the buds on the ends of the smallest branches.

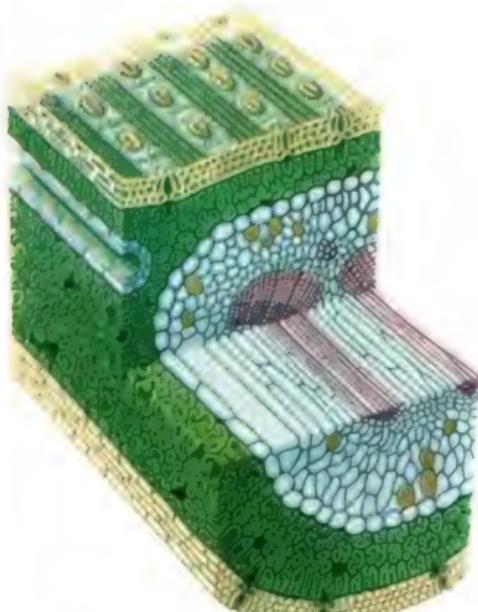
But those living parts of the tree—about one per cent of its bulk—perform amazingly complex functions. And build a structure that can soar skyward a hundred feet or more and stand for centuries.

To St. Regis, the life of a tree is a matter of the profoundest concern. The living trees of the forests assure

us of an eternal supply of our basic raw material. Most of even our most sophisticated products still retain the natural fibers of the wood—unaltered, but reassembled to form noteworthy printing papers, kraft papers and boards, fine papers, packaging products, building materials, and products for consumers.

By planning their operations with intelligence, St. Regis and other members of the forest products industry are helping to nurture the usefulness of America's forests, and to enhance the enjoyment and inspiration to be derived from them for generations to come.

ST REGIS



The tissues—or needles, in coniferous trees—make sugar out of water passed up from the roots and carbon dioxide in the air. In doing this they utilize the energy of light, with the aid of chlorophyll. The sugar is passed back to the other living cells of the tree so that they can breathe—that is, combine the sugar with oxygen to create energy for the infinite processes of life which enable them to grow and develop.



The leaf buds on the twigs are alive, too. It is their growth that gives a tree height, and extends its branches. Cells at the base of the bud divide and elongate, building a new twig behind the developing leaf. This growth is coordinated with the growth in the cambium layer, so that as a tree grows in height, its trunk and its branches are all growing in thickness at the same time.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 17, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 12

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Encirclement in Asia

For three decades without cease, Asia has been racked by war and revolution. Last week, on top of the conflict in Viet Nam and Indonesia's "confrontation" with Malaysia, yet another war smoldered in Asia as India and Pakistan wrestled for control of long-disputed Kashmir (*see THE WORLD*).

Neither nation, fortunately, had enough petroleum, spare parts or ammunition for a protracted, all-out war.

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As one of the chief sources of weapons for both sides, the U.S. immediately decided to cut off their supplies. But there were still plenty of opportunities for troublemakers to fan the flames by pouring in arms—and a shrill chorus of support for Pakistan suggested that such accomplished chaos lovers as Red China and Indonesia might do just that.

The Line-Up. For the U.S., the war offered no easy choices. Since World War II, Washington has lavished some \$4 billion in military and economic aid on India in hopes of building it into an Asian showcase for democracy on China's border. As for Pakistan, it was among the most trusted friends of the U.S. until Washington began sending India arms in the wake of Red China's 1962 invasion. And, though Pakistan's resentment led to an increasingly warm flirtation with Red China, it is still the

only member—aside from Britain—of both the SEATO and CENTO alliances that anchor the Southeast Asian and Middle Eastern outposts of the free world's collective security system. As principal architect of that system, the U.S. is loath to see Pakistan wreck it by withdrawing in anger—particularly at a time when Charles de Gaulle threatens to wreck NATO.

Britain, unhappy over a war between the Commonwealth's two most populous members, followed Washington's example and stopped its \$50 million a year in military aid to India (it sends no arms to Pakistan); but it could do no more. Moscow was equally helpless. Unwilling to endanger Russia's ties with India, and fearful of pushing Pakistan even closer to Peking, Communist Premier Aleksei Kosygin appealed to both to "stop the tanks and silence the guns."

Other nations were less embarrassed about taking sides. Grateful for Pakistan's moral support in its dispute with Greece over Cyprus, Turkey lined up with its fellow Islamic state. Iran also supported Pakistan. In every Pakistani paper there were photo spreads of President Ayub Khan flanked on one side by the Shah of Iran and China's Chou En-lai, on the other by Indonesia's Sukarno and Turkey's President Gürsel. "These are our friends," read the caption in one paper. "They support us," said another. So far, at least, the support has been strictly vocal.

Scorn for Suezion. In a rare show of unity—and with no other recourse—Washington, London and Moscow all threw their weight behind a United Nations effort to arrange a cease-fire. With a unanimous Security Council vote behind him, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant hurried off to the Indian subcontinent, where his homilies were greeted with outright scorn. After two days of fruitless meetings in Rawalpindi, a Pakistani official said: "Thant's visit is like a Boy Scout blowing his whistle, tweet, tweet, and telling us to be good. We have been good long enough." And for all its years of lip service to the U.N. and world peace, the Indian government was hardly more receptive to Thant's proposals.

London's Daily Express thought that perhaps it could. Banned the Express SHOULD THE QUEEN APPLAUD? Sure, snickered a British Foreign Office man. "We'll drop her by para chute—silk parachute, of course."

Next to intervene was Pope Paul VI, who stirred a flurry of approbation by announcing that he will fly to New York next month to address the U.N. on peace (*see RELIGION*). Though the Vatican can exert no physical or political power—as Stalin glibly: "How many divisions does he have?"—its influence over the minds of men in the past, and in Europe, has amounted to the moral equivalent of armed force. The question now is how much moral suasion can be brought to bear on a dispute between Pakistan's Moslems and India's



GIDDAP

Tweet, tweet from a Boy Scout.

Hindus—peoples whose antagonisms, like so many of Asia's enmities (*TIME* Essay, April 9), are rooted in centuries of mistrust.

"People's Wars." In contrast to Western efforts to damp the fires, Red China was gleefully pouring fuel on them. Cheering on Pakistan, Peking accused India of "aggression," aroused fears that it might repeat its 1962 invasion of India. The Chinese thus effectively immobilized at least half a dozen of India's 20 army divisions, which remained grimly in place along the northern border.

Despite Peking's eagerness to see India take a shellacking, the war hardly fits China's devoutly held Leninist belief in an inevitable clash between Communism and the "capitalist-imperialist" West. Here were two former colonial states, both Asian and both underde-



LIN PIAO

Annihilation is acceptable.

veloped, at each other's throats. Yet Communist China tirelessly reiterates that it is precisely such nations—the "have nots" of Asia, Africa and Latin America—that must eventually encircle the West and destroy it in a worldwide holocaust of "people's wars." Time and again, Peking has shown its readiness to provoke such wars and to support them to the death—the death, that is, of every last Pakistani, Vietnamese, Malayan, Algerian or Cuban.

City v. Country, Peking recently reaffirmed this view in perhaps its most belligerent language yet. In a major policy statement printed by every major newspaper on the mainland, beetled-browed Defense Minister Lin Piao—one of the top seven men in Red China's hierarchy—called for worldwide subversion to destroy the U.S. and its allies. Recalling Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla strategy of enlisting the rural peasantry against city-based governments, Lin declared: "If North America and Western Europe can be called the cities of the world, then Asia, Africa and Latin America are the rural areas. The contemporary world revolution presents a picture of the encirclement of cities."

Blood is cheap. "The war of annihilation is the fundamental guiding principle of our operations," insisted Lin, and "the sacrifice of a small number of people in revolutionary wars" is necessary. And when China's bosses talk about "a small number of people," they mean more than a few hundred. It was Mao, after all, who once said that China could accept the slaughter of half its people in a nuclear war, for more than 300 million would survive.

Lin Piao's lamest argument was that a successful "people's war"—Viet Nam, for example—could be measured by "the number of U.S. imperialist forces that can be pinned down and depleted." In fact, though there will be 125,000 American fighting men in Viet Nam this week, they are not "pinned down." China would like nothing better than U.S. withdrawal from the country, where

there are already signs that its presence has the Viet Cong badly off balance.

Indeed, the singular bloodthirstiness of Lin's article sobered many Americans who have explained China's attempts to subvert nations such as South Viet Nam and Laos as an understandable exercise of power in its logical sphere of influence. Lin Piao's summons to all the peoples of the world to dismember the U.S. "piece by piece, some striking at its head and others at its feet," was a definitive admission that the Chinese Communists would like to make the whole world their sphere of influence. Lin's line and his cocksure manner reminded Walter Lippmann, for one, of "the way Marx talked" and "the way Hitler talked when he announced that his Reich would last for a thousand years."

A Common Strategy. In the face of China's undisguised thirst for power, it was more clear than ever that the U.S. had no choice but to assume an equally active role in attempting to deal with the war in Kashmir—or with disputes elsewhere in Asia, for that matter. In the U.S., generally, the tide of opinion is flowing strongly behind Lyndon Johnson's position that only by a resolute and successful stand in Viet Nam can the U.S. keep an aggressive, expansionist China within its only undeniable sphere of influence—China itself. That view won prestigious support last week when former U.S. Disarmament Negotiator Arthur H. Dean announced the establishment of a Committee for an Effective and Durable Peace in Asia. Its aims: to support the President's proposals "to bring about a viable peace in Viet Nam" and thereafter "to enlist economic aid for the entire area."

Thus the war in Viet Nam and the fight for Kashmir are anything but isolated, local issues; they are both integral parts of a worldwide struggle, with Asia the immediate cockpit. Nor has Russia by any means resigned from the struggle, despite its current co-straddling of the fence with the U.S. The differences between the Communist powers, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk noted last week, "are about how to get on with their world revolution," not about whether there ought to be one. Added Rusk: "Some in the Communist world appear to realize the prohibitive costs of nuclear war. Some may not. But the strategy of trying to win control of Asia, Africa and Latin America—thus encircling and strangling the Atlantic world—is common to all."

U.S. foreign policy, which for most of the postwar era has focused on Europe, still has to adjust fully to the en-

* Among its founding members: ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson, ex-World Bank President Eugene Black, Educator James Bryant Konan, ex-Treasury Secretary (under Kennedy and Johnson) C. Douglas Dillon, ex-Defense Secretary (under Eisenhower) Thomas S. Gates, Princeton President Robert I. Goheen, M.I.T. Chairman James R. Killian Jr., ex-Ambassadors John J. McCloy and Robert D. Murphy, Banker David Rockefeller.



ARTHUR DEAN

Peace must be viable.

circling revolution in Asia. The U.S. has yet to extend to the Far East the hard and fast guarantees of collective security that made NATO so potent a deterrent. And, as anti-American outbursts in Paris, Pakistan and Indonesia demonstrated last week, it is not always easy to keep allies, let alone to find them. Yet, at a time when Asia's Communists are only too plainly making common cause, it is up to the Johnson Administration to make ringingly clear that the U.S. will not only provide arms for its allies, but will support the aspirations of any nation in Asia for freedom and a better life.

THE PRESIDENCY

Solace for a Stricken City

His flashlight stabbed into the blackness of New Orleans' George Washington School, picking out the huddled figures, mostly Negroes, who were standing, sitting, or sleeping on the hallway floor. Occasionally he would aim the light at his own face, so that the people would recognize him. Some didn't believe their eyes. "That's not the President," whispered one voice. "He wouldn't come down here."

Of course he had. It was an impulsive gesture, in keeping with Lyndon Johnson's character, to fly to New Orleans in late afternoon for a personal inspection of the havoc wrought by Hurricane Betsy. Though he had had little to say about the Indo-Pakistani war, and had even extended a long Labor Day weekend at the ranch as it spread, the plight of an American city stirred the President to instant action.

View from the Air. First Johnson bundled seven disaster-relief experts off to storm-battered Florida aboard a White House jet. Then, as damage reports from New Orleans worsened, he decided to head for the action. Louisiana Congressmen were called and told that they had half an hour to get on over to the White House if they wanted to come along. In another 45 minutes,

Air Force One took off with Johnson, Senators Allen Ellender and Russell Long. Representatives Hale Boggs, Otto Passman, James Morrison, Joe Waggonner, Jr., and Edwin Willis.

Over the stricken city, the jet made a slow, 1,500-ft.-high pass so that its passengers could assess the full extent of the disaster. At the airport, the President spoke in drizzling rain to a welcoming committee led by Mayor Victor H. Schiro and Governor John McKeithen. Pledging the full help of the Federal Government ("Human suffering and physical damage are measureless"), he set off on his tour.

"Water! Water!" In one low-income neighborhood, Johnson halted his motorcade to look at waterlogged houses and a stream of refugees making their way to drier ground. He stopped to talk with one, an elderly Negro named William Marshall.

L.B.J.: How did you sleep last night?
Marshall: We didn't sleep. We set up.
L.B.J.: How old are you?

Marshall: 74.

L.B.J.: You don't look that old.

At Washington School, left dark and without potable water by a widespread power failure, Johnson moved through a noisy, fetid hall where one group of Negroes sat on the floor eating cold pork and beans and raw carrots. He was greeted with cries of "Water! Water! Give us drinking water!" Outside, Johnson, plainly moved by their plight, told Office of Emergency Planning Director Buford Ellington: "You've got to give them some water in there." L.B.J. then asked Mayor Schiro to get every Coca-Cola, Seven-Up and Pepsi-Cola bottling plant in town to rush soft drinks to the school—and advised the mayor to make personally sure that the bottles were handed out.

Bullhorn Goodbye. At the airport later that night, the President announced through a bullhorn: "I have ordered the red tape cut. Our assistance will be given the highest priority." Then, after declaring Louisiana a disaster area, he headed back to the Potomac, got home at 12:24 a.m.



REFUGEE MARSHALL & FRIEND
No more red tape.

WEATHER

A Hellion Hell-Bent

Betsy was one of the fiercest hellions of them all. Screaming in from the Atlantic, she feasted at the Bahamas and Cuba, veered toward the Carolinas, doubled back again—and stopped teasing. When she did, she exacted a death toll that was expected to go as high as 200.

The hurricane, after hurling 140-m.p.h. winds and massive tides into the Bahamas, blew into the southern tip of Florida, where thousands of tourists and residents fled inland. Winds and the highest tides to hit the state since 1926 flooded buildings, ruined crops, disrupted utility services, splintered boats and shattered waterfronts. In a brave attempt to keep guests from fleeing, luxury hotels in soaked Miami Beach threw cheer-up parties.

Then, battering northwest into the Gulf of Mexico, Betsy hurtled full-blast into Louisiana and Mississippi. In the Delta lowlands, where Audrey in 1957 took 518 lives in one Louisiana parish, 250,000 refugees sought shelter in schools and churches. The Delta was even more seriously hurt than the Miami area. Overall, property damage was estimated at \$500 million.

Betsy's 90-mile-wide eye passed over New Orleans, nearly half of which is below sea level. Canalikes burst, sending cascades 8 ft. to 14 ft. deep through the streets. Army and National Guard amphibious craft cruised about picking up trapped householders from roofs and attics. One man paddled to safety girdled by an inner tube. Telephone service and power distribution blacked out. Scores of boats, from big freighters to cabin cruisers, ran aground or broke up. As the floods receded, they left a soggy jumble of ruined cars, fallen trees and utility lines, splintered glass and timber. Soaked one homeless housewife: "Everything is gone. I don't even have a pair of shoes."

At week's end, as the hurricane knocked itself out over the Mississippi Valley, the Weather Bureau announced that the name Betsy, used once before as a storm designation, will be retired for at least ten years "because of this hurricane's infamy."



THE CONGRESS

A Tartar Tamed

"Remind me," Dwight Eisenhower once ordered an aide, "never to invite that fellow down here again!"

"What," groaned John F. Kennedy, "am I going to do about him?"

The target of both Presidents' outbursts was Otto Passman, the labaco-tempered Democrat from Monroe, La., who for the past ten years has devoted most of his abrasive energies to the task of slashing foreign aid bills. As chairman of House Appropriations' foreign operations subcommittee, Passman, a graduate of Bogalusa Commercial Business College, has long been convinced that the best way to lose foreign friends is to "start supporting them with gifts and favors." Wielding what he calls "a countryman's ax" on global giveaways, Passman since 1955 has been principally responsible for trimming presidential aid requests by an average of 20% a year, for a total of nearly \$20 billion.

Cajun Cassius. Yet for nearly an hour last week as he roared and wriggled his scorn for the Administration's 1966-67 foreign aid bill in the House, Passman, 65, seemed only a shadow of the man whom his foes have feared and derided as a Cajun Cassius. As he said himself: "I have had my wings crooked."

That was putting it mildly. In autocratic Otto's years as lord high executioner of foreign aid bills, the chairman of his parent committee had been Missouri's curmudgeonly Clarence Cannon, another handout hater, who gave Passman a free hand to slash as he saw fit. But when Cannon died last year, the House Appropriations chairmanship went to Texas' George Mahon, a middle-of-the-road Democrat, who set about taming the Tartar. Though he let Passman stay on as chairman of the subcommittee, he pared it from eleven to nine members, most of whom favor



FLOODED ROAD NEAR NEW ORLEANS
No more teasing.



CONGRESSMAN PASSMAN
Blunting the ax.

foreign aid, Passman found himself powerless. Where, in his heyday, subcommittee hearings had dragged on for months, this year's sessions were rushed through in eleven weeks by the new membership. Under Mahon's orders, Chairman Passman was not even allowed to issue a report. Objected Otto: "You can't take the right of writing the report away from me." Mahon bluntly replied that he could and had, since most of the subcommittee did not agree with Passman.

Fulsome Apology. Instead of resigning the chairmanship, Passman last week chose the chastening task of managing a \$3.3 billion foreign-aid bill that he abominated—and had been able to trim by only \$75 million, a mere nick by former standards. It was one of the strangest performances in the memory of the House.

For 52 minutes, while he presented his own bill to the House, Passman savagely attacked it and all "the imaginary accomplishments of the foreign aid program." And then, after fulsome apologies, Passman turned around and started fighting for the bill. "I represent the majority of the committee and not necessarily my personal views," he said. "It will be my responsibility to defend it to the fullest extent of my ability." When Republicans moved to cut \$285 million out of it, Passman declared: "I hope the motion will be voted down."

Praise for Prudence. There was only one other problem—a G.O.P. attempt, prompted by the India-Pakistan hostilities, to cut off aid to any country in armed conflict with another U.S.-aided nation. Administration forces moved quickly to nip off the threat. Mahon took the floor, pointed out that under such a stricture, the U.S. could not send aid to India if it was invaded by Red China while fighting Pakistan. Warned Mahon: "It would be a horrendous thing for this Government to

tie its hands under these circumstances." House Republican leaders, who had obviously overlooked such an eventuality, canceled plans to sponsor an amendment—though Ohio Republican Frank Bow offered a maverick restriction of his own, only to have it shouted down along with a proposed dollar slash that was part of the same motion.

Finally the appropriations bill sailed through on a roll-call vote, 239 to 143, and went to the Senate. Lyndon Johnson, commanding the House for "prudence and promptness," could not resist pointing out that the bill as passed represents "the smallest reduction ever made below the Administration's original request."

Work Done

Last week Congress also:

- Advanced, by a Senate Judiciary Committee vote of 9 to 7, Republican Minority Leader Everett Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment to allow a state to apportion one house of its legislature on a basis other than population. The committee then cleared, 14 to 2, a House-passed immigration bill to abolish the national-quotas system, adding an amendment by North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin that would impose a 120,000-a-year limit on immigration from Western Hemisphere countries.
- Passed, by a 62-to-24 vote in the Senate, an Administration-backed amendment to the farm bill that would sharply reduce the price support for cotton and make up the income loss to growers by direct Government payments for acreage diversion. The bill still faces a Senate battle over wheat subsidies.
- Passed, in both chambers, a \$1.78 billion military construction bill. House Republicans failed in an attempt to override President Johnson's veto of an earlier bill that would have required the executive branch to notify Congress at least 120 days before closing of any military base, giving Congress time to write restrictive legislation. Under the new bill, Congress will get a 30-day warning.
- Passed in the House, and sent to the Senate, a bill empowering the Federal Government to take permanent possession of the rifle with which Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy, as well as any other evidence in the case deemed relevant by the U.S. Attorney General.
- Passed in the House, and sent to the President, a bill authorizing Secret Service protection for the wife and children of a President for four years after his death or resignation from office. The measure will also provide lifetime protection for ex-Presidents and their wives.
- Passed in the Senate, and sent to the White House, a bill authorizing cash awards of up to \$25,000 each to members of the armed forces for cost-saving suggestions and technical innovations.

Such an incentive system has existed since 1954 for civilian Defense Department employees, who last year collected \$2,351,980 for 63,581 suggestions that led to savings of \$66,171,148.

- Approved, in the Senate Public Works Committee, a modified version of the Administration's highway beautification program (see MODERN LIVING).
- Approved, in the House Public Works Committee, an omnibus rivers and harbors bill authorizing \$1.9 billion for 144 projects, ranging from a \$15 million flood-control system in Iowa Republican Representative H. R. Gross's home town of Waterloo to an \$83 million initial grant for dredging Texas' Trinity River so that Dallas and Fort Worth might become seaports.

THE ECONOMY

Who's Afraid of Peace?

To many a Congressman, massive defense spending is essential to the nation's prosperity. Not so, says a top-level presidential committee that has spent 18 months studying the economic impact of the defense program. The committee's first report, issued last week, concludes: "Even general and complete disarmament would pose no insuperable problems; instead, it would mainly afford opportunities for a better life for our citizens."

Even partial disarmament is a remote prospect. However, thanks to advances in weaponry and more efficient management, defense spending, which in the past decade provided the wages for one in every twelve workers, leveled off last year and thus actually declined in relation to the nation's rising G.N.P. The economy is sufficiently resilient to cope with much sharper cuts in the military budget, by increased federal spending for civilian purposes, by tax reductions or, most likely, by a combination of both.

The committee, headed by Gardner



ADVISER ACKLEY
Cushioning the cutback.

Ackley, who is also Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, predicted that the nation's G.N.P. will rise from the 1964 level of \$629 billion to \$870 billion by 1970. Thus, at current tax rates the government will have an extra \$50 billion in annual revenue by 1970, even if military spending remains constant. This is the committee's "conservative" estimate. These funds, it recommended, should be pumped back into the economy to prevent recession. Hence the "better life."

The committee acknowledged that "fiscal policies alone cannot prevent problems of local distress and disruption" that accompany shifts in arms spending. Changes in strategic planning, notably the switch from bombers to missiles, have already seriously hurt many industries and localities. Aircraft companies alone abolished nearly 50,000 jobs between 1962 and 1964, largely as a result of declining military demand. In small communities such as Port Clinton, Ohio (pop. 7,000), which stands to lose 2,000 jobs when the Erie Army Depot closes next year, such shifts can be ruinous. The committee therefore urged continued research and government help to soften the impact of changing military technology. This, rather than any likelihood of widespread unemployment as a result of disarmament, is the Administration's principal cutback worry.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Silverless Lining

One money-making Government operation is making money. Thus the nationwide coin shortage is actually a boon for the Administration, which has embarked on a crash program to double the Treasury output at the Department's two mints (Philadelphia and Denver). A far richer windfall for the Government, however, is the Coinage Act of 1965, passed by Congress in July to cut the multimillion-owned yearly drain from the U.S.'s dwindling silver supply.⁴ The law stipulates that all new dimes and quarters must be silverless and the silver content of half dollars trimmed from 90% to 40%.

As a result, the Government, which sells coins to banks at their face value, will soon be minting unheard-of profits. With the new copper-nickel alloy coins authorized by the bill, the cost of turning out a dime will drop from 9.5¢ to .6¢; quarters, from 23.6¢ to 1.5¢; and half dollars, from 47.3¢ to 26.5¢. Revenues from coin manufacture will leap from some \$100 million in 1965 to \$1 billion by 1967.

House Republicans, eying the new coinage revenues as though a gang of Silverfingers, have suggested that the money be earmarked for specific pro-

grams such as combatting the drought in the Northeastern U.S. or reducing the federal debt. Last week President Johnson dimmed their hopes with a report by a special study team that included Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, Director of the Budget Charles Schultze and Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers Gardner Ackley: it pointed out that the exact amount of the new revenues would vary with the demand for coins, thus could not be depended upon to meet the needs of any single program. That said, the committee promised to report back on Dec. 1 with concrete recommendations on how to spend the windfall.

BILL REED



ALLEN IN NEW STADIUM
Batting six-for-seven.

CITIES

Ivan Ho!

Atlantaans boast that their city is the most progressive and peaceful in all of the Deep South. In his four years as mayor, silver-haired Ivan Allen Jr. has given them plenty to boast about. No fewer than six of the seven civic programs for which Allen campaigned in 1961 have been successfully completed.

As a result, Atlanta has: public schools desegregated through all twelve grades; an \$18 million stadium home for its first major league baseball team, the Atlanta Braves (who will move from Milwaukee at season's end); a \$9,000,000 auditorium-exhibition hall complex; a \$14.5 million freeway link between the downtown area and the airport (fifth busiest in the U.S.) that cuts driving time 23 minutes; 20,000 new jobs yearly since 1962, which is double what Allen was shooting for and has given Atlanta the lowest unemployment rate of any major U.S. city. Only his dream of a rapid-transit

system is still unfulfilled, but it is in the blueprint stage.

With such an impressive array of accomplishments going for him, Allen, 54, who ran the South's largest office-supply firm before he became mayor, was so confident of re-election this month that he even predicted his percentage of the vote: 72%. For a while, in fact, it looked as if Allen would get 100%. Until the last filing day for the election, he was the only mayoralty candidate. Then, five minutes before the deadline, in jumped Milton M. ("Muggsy") Smith, 63, an Atlanta insurance salesman who made a name during 16 years in the state legislature trying to repeal every segregation law in Georgia. But Muggsy, who had run against Allen in 1961, never had a chance.

Last week 76,000 Atlantans (less than half of the city's 181,000 registered voters) went to the polls, made Allen's prediction of his winning percentage come close to true by handing him 70% of the vote—53,187 to Smith's 21,153. And despite Smith's civil rights grandstanding, Allen won an overwhelming majority of the Negro vote. The small turnout bothered Atlanta's political hierarchy not at all. It was, mused former (for 26 years) Mayor William B. Hartsfield, "indicative of a satisfied citizenry."

MISSISSIPPI

Into the Ditch

Mississippi's Governor Paul Johnson, who cannot run for re-election and thus has no need to court the segregationist vote, last month urged his state to comply with the new federal Voting Rights Act. In any event, warned the Governor, "any effort through the courts to obtain relief from this act is unlikely to succeed."

Mississippi's Attorney General Joe Patterson seems not to have been listening. Last week Patterson, who will be up for re-election in 1967, went right ahead with a last-ditch legal fight against the voting law that seemed to be more a campaign gesture than anything else. Filing bills of complaint in chancery courts of four Mississippi counties now under federal registration supervision, he asked for injunctions permitting local officials to reject any voters—federally registered or not—who did not comply with state registration laws. Those laws, which were overwhelmingly approved in a statewide referendum this summer (TIME, Aug. 27), provide that no Mississippian is eligible to vote unless he can read and sign his name. This is in direct contradiction to the federal law, which abolishes literacy tests and allows an "X" for a signature.

With predictably oblique logic, Patterson argued that Mississippi's laws "do not violate anyone's rights under the 15th Amendment, which the Voting Rights Act is predicated and bottomed

Stored at the U.S. Bullion Depository at West Point, N.Y., it now totals 938.6 million ounces.

on." But what of the U.S. doctrine that federal law supersedes state law? "The U.S. Supreme Court has held many times," said Patterson, "that there is no such thing as a federal elector. The only electors are those qualified in the individual states. We realize Congress has the right to protect individuals under the 15th Amendment. But we don't concede it the right to write the election laws of the state of Mississippi."

By week's end state courts moved to grant Patterson's requests for injunctions. But the Justice Department is fully prepared to take the case into the federal courts. There the last legal ditch will almost certainly be so deep that even the most intransigent Southerner will have to agree that Governor Johnson was right: there is no relief in sight.



DONALD BOOGGS

The wedding was delayed.

CRIME

Four Lives to Flagstaff

He was 23, a two-time loser on the lam from the law; she was 16, a revival preacher's daughter looking for kicks. They met after a tent meeting near her home town of Amesville, Ohio, and began dating. One night last month, after he had picked her up at home to get an ice-cream cone, they headed for Las Vegas instead to get married. Last week Donald Melvin Boggs, the studious-looking ex-convict, and Dixie Radcliff, his willowy, olive-skinned girl friend, were arrested in Flagstaff, Ariz., where he was charged with a six-day, three-state crime wave in which four men were bludgeoned and shot to death.

The nightmare began Friday before Labor Day, when Boggs and Dixie stopped at a roadside park on U.S. 90 outside Luling, Texas, in a car he had stolen in Houston two days before. Parked near by was a pickup truck belonging to San Antonio Contractor Harold Flory, 50, who was fishing in the San Marcos River. Boggs killed

Flory with a hammer, then rifled his pockets, and slipped the body into the river. It was found there by a motorist who saw a fishing line running from the river to some bushes, tugged on it and, to his horror, pulled out Flory's battered corpse.

"Don't! Don't! Don't!" Meanwhile, Boggs and Dixie had driven Flory's pickup truck, with a .22-cal. revolver in the glove compartment, to Oklahoma, where they abandoned it, kept the gun, and began hitchhiking. They were picked up by two Newport, N.H., men, Robert Willis, 23, and Halvor Johnson, 28, who were driving in Johnson's black Simca to Los Angeles to look for work.

Early the next morning—Labor Day—near Ash Fork, Ariz., Boggs killed both men with Flory's revolver and stole \$29 and the Simca. Re-enacting the crime for Arizona authorities last week, Boggs said he tied both victims' hands and made them sit down on the ground. "At the time I had no real plans for shooting them," he said. "It just came into my head." Boggs shot Johnson once and Willis twice but, he said, Johnson got up and began running, yelling "Don't! Don't! Don't!" Boggs pursued him, hit him on the head with the revolver and a rock. After reloading, Boggs again shot Johnson, then pumped another bullet into Willis, who had stayed on the ground and was somehow still alive.

Headlight Trouble. Next, Boggs and Dixie headed for Las Vegas, where she helped him dye his blond hair a reddish-brown. Deciding that they didn't have enough money to get married after all, they began driving aimlessly, headed for Utah, where Boggs bought gas on the outskirts of St. George with a credit card belonging to Victim Willis.

That afternoon, near Parowan, Utah, Boggs met and murdered his fourth victim. He was Warren George Lenker, 25, of Elizabethville, Pa., who was heading back for his senior year at Brigham Young University after a summer in California and had stopped at a roadside park to nap in his car. Boggs said that he awakened Lenker, who got out, smiling. "This isn't a laughing matter," Boggs said he told him, then shot him twice in the head. He transferred Lenker's body to the Simca and propped it up "to make it look like he was sleeping." Lenker was killed, authorities said, because Boggs was having headlight trouble with the Simca and simply wanted to change cars.

Credit Card Clue. The couple then drove in Lenker's 1957 green Oldsmobile to Flagstaff, where they stayed overnight in a motel. By this time, filling stations in Utah and Arizona had been alerted to watch for Willis' stolen credit card. Soon after Boggs bought gas with it at a Flagstaff station, Attendant John Harvey was interrogated by Coconino County Sheriff Cecil Richardson and recalled the couple. Same afternoon, out on a service call in his radio-equipped wrecker truck, Harvey

spotted Boggs and Dixie in the car and followed them—keeping Sheriff Richardson advised of his whereabouts. When the couple stopped at a pawnshop, three deputies closed in. Inside, they found Boggs trying to hook a camera, radio and typewriter that had belonged to his victims.

At a press conference the day after his arrest, Boggs told newsmen that he had killed "mostly for money." He had fled Ohio, he said, because he was wanted for parole violation as well as car theft. "I guess I'm gonna burn," Boggs said laconically. "If you don't burn me, Texas or Utah will."

SEQUELS

Cave Vendor

Part of the quick riches amassed by Bobby Baker while he was Lyndon Johnson's hand-picked—and highly influential—secretary to the Senate's Democratic majority came from a solid-seeming corporate cornerstone. Called the Serv-U Corp., the business has grown with Alger-esque alacrity from an incorporation agreement in 1961 to a multimillion-dollar vending-machine firm rehired by several big defense contractors. Last week Serv-U's slots began to turn up full of slugs.

The firm's richest returns for Baker—who is said to own more than 80% of Serv-U—stem from a three-year-old contract, worth some \$2,500,000 yearly, with North American Aviation Inc., the giant (1964 sales: \$2 billion) Southern California aerospace company that has Government contracts for the three-man Apollo space capsule, as well as the XB-70 experimental bomber. Large on the strength of the North American contract, Baker only a few months ago was dickerling to sell Serv-U. But eventually his potential buyers sensed rough air ahead and they balked. And wisely so.

Last week North American notified



BOBBY BAKER

The slots filled with slugs.

Baker that it was canceling the Serv-U contract and putting in its own vending machines. For a wheeler-dealer of lesser talents, this might well have proved a fatal blow. Not for Bobby. He is now hard at work trying to persuade North American officials in Los Angeles to buy some 1,000 Serv-U machines in their plants.

Whether Baker's empire—which also includes an Ocean City, Md., motel—was in serious trouble remained to be seen. But Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams, who had twice watched angrily and helplessly as probes into Baker's affairs turned to parodies before the Democrat-packed Senate Rules Committee, was hopeful that Bobby's current financial woes might prove to be the drama's *deus ex* slot machine, or at least a third act. Said Williams: "We can hope this is an indication that there will be a forthright investigation and prosecution of Baker and his assistants."

CULTS

A Deity Derefersonitized

When George Baker first got into the God game back in 1907, the pantheon was packed. What with such ranking deities as Father Obey, Elijah of the Fiery Chariot, St. John the Vine, and Joe World, among many others, the heavenly host could hardly muster enough worshipers to go around. So George, an itinerant lawn mower and hedge clipper from Georgia, settled for an apprentice apostleship—a "God in the Sonship Degree"—with Father Je-hovia, a former Pittsburgh steelworker who had a cult in Baltimore.

But George was not cut out to be a second-class celestial. When he died last week in Philadelphia, at an undocutable age close to 100, he had long since reached the terrestrial top of his profession and, in a skeptical age, outlived Olympus. As Father Divine, the pyknic, cherub-faced leader of countless thousands who believed that he was God Himself and Dean of the Universe had, in a sense, shuffled off the mortal coil some 50 years earlier.

Father Divine's followers devoured his every word—and his pronouncements were seldom easy to digest. Many transmogrified their civil names into such heavenly appellations as Blessed Faithful, Sincere Determination, Philip Love Life and Perseverance Star. The rallying cry and everyday salutation for the faithful was "Peace, it's wonderful," and even for the scores of thousands who took chastity vows and gave the Godhead all their filthy lucre, the Divine Kingdom seemed paradise enow.

High-Priced Heavens. Skeptics dismissed the little (5 ft. 2 in.) Father as a charlatan or a simple lunatic. Yet he was an upright man, both generous and just. There was not a hint of racial militancy or Black Muslim arrogance in his organization; fully 25% of his worshipers were white.

His terrestrial kingdom consisted of



PHOTO BY STERLING LEE

SPOTLESS VIRGIN BRIDE, FATHER DIVINE & DISCIPLE DE VOUTE AT WOODMONT

The judge dropped dead. "I hated to do it."

hundreds of properties, or "heavens"—from hotels to beauty parlors to moving firms. Worth at least \$10 million, they are scattered throughout the U.S. and in Austria, Sweden, West Germany, Switzerland and England. Father Divine's own abode, Woodmont, was the gift of a wealthy white disciple called John De Voute: it consisted of a 32-room mansion set on a 73-acre estate along Philadelphia's Main Line. He seldom rode anything but a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, dressed in \$500 silk suits and usually wore a fortune in gem-encrusted rings. Yet he insisted that he owned not a jot or a tittle of his empire. And legally, he was penniless when he died. Said his lawyer: "He had nothing; he never had to pay any income tax."

High-Decibel Hymnfests. The only property that Father Divine ever held in his own name was an eight-room house in Sayville, Long Island, where he settled in 1919 to minister to his growing congregation. During one high-decibel hymnfest there in 1931, the cops moved in and arrested Father Divine and 80 worshipers, some of them white. God Himself pleaded guilty to a disorderly conduct charge stemming from the noisy singing, and Judge Lewis J. Smith sentenced him to jail. Four days later, when Judge Smith fell dead at 50 of a heart attack, Father Divine sighed, "I hated to do it."

Word of that powerful happening mightily multiplied the fold. Moving to Harlem at the depth of the Depression, Father Divine used the alms of his flock to support countless missions that offered generous meals for 15¢ and immaculate rooms for 52 a week, organized a chain of employment agencies to provide jobs and Divine guidance for the needy. Said a white social worker in Harlem during those years: "Father Divine rendered an inestimable service, and he did it with genuine goodness."

Smiting the Wicked. The flock had its tribulations. In 1941 an apostate sheep sued Father Divine to recover a \$3,937 contribution, and a New York court found in her favor. In a moment of godly wrath, he threatened to "evaporate for 1,900 years" but instead moved to Philadelphia. He never forgave New York. Later, in the midst of a dry spell in 1950, he prophesied "I will dry up your rivers and I will dry up your streams. This water shortage in New York City has been just a slight sketch and reflection of what I will do!" He lived to see his words come true with the drought of 1965.

Smiting the wicked became a habit. During World War II, he wrote a letter warning Japanese Emperor Hirohito "Surrender or be totally annihilated and become extinct." Three months later, the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima. As Father Divine put it: "Things just don't happen. Things happen just."

The peak of ecstasy in the Kingdom of Peace came in 1949, when the evangelist made public his marriage to Edna Rose Ritchings, the comely 21-year-old daughter of a white Vancouver florist, his "Spotless Virgin Bride." The original Mother Divine, a Negro, had died six years earlier; her spirit, Father Divine explained, had passed into Edna Rose's shapely form.

In recent years Father Divine had suffered from arteriosclerosis, and his once-frequent pronouncements were seldom heard. But then, as one aide said: "Father has said everything there is to say about everything." He had, indeed. He even defined the Divinity: "God is repersonified and rematerIALIZED. He rematerializes and he is rematerializable. He repersonifies and he repersonifies."

Few among his followers wept over Father Divine's death last week. They knew well that he had only derepersonalized, to rematerialize—who knows?—in 1,900 years.

UNION LABOR: Less Militant, More Affluent

IN Los Angeles' splendid new Music Center, 1,500 members of the Retail Clerks Union sat in red-plush comfort beneath crystal chandeliers. Before getting down to the business of a union meeting, they heard a concert climaxed by a specialized composition called *The Shopping Center Blues*. They chuckled appreciatively when Local Leader Joe De Silva explained that his hoarseness was caused by "executive flu." De Silva noted that a minority of the Music Center's board had protested that a union meeting was not the sort of "cultural" activity for which the \$32.2 million center (including \$25,000 contributed by the Retail Clerks) had been created. Said De Silva: "I looked up 'cultural' in the dictionary, and it covers a lot more than just music. If a union isn't part of American culture today, I don't know what is."

De Silva's point was unarguable. Unionism is woven throughout the fabric of present American life, both social and economic. "The labor movement," says Chicago's Sidney Lens, longtime labor leader and writer, "is really a carbon copy of capitalism." It is more than that: it is capitalism. Its relations with management remain adverse to a degree; but the action is that of cogs moving in opposite directions to operate the whole free-enterprise machine.

The threat of breakdowns in the machine can never be discounted; there is no guarantee that the old wage-price spiral, with excessive labor demands resulting in inflationary prices, will not reappear. But the steel settlement just concluded is a typical example of labor's present condition and its relations with industry. A strike, while the threat was real enough, did not materialize; increasingly, labor gets its results not through strikes but through other pressures, including the psychological. Steel negotiations were relatively relaxed; the big issue was not pay but fringe benefits. Labor has won the wage battles and is increasingly concerned with vacations, pensions, job security. Finally, a reasonably satisfactory settlement came about through the intervention of the President. This dilutes free collective-bargaining, but nobody is very indignant because no one doubts that management's and labor's business are in fact the nation's business. Says A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, without apologies to industry's late "Engine Charlie" Wilson: "What is good for America is good for the A.F.L.-C.I.O."

Turning that coin, what's bad about organized labor is bad for the U.S. And organized labor today is afflicted by a multitude of problems, some glaring, some subtle, and virtually all springing from failures to keep pace with change. For one thing, the labor movement is middle-aged and increasingly middle-class, powerful and sometimes arrogant, but without the lean, hungry and imaginative leaders of the past. For another, unions are faced with a new industrial revolution in automation, which promises to alter the very role and function of human labor.

Leadership Lag

Since 1957, U.S. employment has risen from 65 million to 75 million—while union membership has actually dropped a bit from the 1957 mark of 18,430,000. Such statistics are slightly deceptive. They do not include members of the growing professional and semiprofessional organizations like the National Education Association; these look like unions, act like unions and often sound more militant than unions, but call themselves "associations" to avoid the union label that their membership considers a bit demeaning.

Many unions have been content to consolidate their gains and have neglected organization drives, failing to go after workers in those areas that are growing fastest, such as the service industries. Others have demonstrated that aggressive (and often expensive) organizing can still win members. Since being kicked out of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in 1957 for Jimmy Hoffa's happy hooliganism, the Teamsters have

actually grown from 1,600,000 to 1,760,000. Hoffa's creed is simple: if it breathes, organize it. The Teamsters include hairdressers in Newark, employees at an animal cemetery in Illinois, stewardesses for the Flying Tiger airline and attendants at the San Diego Zoo.

"Have you looked at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive committee?" says Hoffa. "If you cut all the decay out of that committee, there'd be no one left standing up. They're a bunch of tired old men. They couldn't plan nothing." Jimmy may not be the most respectable witness, but he has a point. At 71, George Meany grows more curmudgeonly by the day. The average age of Meany's eight-member executive committee is 66, against 62 for the U.S. Supreme Court.

Spiritual Sag

Union bosses wield personal power far beyond most politicians and businessmen. Huge national headquarters staffs are answerable only to the national leader, and until fairly recently, it was as rare for a major union chief to be voted out of office as it is for a baseball player to thumb an umpire from the ballpark. The effects of the Landrum-Girifith Act of 1959 are changing some of that. Among other things, the law required that unions overhaul their constitutions so as to give rank-and-file members more protection against fraud and coercion in voting on their leadership. Thanks in part to more democratic procedures, six major national union heads have been voted out within the last year. Most notable were the International Union of Electrical Workers' James B. Carey, 54, whose nasty disposition finally caught up with him, and the Steelworkers' David J. McDonald, 62, whose image in the locals was that of the soft-living "labor statesman" negotiating at the 19th hole in management's country clubs. Their successors, Paul Jenkins, 47; and I. W. Abel, 57, are men of ability, but not likely to furnish imaginative new leadership.

Organized labor lacks a new generation of prospective leaders; in the vast majority of major unions, the heir apparent to the incumbent is of the same generation. Examples: International Machinists' President Al Hayes, 65, was succeeded by Vice President Roy Siemiller, 60; the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers' Gordon Freeman, 68, is likely to be followed by Joe Keenan, also 68; waiting in line behind the United Mine Workers' Tony Boyle, 60, is old John L.'s youngest son, Ray Lewis, 64.

It is a measure of labor's past success that the cause no longer seems to cry out for crusaders. Says Harry Van Arsdale, president of the New York City Central Labor Council: "How far can a young college graduate go in a union? Compare his opportunities there with those at General Motors. We all know that a young man's future in organized labor is limited." For those motivated by idealism, the real excitement is elsewhere, as in civil rights, on which organized labor's attitude is ambiguous. While the national leadership has constantly backed Negro rights, many locals are tightly and nastily exclusive.

Says New York Printers' boss Bert Powers: "Somebody has convinced the membership that a union is like a tollgate and that all it does is collect dues. There isn't the feeling there used to be for the whole labor movement. Our own printers aren't interested in how the cab drivers are being organized. A picket line is an annoyance."

There is agreement from Carroll R. Daugherty, professor of labor economics at Northwestern University and a nationally known labor-management arbitrator: "We've ceased having a labor movement as the term 'movement' used to be known. The people in a movement act with an almost religious fervor. A movement has martyrs, priests, hymns, slogans, symbols. That's not what we have today." The International Ladies' Garment Workers' elderly president Dave

Dubinsky reluctantly admits that the old pizazz is missing, but points out that in places where the going gets tough, the "spirit of 1900 comes back to us. In the South and in Puerto Rico, we have good militant strikes, just like old times."

Up to a point, the unions try to observe the old fraternal forms. Members still call one another "brother" and "sister"—but mostly in formal correspondence, not in face-to-face conversation. The interior walls of many a meeting hall in many a fancy local headquarters are of unadorned cinder blocks to recall unionism's hard-knocks days; chances are that more money has been put into the locals' recreation rooms with air conditioning, paneled walls, billiard and ping-pong tables and bars (the staple still is beer).

"Lord," says an A.F.L.-C.I.O. official in Washington, "I haven't heard *Joe Hill* sung at a meeting in 15 years—or anything else, for that matter." The typical local meeting is deadly dull and poorly attended. Members generally wear slacks and sport shirts, including bowling- and softball-league shirts for many who can hardly wait to get out of the hall and on to an avocation that is as often as not company-sponsored. (Another style note: for reasons that might require the services of a mass psychologist, the old white cotton sock has given way in Pittsburgh to one of cardinal red.) No local leader will schedule a meeting in conflict with a really popular TV program unless he deliberately wants to keep attendance down. Observes Sidney Lens: "The members still have a loyalty to the union. It's the loyalty of a man who no longer loves his wife but hasn't enough friction in his life to want a divorce."

Technological Drag

At least as significant as the leadership lag and the spiritual sag is what some union men consider the technological drag. Too many of organized labor's leaders have set their skulls squarely against the technological revolution. Printers' Powers, for instance, made it eminently evident that he would rather let the New York Post go bankrupt than agree to permit the paper to install a computerized system. As Powers, who is far from being the blindest or the dumbest of union leaders, says: "We'll make all the wheels go the wrong way." Jimmy Hoffa has his own devilishly clever idea: "If we can find out where the components of these computers are made, we can stop the shipment of the components, and we can shut the automated plant down."

The naive, Luddite dreams of stopping progress are obviously nonsense, but labor's worries are understandable. Automation decreases the demand for employees who work with their hands and increases the need for those who use their minds. At General Electric less than half of the total employees are now on regular hourly wage scales. Thus, the blue-collar worker is falling more and more out of style. The white-collar worker, historically hard to organize, is the man of the moment. Organized labor's best chance in the future may well lie with the "grey-collar" or "faded blue-collar" worker, the one who used to wield a screw driver but has learned how to work with automated equipment.

For organized labor, another alarming effect of automation is that it blunts the strike weapon. One leader who has learned this is the Communications Workers' president Joe Beirne. Two years ago his people struck against California's General Telephone Co., which, like the rest of the industry, is overwhelmingly automated. Unorganized supervisory types easily kept the equipment working, and after more than 100 days, the union gave up without winning a single significant benefit. Beirne now says: "There will still be strikes, but they will not be the same kind of tool. The picket line will be a 'promotional' line"—meaning that the unions will have to sell their case to the community at large.

In the long run, labor, like the whole U.S. economy, is bound to win enormous benefits through the increased productivity and profits made possible by automation. The Communications Workers, despite their futile strike, were already making their peace with that fact. Because automation has helped the industry expand its services by about 170%, the union, even though fewer plug-pullers and pole-climbers are required, has also increased its membership.

Moreover, automation has already brought workers more leisure. The trend is to reduce the time that men work through longer vacations, sabbaticals, earlier retirement. Such benefits constituted nearly half of last fortnight's steel settlement. The United Auto Workers operate under a contract granting them bereavement pay, funeral leave and Christmas bonuses. Their "supplemental allowance" scheme is known to members as the Honeydew Project—because the men can retire earlier, go home, and hear their wives say, "Honey, do this—Honey, do that." Senior auto and steelworkers get 13 weeks' annual vacation. The United Brewery Workers are contractually given the right to drink as much of the plant product as they want—without charge.

Job protection in the face of automation remains one of labor's chief concerns. Five years ago, San Francisco's Longshoremen Leader Harry Bridges signed a contract permitting shippers to automate to their heart's desire—while guaranteeing Bridges' boys an annual wage, no matter how many hours they actually worked. The agreement has turned out well for both management and longshoremen.

More reasonable and less wasteful is the contract between California's Kaiser Steel Corp. and the United Steelworkers. Under it, any worker displaced by automation goes into an employment "reserve," receives his average wage of the past while being retrained and waiting for reassignment. Kaiser also offers vacation time based on productivity gains. Variations of the Kaiser-Steelworkers' arrangement are being tried out elsewhere with success. The Electrical Workers, for instance, are organizing training courses to teach members to work in atomic energy and other advanced fields. But organized labor as a whole has hardly begun to face up to the problem—and the opportunity—of automation.

Public Relations Snag

Forward-looking labor leaders are sure that they will have to find "new markets," branching out from old-line industries, and that is not always easy. Some complain that the electronics industry, for one, is mobile to the point of being nomadic and therefore hard to organize. When one union was contemplating organizing insurance company employees, the union paper struck a note of comic despair: "Can you imagine the national reaction to a strike of insurance salesmen?" Some labor leaders expect to develop new forms of cooperation with management, such as the industry-wide boards that already function in steel and coal.

Above all, organized labor will have to become more attractive to the public. One experiment in that line, tried by the Retail Clerks, used low-keyed, soft-self TV spots. But some of labor's public relations snags will take more than TV to solve. Union leaders have used their tremendous influence to fight Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which permits states to enact right-of-work laws (its repeal was passed by the House, is now before the Senate). No doubt, union membership has been held down by 14(b), particularly in the South. But the gains made, when and if it is repealed, may well be offset by adverse public sentiment: many Americans, whether or not they are accurately informed on the issue, still feel that a man should have a right to hold a job without belonging to a union.

Organized labor is less than ever a monolithic segment of a fragmented national society. No more can it afford to make purely demagogic demands of industry, and to an unprecedented degree, labor and management are forced to work together. In this sense, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz is fond of quoting Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*:

*But the valley grew narrow and narrower still,
And the evening got darker and darker still
Till (merely from nervousness, not from good will)
They marched along shoulder to shoulder.*

What is actually keeping them marching along together is not nervousness, though there is still some of that, or just good will, though there is a lot more of that. It is above all a common stake in America's vast affluence, a common stake in a country, as nearly classless as any in the world, that gives the worker a better life than he has known since the wheels of the industrial revolution first started to turn.

THE WORLD

ASIA

Ending the Suspense

[See Cover]

At dawn one morning last week, war came to the dusty Pakistan village of Dhankeal, near Lahore. Mystère jets of the Indian air force slammed rockets into a train at the station, killing three passengers and wounding eleven. Wakened by the explosions, a young peasant named Zakauallah clambered to the roof of his mud hut. "I saw planes in the sky," he said. "And suddenly they started throwing things with fire coming from them. Then one plane started to fall. It came down with a big noise."

Near by bearded Mohammed Sharif was leaving the village mosque after morning prayer when he looked up and saw the French-built Mystères in a dog-fight with U.S.-made F-86 jets of the Pakistan air force. With peasant wisdom Sharif decided, "The Indians must be losing in Kashmir. Now they are trying to bother us down here." He urged the young men of the village to arm themselves with clubs and search through the cane and cornfields for downed Indian pilots.

Smeared Dust. To the hundreds of millions of illiterate Indian and Pakistani peasants in the villages, the war may be just another disaster to add to the constant plagues of drought, flood, tornado and poverty. Not so in the cities. New Delhi crowds danced in the streets at the rumor of Indian victories. As antiaircraft guns in Amritsar opened up on Pakistani planes, citizens cheered each white puff in the blue sky, shouting "Shoot him down! Kill him! Kill, kill, kill!" Workmen put up baffle walls in offices as protection against bomb

blast, shopkeepers pasted strips of paper to window panes, husbands and fathers dug slit trenches outside their homes. As hospitals were hurriedly emptied to provide beds for expected wounded, Indians queued up to donate blood. The capital's mood was reflected by a businessman who said, "We've been kicked around too often. Let us lose 200 million people if we have to, and have done with it. Our national honor is at stake."

The same air of stern determination spread through Rawalpindi. Civil servants worked round the clock, and on the desks of key officials lay a blue volume of contingency papers labeled "War Book." Auto headlights were dimmed with smears of mud and cow dung, and trucks were camouflaged with leafy branches. For three successive nights, Indian bombers struck at Karachi's harbor installations, and the wail of air-raid sirens blended with the sobbing call to prayer of muezzins atop minarets. A bitter Pakistani official said, "Let's fight it out and get it over with. Either we become slaves of India, or India accepts us as an independent state. This suspense must end."

Shimmering Dust. The major theater of war is the broad Punjab plain, which stretches flat from horizon to horizon. It is lushly green, dotted with clumps of trees, laced by canals. The days are swelteringly hot, and dust clouds shimmer in the glaring sun. It is Rudyard Kipling country, immortalized in such books as *Kim* and *Indian Tales*. And the soldiers on both sides are very like the men Kipling so deeply revered. The officers are British-trained, and many are graduates of Sandhurst. They have the British manner, right down to

clipped accents, mustaches and swagger sticks. The enlisted men are also right out of Kipling's pages—sturdy Jats and turbaned Sikhs, rawboned Pathans and sinewy Sindhis, volunteers all, whose regimental flags are inscribed with tribal names ranging from Ypres and Gallipoli to El Alamein and Monte Cassino and Rangoon.

Since its army is much the larger (867,000 men to 253,000), India went on the attack in five widely separated sectors of the Punjab front—three columns aimed at encircling Lahore, Pakistan's second largest city, one thrust at Sialkot, and the last struck at Karachi via the town of Gadra. The Indians hoped to force the dispersion of the smaller but better-trained and armed Pakistani forces and then chop them up piecemeal.

The strategy worked, at least partially. A Pakistani armored force that had driven 30 miles into Kashmir with the object of seizing Jammu city, thus cutting off more than 100,000 Indian troops in Kashmir, slowed down before reaching its goal and detached tanks to defend Sialkot.

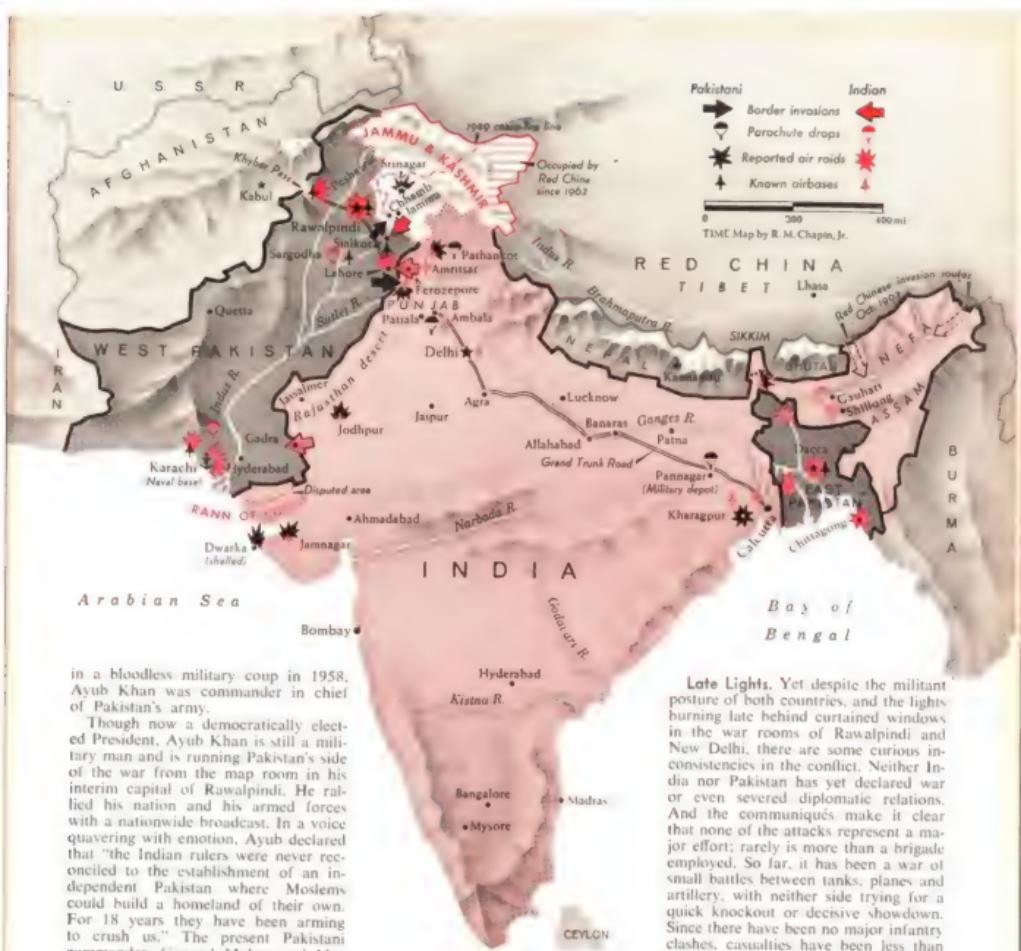
In the air, it was much the same story—Indian quantity and Pakistan quality. Indian pilots are flying a variety of fighters, from French Mystères and British Vampires to Russian MIG-21s and Indian-built Gnats. The Pakistanis have U.S. supersonic jets, which seem to have made a spectacular number of kills—Pakistani Air Vice Marshal Nur Khan claims that 108 Indian planes have been shot down. If true, that amounts to a fifth of the Indian air force.

At week's end, both armies were digging in along the Punjab plain, their battalions stretching 800 miles, from the Kashmir border to the Rann of Kutch on the Arabian Sea. New Delhi reported "very fierce fighting" around Lahore and Sialkot and said its tank forces had killed two Pakistani generals, but neither side was claiming major advances and the battle line appeared to be temporarily stable. No ground fighting at all was reported from East Pakistan, 1,000 miles from the Punjab front, although Shastri warned that Indian troops might move at any time. On the Indian side, there were innumerable reports of nightly drops by Pakistani paratroopers, but police and army patrols found no evidence that the reports were true.

Quivering Voice. When the British left India in 1947, it was commonly said that Pakistan got the military, and India the civil servants. The leaders of the two countries reflect the aphorism. Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan is a strapping six-footer who was educated at Sandhurst, fought valiantly in Burma in World War II. Before seizing control of his chaotic country



PAKISTANI CASUALTY OF INDIAN AIR RAID
A battle building for hundreds of years.



in a bloodless military coup in 1958, Ayub Khan was commander in chief of Pakistan's army.

Though now a democratically elected President, Ayub Khan is still a military man and is running Pakistan's side of the war from the map room in his interim capital of Rawalpindi. He rallied his nation and his armed forces with a nationwide broadcast. In a voice quavering with emotion, Ayub declared that "the Indian rulers were never reconciled to the establishment of an independent Pakistan where Moslems could build a homeland of their own. For 18 years they have been arming to crush us." The present Pakistani commander, General Mohammed Musa, also took to the radio to praise the courage of his troops. The army had got its teeth in the enemy, said Musa, and should "bite deeper and deeper until he is destroyed. And destroy him you will, God willing."

India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri (TIME cover, Aug. 13) is poles apart from Ayub Khan, physically, emotionally and personally. Scarcely 5 ft. tall, with a clerical mien and a gentle, self-deprecating voice, the wonder is that Shastri ever became the head of the world's largest democratic state. But Shastri's meekness is deceptive, and, in Pakistani opinion at least, he is a determined, wily and resilient opponent.

Except for daily briefings by India's army chief of staff, tall, mustached General Joyanto N. Chaudhuri, Shastri stays aloof from the war. Explains an

aide, "He feels this is a professional matter, and should be left to the professionals." Most of Shastri's day is spent with Parliament and in meetings with an emergency committee made up of five of his Cabinet ministers. Here, Shastri makes the decisions, overruling Defense Minister Yashwantrao B. Chavan, who opposed the digging of slit trenches in New Delhi for fear of alarming the population, and ordering that rationing machinery be set up in case it is needed later.

Once, as the crisis grew worse, he displayed temper, angrily denouncing the U.S. for its failure to condemn Pakistan for its infiltration of Kashmir. Railways Minister S. K. Patil calmed him down, saying "If America went to war in Guatemala or Uruguay, you would tell both sides to stop fighting. You wouldn't tell them who is at fault."

Late Lights. Yet despite the militant posture of both countries, and the lights burning late behind curtained windows in the war rooms of Rawalpindi and New Delhi, there are some curious inconsistencies in the conflict. Neither India nor Pakistan has yet declared war or even severed diplomatic relations. And the communiqués make it clear that none of the attacks represent a major effort; rarely is more than a brigade employed. So far, it has been a war of small battles between tanks, planes and artillery, with neither side trying for a quick knockout or decisive showdown. Since there have been no major infantry clashes, casualties have been less than they might have been—perhaps 1,700 dead on both sides.

What is unclear is whether the seeming hesitancy is a result of design or poor logistics. It has always been difficult to move large bodies of troops speedily in the subcontinent. On either side of the border, the roads are miserable and usually choked with oxcarts, camel caravans and wandering cows. The railways offer the best transportation, but trains—as at Dhanbad—are sitting ducks for rocket-firing jets.

Most of the world was begging the contestants to stop. Would-be mediators ranged from Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson to the leaders of Russia. There were some strange alignments. The Soviet Union—long a supporter of India—called for an instant truce. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson did the same and urged all Commonwealth heads of state to follow suit. Red China

gleefully came out for Pakistan, and on a Karachi visit last week, Foreign Minister Chen Yi pledged China's support of Pakistan in repelling "Indian armed provocation." Indonesian students in Djakarta joyfully wrecked the Indian embassy, screaming "Crush India, the imperialist lackey!"

Meager Results. At an emergency session of the United Nations Security Council, Secretary-General U Thant was authorized to seek an end to the war. With the fervent support of every Council member, Thant flew from New York to see if world opinion meant anything to the combatants. Results were meager. In Rawalpindi, Thant spent most of his time pleading with Pakistan's rabidly anti-Indian Foreign Minister Z. A. Bhutto. Bhutto made Pakistan's position clear: no cease-fire unless it was accompanied by a definite commitment to settle the Kashmir question by self-determination for the Kashmiri people. When Thant left to try his luck in New Delhi, a Pakistani government spokesman derided his peace proposals as "the same old thing: Don't be bad boys, don't fight; negotiate."

The U.S. was caught in the middle. Washington officials watched in dismay as Pakistan and India clawed at each other with U.S. weapons and planes that had been given them for the express purpose of opposing Communist aggression. The U.S. wanted only to be friends with both powers, but was roundly denounced by each. Along Karachi streets, Americans heard the old, familiar chant: "Yankee, go home!" In India, two German tourists were beaten by a mob that thought they were Americans. Washington held only one trump card and promptly used it: all military supplies to both countries were suspended. Pakistan would be the first to feel the pinch since it is wholly dependent on U.S. spare parts and unlike India, has no real industrial base for home production of arms. Eventually, the U.S. arms cutoff—in which Britain joined—could ground both sides' jet planes and halt their tanks, reducing the whole affair to an infantry war—but not before weeks have passed.

Frozen Feud. Though the air was filled with cries for peace, no one had any high hopes of getting it. The battle that has been joined on the Punjab plain has been building for hundreds of years. Ever since the 16th century Mogul invasion of India, Moslems and Hindus have fought each other for control of the subcontinent. The age-old feud was put in cold storage during the long era of British rule, but burst into flame in all its old fury in 1947 as both India and Pakistan became independent.

The hatred lies bone-deep, and is cultural as well as religious. Hindus worship cows and Moslems eat them. Hindus regard Moslems as unclean, and Moslems call Hindus caste-ridden. The great Sepoy Rebellion still rankles. When Moslem regiments revolted, Hindus helped the British to crush them.

With the coming of independence,

both sides began a communal purge. Moslems slaughtered Hindus in Pakistan, and Hindus slaughtered Moslems in India. Fully 12 million refugees jammed the roads as they fled toward the nearest friendly border.

Scarcely had the riots stopped than fighting broke out again in the princely state of Kashmir. In accordance with their colonial policy of divide and rule, the British in 1846 had set up a Hindu ruling family over the 4,000,000 Kashmiris, who are 80% Moslem. About 100 years later, faced by a revolt of his Moslem subjects, the Hindu maharajah opted to join India in return for help in putting down the rebellion. As Indian troops poured in from the south, Paki-

In the years since 1949, the cease-fire line has been the scene of frequent gunfire. A total of 16,000 people—half of them civilians—have been killed. The 45-man U.N. peace-keeping team, headed by Australia's venerable General Robert Nimmo, has had neither the mandate nor the manpower to enforce a truce.

Nehru's Heart. Everything about the Kashmir problem is deeply emotional. The land itself produces little but scenery. Kashmir's mountain rim is so impenetrable that there is only one year-round road to the outside world—and it goes to Pakistan. Nehru was determined to keep Kashmir because it was his ancestral home and, as he put it, "a piece of my heart."

The most significant argument for Indian control of Kashmir relates to what New Delhi officials call the "fissiparous tendencies" of their country. If Kashmir could secede by holding a plebiscite, the argument runs, there would be nothing to prevent Madras or Kerala or any other state from doing the same thing. The warrior Sikhs of Punjab have long dreamed of an independent nation. In fact, a Sikh leader, Sant Fateh Singh, was scheduled last week to begin a fast that would be followed by self-immolation, to force Indian acceptance of Sikh autonomy. In deference to the war emergency, Singh has postponed both his fast and his suicide. Indians compare their situation to that of the U.S., which fought a four-year civil war for the preservation of the Union.

Asian Hitler. It is an article of faith in Pakistan that India's ultimate goal is to conquer the subcontinent by force. As Pakistan's U.N. ambassador emotionally put it last week, "What Hitler and the Nazis did in Europe, India has taken it upon herself to do in Asia."

From the first day of independence, Pakistan's foreign policy has been based on fear of India. Except for the Moslem religion, this fear is the only unifying force in the nation. Pakistan is, in fact, two countries separated by a 1,000-mile-wide corridor of intervening Indian territory. West Pakistan, an arid, sprawling land much like the American Southwest, is inhabited by 45 million tall, hardy, light-complexioned Pathans, Sindhis, and Punjabis, who dominate the government and the army. East Pakistan is small, waterlogged, and congested with a population of 55 million short, dark-complexioned Bengalis, who are usually protesting that they are ignored by the national government. In the west, Urdu is the dominant language in the east, Bengali. They have different scripts and are completely different languages. English is commonly used in government and business.

Pakistan, which means "Land of the Pure" in Urdu, is a country without a history and with very little identity. In the west, 86% of the people are illiterate, and most are under the thumb of zamindars, or landlords. In the east, the literacy rate is somewhat better, but the population density among the



SHASTRI & AYUB IN LONDON
They reflect the aphorism.

stani tribesmen came down the mountains in the northwest to help their Moslem brothers.

India and Pakistan brought charges before the United Nations, accusing each other of violence and aggression. By January 1949, the U.N. succeeded in drawing a cease-fire line that gave a third of Kashmir to Pakistan and two-thirds to India. Four times since, the U.N. has ordered that a plebiscite be held to determine the wishes of the people of Kashmir. Though Jawaharlal Nehru once vowed to "abide by the will of the Kashmiri people," India has always found reasons to avoid holding the referendum. Ex-Defense Minister Krishna Menon has bluntly explained why India opposes the plebiscite: "Because we would lose it." The popular Moslem leader, Sheik Abdullah, first supported union with India. When he changed his mind, the Indians clapped him in jail.

highest in the world. Two men have built the nation: Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the father of his country, and Mohammed Ayub Khan, who has ruled one way or another since 1958. Under Ayub, there has been an industrial surge that looks more spectacular than it is because the original base was so small. Compared even to India, Pakistan is today an industrial pygmy. Using his system of "Basic Democracy" to keep the vote in the hands of a privileged few, Ayub rules firmly but with considerable justice; he encourages foreign investment and gives tax credits to home-grown investors. He has also done much to mollify East Pakistan with a heavy increase in government capital outlay.

Despite its large population, East Pakistan is lightly held, with a single infantry division. New Delhi's propaganda insists that there will be no invasion, that India regards East Pakistan as a friendly neutral. Pakistani propaganda similarly works hard to woo the dominant Sikhs of India's Punjab, assuring them that every effort will be made to avoid damaging their sacred Golden Temple in Amritsar and urging that they sit out the war. Neither appeal is apt to be very successful.

Wet Cement. While Nehru's India preached neutrality, Pakistan early joined every alliance in sight. It was an original member of CENTO, it belongs to SEATO, and would have joined NATO if it could have. Pakistan signed a bilateral defense treaty with the U.S. in 1954 and supplied the U.S. with the Peshawar airfield as a convenient base for U-2 spy planes flying over Russia.

Once aligned with the U.S., marvelous things happened to Pakistan. Tanks, jet planes, new weapons, experts, food poured in. By last year, Pakistan had received \$1.5 billion dollars in military aid and \$3.5 billion in economic aid—about \$50 per person. Relations reached their peak in 1961, when Ayub Khan rode a wave of popularity through the U.S. Speaking before a joint session of Congress, he said: "The only people who will stand by you in Asia are the people of Pakistan—provided you are prepared to stand by them." He hoisted up the Potomac to Mount Vernon with the Kennedys, flew to Lyndon Johnson's Texas ranch to write his name in fresh Friendship Walk cement. Vice President Johnson had met Ayub in Pakistan earlier that year and, in a rosy, fraternal glow, saw to it that a camel driver who reached for his outstretched hand got a free junket to the U.S.

Matter of Duty. The warmth lasted until the 1962 Sino-Indian war in the Himalayas. When the Indian army abruptly collapsed in Assam, Washington and London hastily poured in weapons and military supplies. The Pakistanis were livid. Officials charged that President Kennedy had broken his promise to consult with Ayub before making any arms shipments to India.

Ayub Khan derided the Chinese

threat to India, pointing out that a major attack from Tibet would leave the Chinese dangling at the end of a 1,700-mile supply line. If China wanted to gobble up India, he said, the thrust would come through the Northeast Frontier and Burma. Anyway, Ayub demanded, what possible use to China would it be to take on the care and feeding of 480 million undernourished Indians? Washington flatly disagreed, insisting that Red China was the main enemy of both India and Pakistan. Ayub Khan had already made an effort to test this theory by offering in 1959 to join Nehru in a pact for the mutual defense of the subcontinent. Cracked Nehru, "Defense against whom?" and turned down the treaty.

Ayub Khan had even less success with Nehru's successor, Shastri. After a private meeting in Karachi, Ayub said

to define the 200-mile border with Tibet; Peking proved generous, handing over to Pakistan about 750 sq. mi. of disputed territory. As the Pakistanis turned willing, the Chinese turned eager. Trade expanded: an agreement was reached for Pakistan International Airlines to make biweekly flights between Karachi and Canton; China advanced a \$60 million credit to Pakistan.

Ayub Khan returned from a visit to Peking nearly as ecstatic as he had been about the U.S. Campaigns were launched to stamp out flies, *à la* China. Ayub Khan, a devout Moslem and a confirmed free-enterpriser, praised the Red Chinese dedication to work.

Pakistan was making a serious reappraisal of all its international relationships. Close ties were knit with Turkey and Iran, two Moslem neighbors and fellow members of CENTO.



INDIAN REFUGEES FLEEING THE FRONT
Everything about the problem is deeply emotional.

that Shastri was willing to compromise on Kashmir but felt he was not strong enough to convince his own government. Ayub added, "I told him that, as Prime Minister of India, it was his duty to build public opinion in favor of a satisfactory solution. He might be criticized by some elements, but the bulk of the Indian people would thank him for relieving them of a great anxiety." Ayub concluded that it was impossible to reach an agreement with the ambivalent and indirect Shastri. They settled into a tenuous coexistence that was punctuated by gunfire earlier this year in the border wasteland of the Rann of Kutch. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson settled that one, bringing Ayub and Shastri to cautious compromise at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers meeting in London last June.

Trip to Moscow. Pakistan's relations with Red China had been cool and correct. But after Ayub Khan's recriminations against Washington, things grew warmer. Negotiations were begun

A long and dreary border scuffle with Afghanistan was partially resolved, and Pakistan ended a two-year closing of the Afghan frontier.

Ayub Khan even went to Moscow to patch up long-dilapidated fences. The Soviet Union had for many years defended India in the U.N., even imposing its veto to prevent censure of New Delhi for its failure to hold the Kashmir plebiscite. Now Russia, as worried as the U.S. by China's cozying up to Pakistan, made a joint statement advocating "resolute support" of peoples struggling for national liberation, which Pakistan interpreted as backing its stand on Kashmir. Like many heads of state before him, Ayub Khan was learning that it is better to get aid from both sides than to be a taken-for-granted partner of just one.

But there was still no progress on the Kashmir problem. Though dear to the hearts of all Pakistanis, it was a crashing bore to the U.N. and the world. Even worse, India was moving fast to end the fiction that there was

even anything left to discuss. Nehru had announced in 1954 that Kashmir was an integral part of India but had done nothing to implement his words. Prime Minister Shastri was saying less but doing more. Early this year, he quietly let it be known that Indian civil servants would take over the state administration of Kashmir. To Pakistanis, this meant that the Kashmir question had to be reopened before the world —now or never.

Closed Routes. The instrument used was the *mujahid*, or local warrior. Subsequent Indian interrogations of captured *mujahids* indicate that they are mostly inhabitants of Azad (Free) Kashmir, the Pakistan-occupied one-third of the state. As army veterans, they were given a brisk course of re-training, taught methods of sabotage. Last month they began crossing the

sector, the Indians advanced 25 miles into Pakistani territory. A large salient in the 1949 U.N. cease-fire line that bulged toward Srinagar was swiftly erased, and India announced that the occupied ground was now Indian, as were the 5,000 dazed peasants who lived there.

By last week, the world's eyes were on Kashmir. Pakistan would either have to react strongly or abandon its claims. Within 48 hours, Ayub Khan made his military answer. A rumbling column of 70 powerful Patton tanks rolled across the Kashmir border far to the south, where the land is flat. The Indian villages of Chhamb and Dewa were swiftly taken. Backed by a brigade of infantry, and with its flanks protected by patrols of *mujahids*, the tanks rolled on, driving Indian defenders from village after village.

Indian jet fighters streaked from the sky to smash the armored spearhead. Fearful of losing the strategic city of Jammu, the Indian high command ordered the drive on Lahore, removing the battle from Kashmir to Pakistan proper, and changing a brush-fire war into a full-scale challenge. The escalation had increased, and the suspense was over. Whatever else Ayub Khan and Shastri accomplished last week, they had noisily reopened the question of Kashmir.

Phone 31489. Ostensibly, both armies were pursuing "defensive" advances, and always with the assurance that they were only being made to protect the national borders. New Delhi insisted that it was not at war with the Pakistan government or the Pakistani people. What then was it doing? Merely trying to convince the Pakistani army that it should not interfere with India's internal affairs, that is, Kashmir.

The same line was coming from Rawalpindi in slightly different wording. Pakistan's object was not to wage war either. Its only task was to convince India by "firmness" that it would be a good idea to let the Kashmiris have their plebiscite.

To the credit of both governments, each was doing what it could to damp down the possibility of religious massacres. Most of Pakistan's Hindus are in the East zone, so far little affected by the war. Pledges of loyalty to India came from many communities among the nation's 47 million Moslem subjects. Two Moslems sit in Shastri's Cabinet, and there are many scattered through the government and the army. Shastri has urged "internal harmony" upon his countrymen.

This was vital, since both nations are in the throes of spy scares. New Delhi offered a \$100 reward for every Pakistani spy captured, and an Indian news agency put out a special notice to Delhi citizens: "Anybody having information about paratroopers or any other matter pertaining to the present emergency may convey it to the authorities by phoning 31489."

In Karachi and New Delhi, young

men raced through the streets pulling strangers' beards to make sure they were not false. A freelance photographer who went to Patna to snap pictures of the Ganges River for a U.S. magazine was arrested and jailed because the police, who had never seen equipment as sophisticated as his 200-mm. telephoto lens, thought it was an aerial camera. In Bombay, nocturnal cremations were banned lest they serve as fiery beacons for enemy aircraft.

Patna's police also spent one night cordoning off an area below a mysterious, wavering filament in the sky, that they identified as a "rocket fuse." At dawn, they discovered someone had tied his paper kite to a pole, and the "fuse" was merely its fluttering string.

Closer Parity. Both the Indian and Pakistani governments were also dropping public hints as to the ground rules for future fighting. Each disclaimed any intention of bombing the other's jammed, slum-packed cities, which are easily flammable and prone to panic. And seemingly, neither side intends to launch a massive, win-the-war offensive with the aim of destroying the enemy's army and occupying his land.

Most military observers thought the fighting so far had gone about as expected. In the short run, Pakistan's small, highly trained army is more than a match for the Indians. But each skirmish and each day in the field reduces the efficiency of the U.S. weapons and equipment, and brings the Pakistanis toward closer parity with the Indians.

All of the Indian drives in the Punjab seem to have been stopped cold a short distance across the border. One unit attacking Lahore was severely handled and driven back into India, where it has dug in defense of Ferozepore. But should the war be prolonged several more weeks, military men think that the more numerous Indian army will begin to prevail.

Peking Laughter. There is one imponderable: China. Even a military demonstration on the Himalayan front would seriously weaken the Indian effort. A Chinese offensive on the scale of their last one in 1962 would be more than India could handle, for New Delhi is barely equipped for a one-enemy war. It could never deal with two at once.

Who knew how Red China would react? Ayub, no friend of Communism, had not asked for aid from that quarter. Also, the Chinese might recall that in the 1962 clash with India, Ayub made clear to Delhi that Indian troops could safely be transferred from the Pakistani frontier to the Himalayas. True, Peking has been mumbling about Indian "aggression" in the border area. But these noises began long before the present conflict, and have not been significantly renewed. At the present moment, China's interests are well served by letting its two neighbors waste their scanty substance in war against each other. As an Indian official said grimly, "They must be laughing hard in Peking."



SUDDENLY WE'RE RICH ENOUGH
TO GO TO WAR!

porous cease-fire line with instructions to start an insurrection.

All in all, an estimated 3,000 *mujahids* made the trip. It seemed an obviously doomed operation. The Indian share of Kashmir is firmly held by 100,000 troops. Though most Kashmir Moslems would undoubtedly vote to join Pakistan, few showed any inclination to die for the cause. The infiltrators were rounded up or slain with considerable ease, but the utteries from the Indian government often made it sound as if Kashmir were being invaded by hordes of warlike Huns.

In order to "close the infiltration routes," Indians in battalion strength crossed the cease-fire line and occupied a series of abandoned Pakistani outposts. There was a pause of some days, presumably to test the Pakistani reaction. When nothing happened, the Indians moved forward two weeks ago in regimental and brigade strength. Two Pakistani hilltop positions were stormed at dawn. In the Punch-Uti

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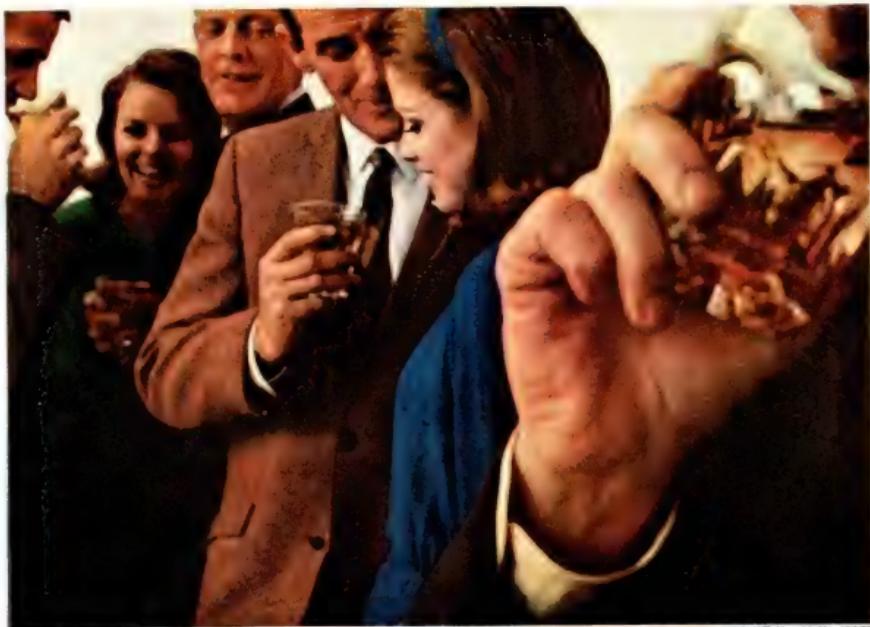
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SOUTH VIET NAM

The Big Hole

It was a foolhardy sniper who leaped out of a camouflaged hole one evening last week and fired a shot at a group of U.S. marines on the prowl for the Viet Cong. His zeal was costly. Approaching the "spider trap," the marines tossed in some grenades, and out popped four willing prisoners. Suddenly another burst of gunfire came from the hole. Big hole, the marines shrugged, tossing in more grenades. When the concealed V.C. responded with still another fusillade, a U.S. demolition squad provided a real blast, using dynamite this time. When the smoke cleared, the marines clambered down into the hole, discovered to their amazement a limestone cavern over six feet high and 250 feet long. It was littered with the bodies of 66 Viet Cong, all dead from the demolition charge—the largest single kill for U.S. troops since they arrived in force in Viet Nam.

The big bag was part of Operation Piranha, a joint U.S.-Vietnamese assault on the Batangan peninsula 20 miles south of coastal Chu Lai—and a suspected supply base for guerrillas operating in the area. At dawn of Piranha's first day, big naval guns pounded Batangan's beaches from offshore. Then an American amphibious force slipped ashore, while Vietnamese marines and army troops helicoptered inland to close the trap, and a U.S. Marine unit chopped down atop Batangan's commanding 660-ft.-high hill.

The landings by sea and air were virtually unopposed, but soon Piranha's pincers, aided by tactical air strikes from Navy bombers, were flushing out Viet Cong on all sides. In the first encounter, U.S. Marines killed four V.C. and captured six. The Vietnamese soon checked in with 28 dead Viet Cong, and the bombers picked off twelve more. Later, in one brief, fierce firefight, the marines killed 17 more Viet Cong and captured 21, suffering not a single U.S. casualty in the process. Marine Major General Lewis Wall flew into Batangan for a battlefield look, found himself "so proud of my marines I can hardly talk."

He had every right to be. At week's end Operation Piranha had yielded the marines 112 Viet Cong dead and 43 prisoners, not to mention an additional 66 V.C. kills scored by the South Vietnamese troops.

Tears or Death?

A tragic but inevitable feature of the ground war in Viet Nam is that civilians are all too often caught up in the shooting. Time and again U.S. troops are fired upon from the huts of peasant families, from villages that the Viet Cong have commandeered. Should the response be a blast from every deadly weapon available? Or should the troops hold their fire for fear of hitting innocent civilians, and risk letting the Viet Cong escape?

Last spring, when the U.S. tried one



U.S. MARINES BLASTING SUSPECTED VIET CONG HEADQUARTERS

Should the response always be killing?

alternative—harmless tear gases—an A.P. reporter latched onto the story, and from the hue and cry that followed, one might have thought that the scene was Ypres and the weapon was that deadly grey-green fog of 1915 called chlorine. In Washington, Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara rode out the storm, their protests that the gas was utterly harmless drowned in the fatuous worldwide din of indignation. While not publicly giving way, the U.S. tacitly decided that for the moment even tear gas was too hot to handle in Viet Nam.

The absurdity of such a concession to ill-informed public opinion was illustrated last week with the tale of Lieut. Colonel Leon Utter, 39, who was leading his Marine battalion in a search-and-clear operation on a steep hillside near the port of Qui Nhon, eastern terminus of vital Route 19 to the highlands, which was reopened in Operation Ramrod after months under Viet Cong control. Utter soon found the enemy: 20 fully armed Viet Cong troops who promptly took refuge in a nearby network of tunnels. It would have been easy enough for Utter and his men to wipe them out with grenades or incinerate them with flamethrowers. Trouble was, the V.C. had herded 390 women and children into the tunnel with them. So Utter chose the humane way, shoving into the tunnel mouth 48 canisters of CN, a mild tear gas that is briefly aggravating to eyes and nose, has no other effect whatsoever. Out streamed the Viet Cong, and the 390 captives into the hands of the marines.

Once again world headlines blared the story and Hanoi yelled that the U.S. was using "toxic gas." Utter found his decision to try gas again under investigation, even though tear gas has remained regular issue for all Marine units. Unless Washington orders otherwise, Lieut. Colonel Utter is likely to

fare kindly at the hands of U.S. brass in Saigon. Privately, most of them think that he did the right thing under the circumstances—and that a reluctance to use tear gas is an unnecessary and even inhumane restriction in doing what is one of the most unpleasant and difficult jobs in the world.

Adding Up, Up, Up

A fortnight ago, the number of U.S. servicemen in South Viet Nam soared past the 100,000 mark. Last week another 7,500 "combat-support and combat-support service personnel" landed from two troopers, bringing the total to nearly 108,000—a fourth of them front-line marines and infantrymen. And at week's end the 15,800 men and 424 helicopters and planes of the Army's 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division began to disband at Qui Nhon.

Thus, by the end of this week the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam will have reached President Johnson's target of 125,000 men, announced only last July 28—an increase of 50,000 in just six weeks. Soon that total will be surpassed: by year's end the U.S. will have more than 150,000 uniformed men in Viet Nam, not including the sailors and airmen of the Seventh Fleet, nor the crews of the giant B-52s based on Guam—all very much a part of the burgeoning war, as the Viet Cong can painfully attest.

WEST GERMANY

Photo Finish?

The billboard posters were getting weatherbeaten, the speakers were getting hoarse, and the West German people were getting, well, perhaps a little bored. The 1965 election campaign was ending at last. It had been a listless process, and perhaps out of sheer resignation, the voters seemed about evenly divided. The latest polls showed Chan-



WILLY BRANDT



LUDWIG ERHARD

They've grown accustomed to the race.

cancellor Ludwig Erhard's Christian Democratic Union and Mayor Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party each with 45% of the decided vote—but there was a small catch: 1 West German voter in 4 still stolidly listed himself as "undecided."

It was not for lack of effort on the part of the candidates. Erhard had covered 16,000 miles by train and car, and had expounded his plan for a *formierte Gesellschaft* (harmonious society) before nearly a million voters. He was, of course, campaigning equally on his party's record of prosperity and on his personal reputation as the very epitome of the *Wirtschaftswunder*. "I am one of you, grown out of the missions of the German people," he proclaimed. "I stand before you as a cross section of the German people."

Grand Coalition? The big question was whether his image might have begun to tire on the voters, some of whom can scarcely recall a Germany that was not prosperous. Certainly if they chose to vote for Brandt, it would have to be for the sake of a new face, since the Social Democrats' platform is virtually the same as the Christian Democrats' and Brandt's campaign oratory has been along the lines of "Those of you who have become owners of a little car have worked for it. Ludwig Erhard didn't give it to you, though that's how he makes it sound."

With the parties apparently headed for a photo finish, the minds of politicians were racing ahead to the possibility that for the first time since 1949, the Christian Democrats would need more than the help of a mere splinter coalition partner to rule the Bundestag. That raised the fascinating question of a political alliance unthought of a few years ago but now grudgingly considered by such influential figures as ex-Chancellor Konrad Adenauer—a "grand coalition" of the Christian Democrats and the socialists. This would leave the C.D.U.'s present coalition partner, the splinter

Free Democratic Party, alone in opposition, and could happen only if the Christian Democrats' share of the vote drops sharply from the 45% they won in 1961, when the Social Democrats' rose to 36%. Erhard flatly rejects such a "red-black" coalition, but if the possibility of it arose, there would have to be dickered far more interesting and contested than anything that took place in the campaign.

Der Dicke did not for one moment accept the idea that he would ever have to deal with the socialists, for he was amiably confident of another substantial victory for his Christian Democrats. In his private railroad car, sipping a Scotch and soda and clutching a Black Wisdom cigar at the end of a day's campaigning last week, he was firmly telling journalists that "that little fire of a grand coalition has been stamped out."

FRANCE

Once More, Sans Feeling

For the twelfth and last time in his first seven-year term of office now drawing to a close, the President of France last week held his own Sun King version of Meet the Press. Naturally, the question uppermost in the minds of 1,000 newsmen assembled in the Elysée was whether De Gaulle will stand for re-election Dec. 5 and a second *septennat* in office. Just as naturally, De Gaulle refused to answer it. "You will know with certainty in less than two months," he said helpfully.

Still, the ritual provides that every semiannual press conference have its characteristically Gaullist *pièce de résistance*, whether it be resistance to British entry into the Common Market (January 1963) or to the hegemony of the dollar (February 1965). This time, after rudely quelling any European hopes for an early end to the Common Market's current crisis of his own contrivance (see WORLD BUSINESS), the

pièce was that old favorite, NATO. "In 1969 at the latest," De Gaulle intoned, "will cease for us the subordination termed 'integration' which is provided for by NATO and which puts our fate in the hands of foreigners." It was a nice-sounding nationalistic sentence, but it didn't have much sting. De Gaulle's dislike of the French army's participation in NATO's integrated command structure is well known. But also, as everybody knows, France would stand to lose far more than NATO by pulling out. NATO chiefly relies on France for its supply routes and depots and the site of SHAPE headquarters, whereas both the French army and De Gaulle's proud *force de frappe* depend on NATO's air defense shield for their ultimate protection.

To old Elysée hands, De Gaulle himself looked sunken-eyed and tired, and atypically muffed some of the lines in his carefully memorized discourse. But as usual, *le grand Charles* contrived to have the last laugh. "Personal power?" he asked at conference's end, challenging critics who charge that he rules singlehandedly. Why, he said, he was constantly in touch from the top of the government right down to the grass roots, having seen "with his own eyes at least 15 million Frenchmen" in the past seven years. And besides, great men are sometimes too busy for everyday commingling. "Whoever believed," said General de Gaulle, that General de Gaulle, "once called to the helm, would content himself with inaugurating chrysanthemum shows?"

GREAT BRITAIN

Not All Right, Jack

The industrial revolution was born in 18th century England, and British working attitudes hardly seem to have changed since. Nowadays petulant, cossed and irascible, British labor will down tools at the merest hint of any slight or insult. It will jealously defend a host of obsolete prerogatives and work practices that are the despair of management efforts at efficiency—and often of labor union leaders themselves. This year alone, Britain's auto industry, mainstay of Prime Minister Harold Wilson's export push to bolster the sickly pound, has already been hit by 109 separate strikes equaling 645,000 lost work days—nearly every one an unauthorized, wildcat strike.

Last month, in an auto-parts plant in Wales, a workman walked off the job because he felt his foreman lacked training. He was suspended; 400 fellow workers then struck in sympathy, and eventually 20,000 workers were idled. When two car bodies came off the Jaguar line poorly polished and were sent back to be redone, polishers said no, and Jaguar was shut down for four weeks. Nor is the auto industry unique. Last week thousands of London commuters were fuming over a railroad slowdown called against the union leader's orders.

Precarious Stability. The British public has had just about enough: a National Opinion Poll showed last week that four out of five Britons would go so far as to favor tough government legislation outlawing unauthorized strikes. Harold Wilson, for all his dependence on the workingman's vote, has had enough too. Knowing that Labor's work stoppages, coupled with wage gains running an inflationary 6.3% so far this year, threaten not only the precarious stability of sterling but also the precarious two-vote majority by which his socialists rule, Wilson demanded that the Trades Union Congress, meeting in Brighton this week, agree to voluntary controls in tune with his impending income-regulating legislation. His alternative: use of compulsory government controls in the bill, due in the next session of Parliament.

For the delegates to Brighton, representing nearly 9,000,000 union members, it was an odious choice. But in the end, Wilson's urging carried the day by a margin of 2,000,000 votes: local unions bound themselves to submit in advance all demands for wage increases to the T.U.C.'s General Council, not to press them on management until—and unless—the T.U.C. approved the wage claims as within the government's anti-inflationary guidelines. The margin was thanks largely to T.U.C. General Secretary George Woodcock's plea that Wilson's demand was the lesser of two evils. But Woodcock also observed that, in any case, voluntarism might well prove "impractical and unworkable"—precisely what most Britons gloomily suspect.

EGYPT

The Plot to Kill Nasser

For years Gamal Abdel Nasser has been fomenting all manner of uprisings, internal strife and *coups d'état* throughout Africa and the Middle East. Last week it became clear that he had suffered a dose of his own medicine—and nearly choked on it. Spread across Cairo's government-controlled papers was news of an incredible plot to assassinate Nasser and most of his top aides, blow up the nation's major power plants and communications centers, and unleash a reign of terror that would sweep out his regime and install an entirely different set of rulers in its place.

Imperialists? Communists? Israelis? Not at all. Behind the whole thing was Egypt's powerful Moslem Brotherhood, an organization of religious fanatics who want to ban such modern immorality as pictures of the human form, return to the laws of the Koran. Their aim: to set up a sort of Prophet's Republic, whose President would be declared caliph of the Moslem world.

Quintet Groups. Led by Said Ramadan, an exiled and devout Egyptian editor who kneels for his daily prayers even when aboard an airliner), the brotherhood has been trying to overthrow Cairo governments since the early

days of King Farouk. Nasser tried to crush it out after one of its members fired eight shots at him during a mass rally in Alexandria in 1954, but despite the execution of six of the brothers and the imprisonment of thousands of others, the organization survived. Establishing headquarters in Geneva, it was soon distributing an anti-Nasser magazine throughout the Arab world, smuggling arms to its underground organization in Egypt, raising money from such sources as the governments of Iran, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia.

In 1960 the prison terms of the Alexandria plotters began to expire, and many organized themselves into "quintet groups"—men who had spent five years in prison—and began searching for new blood. Carefully screened recruits were brought in, sent to secret camps for training in judo, dagger fighting and the use of weapons and explosives, then assigned to cells. One cell consisted of three engineers whose job was to plan the sabotage of power stations. A cell of chemists prepared bombs. An airline pilot's cell took charge of arms smuggling, and coordinated activities between the underground and Geneva.

Tip from Hussein. By this year all was ready, and the plot was scheduled for the end of July during the regime's 13th anniversary celebrations. It seemed thorough in every detail. Hussein Tawfiq, a veteran terrorist who had successfully rubbed out one of King Farouk's finance ministers, was put in command of a select group assigned to blow up Nasser in his motorcade. If he failed, other brothers were ready to blast Nasser off his presidential train somewhere between Cairo and Alexandria, and still others were prepared to shoot him on the way to his home in the suburbs of Cairo.

The amazing thing is how close they

came to pulling it off. The tip-off came in June, when King Hussein of Jordan heard about the plot from his own intelligence network and informed Nasser. With little time to spare, secret police began tearing Egypt apart, looking for hidden arms, explosives and terrorists. Not until mid-July did they catch up with Tawfiq's assassination team. Not until Egyptian air-force rebels were ten minutes flying time from Nasser's summer residence at Alexandria was their loaded bomber shot down.

The anniversary passed without incident, but the brotherhood had not given up. Despite wholesale arrests of its members, it was still strong enough to attempt a suicide mission. The task was entrusted to Brother Ali Ismail el Fayyumi, one of Nasser's presidential honor guards and, according to the Cairo press, such a crack shot that "he could take one quick look at his target, close his eyes and shoot and hit." Assigned to shoot Nasser on his return from Saudi Arabia three weeks ago, El Fayyumi nearly got his chance. Police broke up his cell only two days before Nasser's return.

Although official press reports tried to dismiss the plots as the work of "obscurantist feudalists," the regime was clearly disturbed. Police had arrested an estimated 6,000 conspirators, but it was far from certain that all cells had yet been wiped out and that it was safe for government leaders to appear in public: three brotherhood agents were known to be operating in Morocco, where Nasser was due to appear this week for an Arab summit conference. Even more unsettling was the fact that the brotherhood had managed to attract young university graduates, airline pilots and trained chemists and engineers—the very type of people whom Nasser might expect to be most loyal.



NASSER & GUARDS IN CAIRO
Ten minutes from pulling it off.

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Exile of the General

The man most responsible for bringing the U.S. into the Dominican civil war was forcibly packed off to exile last week—and most of the force came from the U.S. The hasty departure of General Elías Wessin y Wessin was intended to preserve and strengthen the precarious truce between loyalists and

renewed fighting sent waves of panic through Santo Domingo. Both the OAS and the U.S. agreed that Wessin y Wessin had to go.

For five days the general was urged to step aside quietly by high-ranking loyalist colleagues, García-Godoy and U.S. Special Delegate Ellsworth Bunker, the able diplomat who earned high praise from President Johnson last week for his efforts throughout the crisis. At one point, Wessin y Wessin reported that the CIA had offered to buy his modest \$18,000 house for \$50,000. The U.S. countered that the \$50,000 was his own idea. Through it all, Wessin y Wessin refused to budge.

At last, six limousines, escorted by Brazilian marines and U.S. paratroopers, hauled up in front of Wessin's house near San Isidro. In the cars were Dominican Armed Forces Secretary Comodore Francisco Rivera Caminero, Brazilian General Hugo Panasco Alvim, commander of the OAS peace force, and his deputy, Lieut. General Bruce Palmer, commander of the 82nd Airborne. The brass trooped into the house and trooped out again accompanied by Wessin y Wessin. Two hours later he was on his way to exile in the U.S.

"Not Finished." On that night García-Godoy explained that Wessin y Wessin "has been declared in a state of retirement, and has been designated Consul General of the Republic in Miami, Florida." Arriving in Miami, Wessin y Wessin said he would accept the consul's job. "I will serve," he announced, "but in the meantime we are not finished with the Communists, so I cannot be happy." Nor were his loyalist supporters, who complained that the new government had been too kind to the left in its first week. Even the U.S. was upset by García-Godoy's choice of a far-leftist lawyer, one Manuel Ramón Morel, as his attorney general.

Having got rid of Wessin y Wessin, the rebels clamored for the ouster of other loyalist officers. Rebel leaders said they would refuse to disarm unless "all the genocides military go—not just Wessin!" The Castroite 14th of June group was openly calling for rebels to keep their weapons, and plane-loads of exiles were streaming back to Santo Domingo to participate in a "gigantic" rebel rally this week.

Among the early returnees is supposed to be Juan Bosch, who sat out the revolution in Puerto Rico, and is expected to campaign for President in the elections next year. To celebrate his arrival, Bosch supporters are already planning another huge rally. All of which could bring on more fireworks, and a deeper mire for the U.S. and OAS. For now, having kicked out Wessin y Wessin, Lyndon Johnson can hardly be less tough toward the Communists still in the Dominican Republic.



WESSION Y WESSION

"I cannot be happy."

rebels on which the country's newly installed provisional government depends. Yet at week's end it was not at all certain that the maneuver had accomplished its purpose—indeed, it may even have heightened the tensions.

A tough brigadier who commanded with virtual autonomy the 1,700 crack troops of the Armed Forces Training Center at San Isidro, nine miles east of Santo Domingo, Wessin y Wessin, 40, was the key man in the fall of President Juan Bosch's inept, Red-pampering government in 1963. He was one of the first to recognize Castroite influence in the pro-Bosch revolt against Donald Reid Cabral last spring (TIME cover, May 7). Calling for U.S. help, he sent his tanks and F-51 fighters to contain the rebels in a corner of downtown Santo Domingo. For this, he earned the undying enmity of the rebels, who vilify him by parroting cries of "genocide."

On the Alert. Since then, Wessin y Wessin had kept out of sight at San Isidro, silent and brooding. Then last week Provisional President Héctor García-Godoy bowed to the rebels with a decree abolishing Wessin y Wessin's command. That brought the general to life. The San Isidro airbase radio crackled with bitter charges of Communist influence on García-Godoy: "Again, we are on the alert!" The threat of

COLOMBIA "Permanently on the Defense"

Not so long ago, Colombia was held up as a showcase of the *Alianza*—relatively rich in resources, increasingly mature in politics, full of hopeful plans for the future. The Andean country is now approaching what Colombians gloomily call "zero hour."

Under President Guillermo León Valencia's do-nothing, three-year-old government, the cost of living has risen 60%. Colombia's chronic trade deficit has doubled, business confidence has evaporated and unemployment is soaring. Politically, the ruling Liberal-Conservative National Front is splintering, and Congress is all but immobilized. Last week, with new elections only nine months away, Valencia finally decided that something ought to be done. Invoking emergency powers, he named a new Cabinet and decreed a series of reforms to pull the economy back from the brink.

Overtures to Washington. The reforms—suggested last December by the Agency for International Development, the International Bank for Reconstruction



PRESIDENT VALENCIA

"Give the government a chance."

and Development, and the International Monetary Fund—are aimed at preserving Colombia's fading foreign exchange, estimated at \$109 million last week. They provide for: 1) preferential exchange rates ranging from 9 to 13.5 pesos per \$1 (free rate: 19 pesos per \$1) on imported raw materials; 2) a \$33 million issue of economic development bonds; 3) a 15% income tax increase for the current year, plus another 5% surcharge for the forced purchase of government bonds; and 4) a tightening of Colombia's notoriously porous tax-collection system.

The man directing the reforms is

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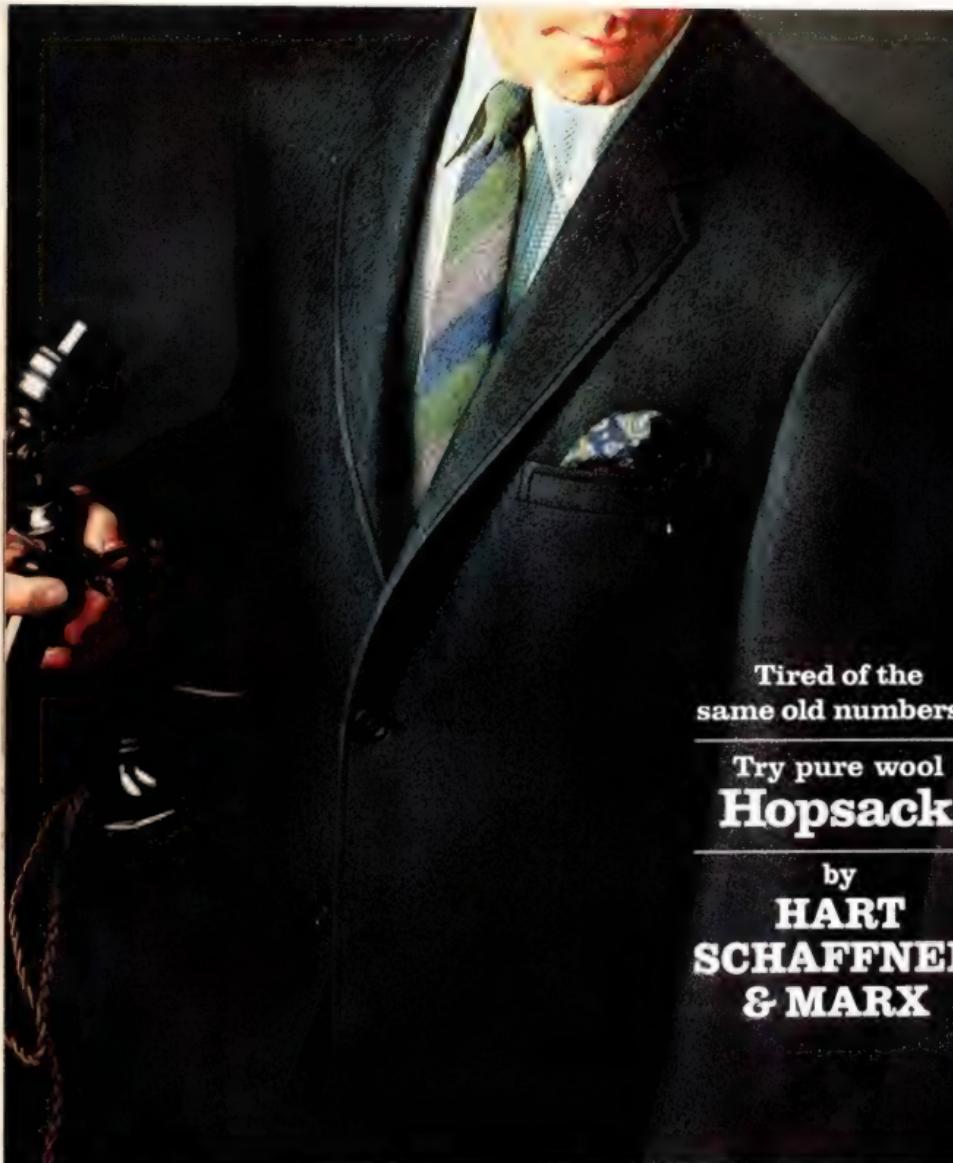
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LORETO ON THE AMAZON

Flank speed for a maneuver.



INDIANS QUEUING FOR TREATMENT

Finance Minister Joaquin Vallejo, 52, a pharmaceuticals executive who is well regarded in international banking and finance circles and has Valencia's support "to do whatever is needed to save the nation." From his emergency reforms, Vallejo hopes to bring in an additional \$40 million in revenues this year to help pay off the government's projected \$87 million deficit. To make up the rest, Vallejo plans to meet with the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in Washington later this month, and seek additional U.S. aid.

Dork Conspiracies. Until the reforms take hold, Valencia is pleading with labor unions to "give the government a chance to repair the damage wrought by Congress and the last Cabinet." He is getting scant sympathy. More than 92,000 unpaid schoolteachers and clerks and 18,000 employees of Colombia's judiciary system were on strike last week, and 45 major unions have called a general strike for Oct. 1. Many Colombians are simply throwing up their hands. Eugenio Gómez Gómez, a member of Valencia's own party, flatly turned down the President's invitation to be Minister of Public Works in the new Cabinet. "What in the world could I accomplish in the nine months before elections?" he asked. "I'm a serious person." Even the presidential campaign has ground to a halt. Under the seven-year-old Liberal-Conservative coalition, which alternates the presidency every four years, the Liberals are due for office next time around. Four months ago, however, the coalition candidate—Liberal Leader Carlos Lleras Restrepo—withdrew his name after a series of noisy intraparty squabbles. The Liberals have yet to pick another man.

As for Valencia, he sees himself a victim of circumstance. "The political groups, the pressure groups and the conspiracies have not let me govern," he said last week. "I have had to keep myself permanently on the defense."

PERU

Gunboat Diplomacy

The Peruvian gunboat *Loreto* should not be the pride and joy of anyone's navy. Built in England in 1932, it makes a mere twelve knots at flank speed and looks like a cross between the *Merrimac* and an early Frank Lloyd Wright house. There are seven such gunboats in the Peruvian Navy, drawing cheers from the whole country. Their crews are physicians, dentists, technicians and nurses, and their mission is to build schools and provide medical care for 800,000 people, most of them primitive Indians living in the jungles along the Peruvian Amazon.

Established in late 1963, the gunboat fleet is another maneuver of President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, 52, in his search for weapons to fight Peru's own version of the war on poverty and disease. So far this year, Belaúnde's Amazon fleet has called at 140 jungle settlements, inoculated 16,216 people against smallpox and yellow fever, treated 2,153 for dental problems and another 3,657 for a host of tropical diseases. Among them are *okara*, a skin disorder that comes from a mosquito bite and permanently disfigures face and body with white and red spots, and *uta*, a dread parasite that produces strawberry-size warts that, if they burst, can bleed the victim to death.

The worst and most general health problem in the Amazon, says the fleet's health director, Dr. Max Benzake, is simple malnutrition. The basic staples in the area are yuca, bananas, some fish and wild game—a diet woefully deficient in protein. Children almost never get milk. Everybody drinks polluted water, and so practically everybody has a variety of intestinal parasites.

At first, the Amazon Indians were suspicious of gunboats bearing doctors, had to be bribed to submit to vaccination: cigarettes for the men, loaves of

bread for the women. Gradually the word spread, and the Indians now welcome the boats whenever they appear.

The craft currently in service are equipped to provide only rudimentary medical services. By the end of this year, Belaúnde plans to add two more gunboats armed with the most modern medical equipment, including surgery and X-ray facilities. "Then," says one doctor, "we will really be doing things for the people." And really being doing things for Belaúnde's government, which is facing sharp new pressures in Peru's Congress over the Castroite threat in the backlands and is convinced that one of the best weapons against subversion is a campaign of social action.

CANADA

To the Polls, Glumly

Climaxing a two-week guessing game, Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson last week gave the widely expected answer and called a general election for Nov. 8. After 29 months of remarkably successful minority rule, Mike Pearson apparently feels strong enough to win more than the six additional seats he needs for a majority in the House of Commons.

The question is how Canada's voters feel about being dragged into their fifth election in eight years. Indications are that they are not at all enthusiastic. There are no real issues; the country is calm, prosperous and intent on getting more so. The normally pro-Pearson Ottawa Citizen was sharply critical of "the specious grounds" for an election: the Ottawa Journal called it "a spectacle of bad judgment"; the Toronto Globe and Mail rapped Pearson for ignoring "every conviction relative to the national good." Summed up the Montreal Star: "The feeling across the country is that no election is necessary. Mr. Pearson has chosen to act in defiance of that feeling."

PEOPLE

The snowshoes went for \$11, the lacrosse equipment for \$3, the Jackson Pollock for \$12,000, and the Franz Kline for \$5,000. In all, it was a fairly good auction out at the Slezak place in Larchmont, N.Y., until the men who arranged to buy the Pollock and the Kline discovered that the paintings would have made better snowshoes. Last week a federal grand jury indicted Connecticut Art Dealer Richard A. Rainsford and a Chicago accomplice on 26 charges of fraud for inventing elaborate pedigrees for the forged paintings, then sneaking them in to be sold with some of Walter Slezak's gear left after the actor moved to California.

What with the griping about Congressmen's children filling up summer Government jobs that might have gone to needy teen-agers, Wisconsin's Senator Bill Proxmire, 49, did the simplest thing, wrote out checks totaling \$1,806.80 as an "unconditional gift" to the U.S. Treasury to repay the wages his son and step-daughter made for two summers in their vacation jobs with the Post Office, Navy, and National Park Service. As for the kids, they got to keep their money "because they earned it." Besides, added the Senator ruefully, "if you know teen-agers, they don't give back money anyway."

In one form or another (Ginger Rogers on Broadway, Betty Grable in Las Vegas, Carol Channing in Los Angeles), the Dollies are multiplying infectiously. The overseas form is Mary Martin, and Producer David Merrick thought that his globe-trotting troupe of *Hello, Dolly!* was in just the right shape to send to Russia as a gesture of cultural amity. "Nyet!" gestured back



MARY MARTIN IN TOKYO
Haro, Doril



MRS. CHIANG IN CHINATOWN
Hello, Madame!

the Kremlin, obscurely protesting U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Then the man who's most involved in Viet Nam took over. Lyndon Johnson phoned Merrick at 5 a.m. one foggy dawn in Tokyo, where that same evening Mary brought down the house at the opening of *Haro, Doril!*. The President said he'd personally see to it that the cast got to Viet Nam and put on a show for U.S. troops. It isn't exactly the South Pacific, chirped old Nellie Forbush, but it was out there where she belonged.

Thirty years after the flamboyantly autocratic "Kingfish" was assassinated in a hallway of the state capitol in Baton Rouge, the man who used to be known back home as the "Princefish," Louisiana's Senator Russell Long, 46, offered some revisionist thinking. "By any objective standards," said Huey's son, taking the long view, "Huey Long was the best Governor Louisiana ever had." As a matter of fact, said the Senator, recalling what Dad dictated in the way of social and welfare programs (abolition of the poll tax, free night schools for illiterates, free textbooks for children, doubling the capacity of charity hospitals), "many people think that Roosevelt became interested in social security because he needed something to build a firebreak against some of the headway Huey Long was making." Now, added Russell, "we've not only done most of what my father advocated, but we've gone beyond it."

In Manhattan's Chinatown, the bands blared *When the Saints Go Marchin' In*. On Capitol Hill, the Congressmen gave her a luncheon, and an admiring State Department man quipped, "She knows the United States so well I wouldn't be surprised if she produced a hot dog from the sleeve of her dress." A lot of people persisted in saying that Madame Chiang Kai-shek, 67, had something up her sleeve as she sampled U.S. cooking and opinion for the first time in seven years. But Nationalist China's graceful First Lady, mov-

ing into the presidential suite of Washington's Shoreham Hotel for a brief stay, merely repeated that the trip was private, "just to visit old friends and make a few speeches."

Venezuela's Prieto Quintuplets are two years old, and as fine a bunch of healthy, pot-banging toddlers as anyone could wish. All of which would keep Mrs. Inés Cuervo de Prieto, 36, and her oilfield worker husband hopping—even if they didn't have a new set of nine-month-old twins and five other kids around the house. Last week Mrs. Prieto sighed and reported that she is again expecting in December. "It's frightening," muttered the father. Wailed the mother: "It's impossible."

"Just once or twice in a century," said Clare Boothe Luce, "a man appears on the political scene who is brilliant, witty, courageous, honest—and articulate. What a wonderful thing it is to be on his side of the political barricades." The man she was talking about, William F. Buckley Jr., editor of the *National Review* and Conservative Party candidate for mayor of New York City, reacted in a way that measured up to at least part of the billing: "Normally, when Mrs. Luce makes a political evaluation, I find myself nodding my head and thinking, 'She is profoundly right.' This time, I adore her."

His first car was an open-tonneau air-cooled 1903 Franklin with a side crank. And over the years he toolled around for more than 1,500,000 miles as a traveling salesman on his way to a business fortune before going into politics. But now, what with the traffic and cloverleafs and all, says New Jersey's former Republican Senator Albert W. Hawkes, 86, "this driving is getting to be an engineering feat." The Senator is "perfectly able physically" to perform the feat, he says, but just a little tired of it. Chauffeured over to Trenton's Department of Motor Vehicles, Hawkes turned in his driver's license forever.



LUNCH TIME IN THE HOLLOW usually finds us by the cool limestone spring that Jack Daniel picked a century ago.

When Mr. Jack found our spring, he didn't realize he was getting a good lunch spot, too. He picked it because it runs at 56° year-round, and it's completely iron-free. (Iron murders whiskey; a nail dropped in a barrel would ruin every drop.) This water and Charcoal Mellowing account largely for Jack Daniel's sippin' smoothness. After a sip, we believe, you'll know Mr. Jack sure knew how to pick a spring.



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MODERN LIVING

THE LAND

The Flight from Folly

*Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skinned this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.*

Frost's *After Apple-Picking*

*I hurry main to reach the plain.
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side . . .*

Lanier's *Song of the Chattahoochee*

Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! we disgrace earth.

Thoreau's *Walden*

Today the apple orchard behind the New Hampshire homestead where Robert Frost lived for eleven years is a graveyard for junked cars. Sidney Lanier's Chattahoochee River is now one of the two most polluted streams in Georgia. And Walden Pond has a bathing beach surrounded by hot-dog stands and a trailer camp. From sea to shining sea, the inevitable growth of U.S. humanity and industry has crushed grass, leveled trees, blasted out mountains and dammed off rivers. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall calls such dimming of America's beauty "the quiet crisis."

Is it so quiet? Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas cries out in his newest book, "to be issued this week, that 'wilderness has values greater than any price that can be placed on the resources it contains.'" The President of the United States agrees. "Natural beauty," he said this spring, "is more than a rich source of pleasure and recreation. It shapes our values, molds our attitudes. It feeds our spirit, and helps to make us the kind of men and women we finally become. And the kind of men and women we finally become in turn makes this great nation." With such voices crying out for the wilderness, the U.S. is now, as never in its history, alive with projects to roll back blight—with some hits, some misses (for examples of both, see color pages).

Last week alone, the Senate Public

Roads Subcommittee reported bills to curb billboards, to screen or remove junkyards and to landscape federal-aided highways. A House Public Works Subcommittee wound up hearings on similar bills. The entire House voted to preserve 35-mile-long Assateague Island, off the coast of Maryland and Virginia, as a National Seashore. As an amendment to the farm bill, Wisconsin's Democratic Senator Gaylord Nelson proposed paying farmers to maintain idle crop land as recreation areas for hunters and fishermen. And Lady Bird Johnson, in Grand Teton National Park for a joint meeting of the American



OUTDOORSMAN ROOSEVELT AT 26
After Teddy, "not a cent for scenery."

Forestry Association and the National Council of State Garden Clubs, said that "history will judge us not by our abundance or by our mighty arms or vast influence, but by our people, their values, their wisdom, their skill and their happiness. In this scale of ultimate judgment, beauty will weigh heavily."

T.R.'s Start. The idea of beauty preservation in the U.S. did not always carry such weight. In the beginning there was so much untamed territory that early Americans could hardly imagine getting through it all, much less ruining it. President Grant, who established the first national park at Yellowstone in 1872, acted not so much to conserve as to foil a group of land speculators. The real father of conservation is considered to be John Muir, a California naturalist, who in 1890 persuaded the Federal Government to take over the Yosemite Valley and the lands around it.

It was not until the turn-of-the-cen-

tury Administration of outdoor-loving Teddy Roosevelt that the country got into preservation in a big way. Influenced early in life by Muir and later by Gifford Pinchot, McKinley's chief forester, Roosevelt began by pressing for water conservation in the arid West. He won the power to establish the nation's natural and historical treasures as national monuments, then ingeniously outflanked an attempt to wipe out many of the nation's national forests. Faced with a forest-eliminating rider to a bill for much-needed funds, Teddy responded with wilderness-bred cunning. In the ten days before signing the funds bill, he simply proclaimed the establishment of 16 million new acres of national forest. He sat up nights until dawn with Pinchot poring over topographical maps, deciding which lands looked wooded and worth preserving. They got masses of grazing land that way, but today, thanks to Teddy, the Government is the nation's largest single owner of forest land (see map, after color pages).

L.B.J.'s Concept. After Teddy, however, preservation went into an eclipse best expressed by the "not a cent for scenery" attitude of Uncle Joe Cannon, House Speaker from 1903 to 1911. Various national parks and monuments were dedicated and several Presidents took a lively interest in natural beauty, but it was not until President Kennedy took office that the Federal Government again began thinking about conservation on a scale approaching Teddy Roosevelt's. J.F.K. brought in outdoorsy Stewart Udall as Interior Secretary, in 1962 called the first White House Conference on conservation since the T.R. years.

Lyndon Johnson added his own concept to that of preserving the nation's existing riches: rebeautification of already blighted areas. On the day after sending the first presidential message on natural beauty to Congress, Johnson told his Cabinet that they could fall asleep on page five of his balance of payments message, "but here is one you have to read. I take special pride in this one. If you will all pitch in and help my wife and Secretary Udall and others, we might do something we will all be proud of."

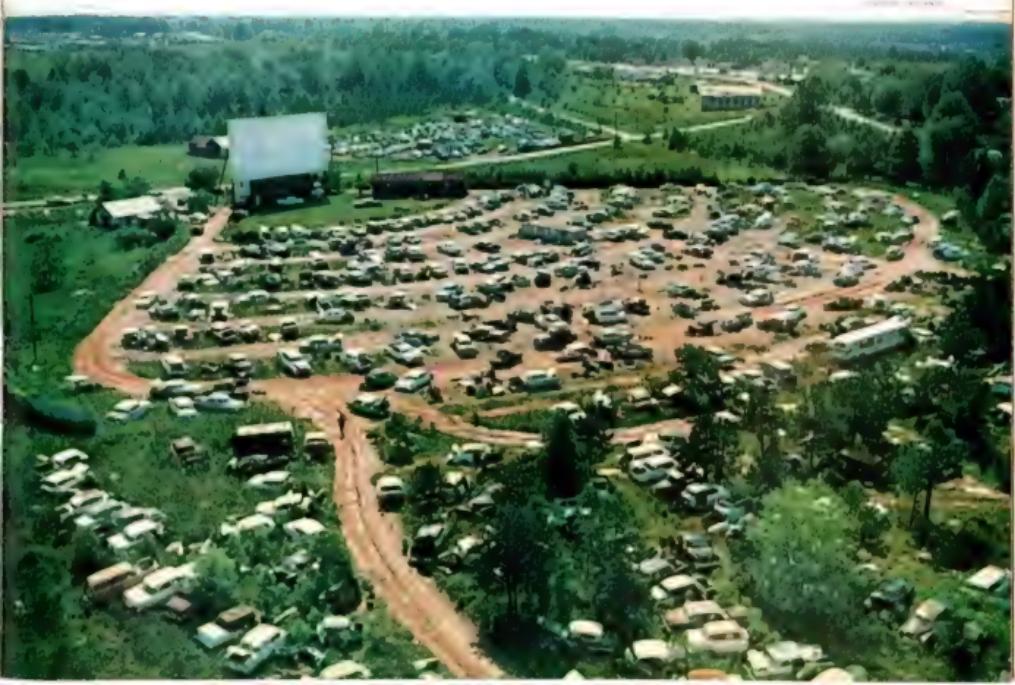
'65 Records. In 1964 Johnson signed his wilderness bill, which put more than 30,000 acres of federally protected wilderness permanently off limits to private enterprise. He also pushed through the Land and Water Conservation Fund bill, which provides money for purchasing public recreation and outdoor areas. So far this year, Johnson has signed two major water resources bills, which provide funds for research centers and encourage states to act together instead of piecemeal on the river basins that serve them all. Bills pending include one to protect rare and endangered species of

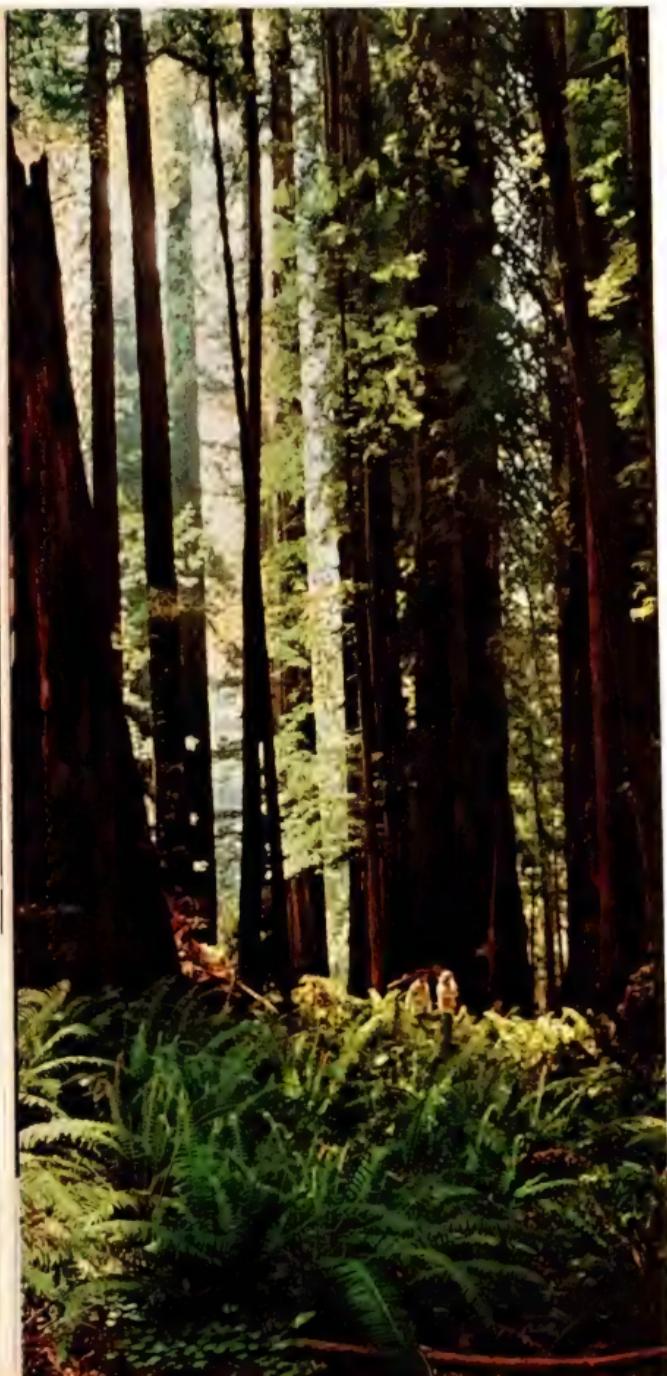
A Wilderness Bill of Rights, Little, Brown (\$5.95).



AMERICA'S NATURAL BEAUTY: THREATENED, LOST & SAVED

Burning automobiles on the outskirts of Baltimore mar a bordering city park area and pollute the edge of the harbor (*above*). An abandoned drive-in movie (*below*) near Spartanburg, S.C., serves as a graveyard for derelict autos, many of which spill across the surrounding countryside.





PHOTOGRAPH BY KAREN BROWN



REDWOODS OF NORTHWESTERN CALIFORNIA, some 2,000 years old and soaring 370 ft. high, are the loftiest trees in the world, as well as one of America's most spectacular wonders. Their number dwindles daily as loggers cut right up to the boundaries of state parks.



◀ ANGEL ARCH in southeastern Utah stands in Canyonlands National Park, the U.S.'s newest. Area was being cut up by prospectors' roads.

ASSATEAGUE ISLAND off the Maryland-Virginia coast abounds with wild ponies, white beaches and duck marshes, is a proposed National Seashore.

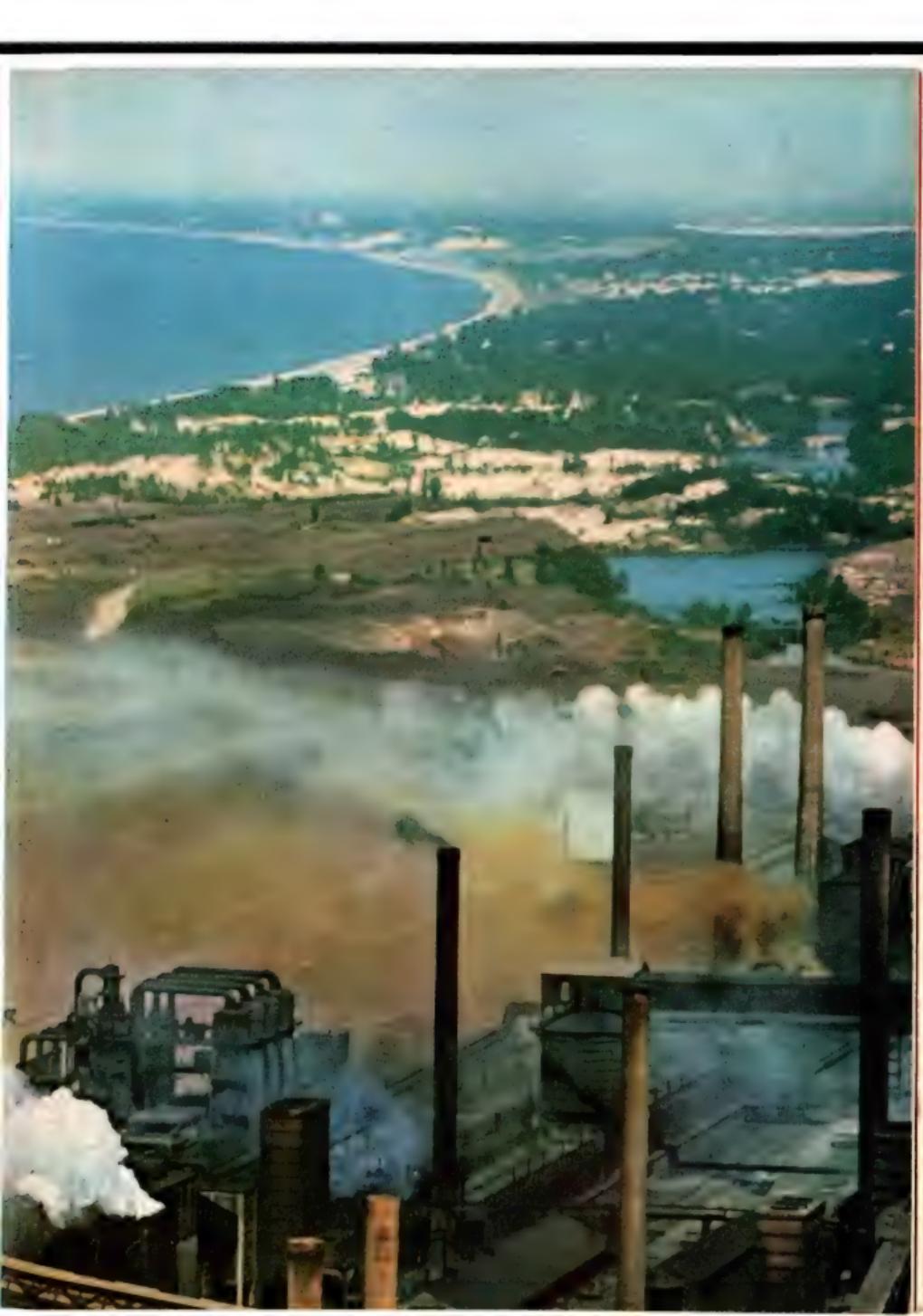


UNDERWATER CORAL, near the tip of Florida, was being blasted away by souvenir vendors; it is now part of the Pennekamp State Park.



NEON SIGNS, gaudy and confusing, disfigure the approach to many U.S. cities. These are along the way into Denver from the Southeast.

STEEL MILLS outside Gary, Ind., are spreading out into Lake Michigan's bosky coastal dunes, which conservationists are campaigning to save.





SEVEN FALLS and the entire basin of northern California's Middle Fork Feather River is a sportsman's paradise. The unstocked river teems with trout; bobcats, cougars and bears

drink at the river's edge. Conservationists and sportsmen fear that two proposed dams, feeding a network of irrigation ditches, will alter the river's flow and disturb fish spawning.



TIME Map by J. Doremus

fish and wildlife, another to establish a National Wild Rivers System. The first national riverway, along the Current and Jacks Forks rivers in Missouri's Ozarks, was established by a special act last summer. Johnson hopes to add the Rio Grande, the Suwannee and four others to the system this year.

The President and Lady Bird are hardly alone on the ramparts. Private preservation efforts have never been more widespread on both large and small scales. At the small end are one-shot campaigns waged by dedicated groups and individuals such as New York's Richard Pough and Washington's Sheafe Satterthwaite. One of Pough's current projects is to help preserve a 3,400-acre tract of Gulf Coast prairie land, one of the last nesting areas of the near-extinct Attwater's Prairie Chicken. So far, \$70,000 has been collected; and \$300,000 more is needed. Satterthwaite is working to block developers from filling in New Jersey's 3,000-acre Troy Meadows, the most important waterfowl refuge left in the state, and to prevent unspoiled Smith Island, off the coast of North Carolina, from becoming an industrial complex.

Broad-scale private conservation is best represented by the Sierra Club, with 33,000 members in 18 chapters located mainly in California but spreading as far south as New Mexico and east as New York. Founded in 1892 to help protect the newly created Yosemite National Park, its first president was the pioneering Muir. In 1952 it hired its

first full-time professional conservationist, David Brower. Under Brower, the club now spends \$1,300,000 annually on the conservation war.

The nation's most prominent individual conservationist is Laurance Rockefeller. Inheriting the interest from his father, John D. Jr., Laurance first became involved in wholesale preservation in 1949 when he carried through his father's wishes to turn 33,562 acres of the Jackson Hole Valley beneath Wyoming's Grand Tetons into a federal park. Since then he has helped to create the Virgin Islands National Park, has worked for the just-created national seashore on New York's Fire Island.

Currently chairman of the White House Conference on Natural Beauty, Rockefeller has long maintained that preserved areas should also be widely used and enjoyed. Last week he called upon the Federal Government and non-profit foundations to "join hands" in planning lodges and other facilities to make the nation's parks more accessible to the visitor. The position is not wildly popular with stricter conservationists who shudder at the thought of herds of littering tourists.

Beauty v. Need. The atmosphere of conflict, both inside and outside the ranks, is as natural to conservation as the scent of balsam. For opposed to every conservationist cause there is always the need of those from whom the land

— Who donated much of the land for Maine's Acadia National Park, a 45,000-acre preserve near Bar Harbor

is being saved. Steel manufacturers, for example, have discovered that the most efficient sites for their plants are near water transportation. One such location is the Indiana Dunes, a strip of glacier-formed beach, sand dunes and marshland running along Indiana's Lake Michigan coast from Gary to Michigan City. For 50 years conservationists have seened as the dunes have been bitten away by steel companies. This year the Senate finally passed a compromise bill (House action is pending) incorporating ten unspoiled miles into a federal park and leaving the rest to the steel industry.

The ever-growing building industry must have lumber; conservationists cherish forests. Here also the outcome is a compromise—the Government allows selective lumbering in the national forests, the lumber companies replant trees. But in cases of truly virgin forest and the privately owned California redwood tracts, the savers and the cutters are at irreconcilable loggerheads. The Sierra Club and other conservationists insist, with reason, that there is no way to replant a 2,000-year-old redwood or a forest never before touched by human industry.

Dams are needed for hydroelectricity and to create water reservoirs. New York's Consolidated Edison Co. is seeking to build a storage facility on Storm King Mountain overlooking the Hudson 55 miles north of Manhattan; the Army Corps of Engineers has plans to dam Alaska's Yukon River at Rampart Canyon into a lake the size of New Jersey

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to go into
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that could water the U.S. West Coast. Conservationists claim that Storm King's outlets would destroy fish life and that a major portion of Alaska's wildlife would be flooded out by the Rampart dam. Outlook: unsettled, with storms.

Lady Bird's Must. Outdoor advertising is an obvious target for beautifiers. To oppose the billboard bills that Lyndon Johnson says he "must have for Lady Bird" is like supporting crime in the streets. Yet the major offense to the eye is the neon jungle of on-premise signs of used-car lots, drive-in restaurants and souvenir stands on the outskirts of most U.S. towns. The new bills leave these untouched. Instead, they call for elimination of all billboards for 660 feet on either side of a federal highway or primary roadway outside commercial or industrial areas.

Most affected, therefore, will be the outdoor advertising industry—and the proprietors of restaurants, motels, and other transient-dependent businesses that happen to lie away from the mainstream of traffic. Lady Bird's bill governing junkyards calls for the elimination or screening off of such ugliness within 1,000 feet of federal highways or primary roadways. It is a case where the battle between beauty and need (the U.S. junked 6,100,000 cars last year) again resulted in compromise.

Effluent Society. New battles flare up as fast as the U.S. grows. Each and every day, the average American disposes of four pounds of trash—a total of 540 million lbs. throughout the nation. "The 'effluent' society," Justice Douglas calls it. The Interior Department warns that "if trends continue unchecked, in another generation a trash pile or piece of junk will be within a stone's throw of any person standing anywhere on the American continent."

Lake Tahoe between California and Nevada is losing its crystalline beauty to the spreading stain of sewage produced by thousands of tourists attracted to gaudy new hotels, casinos and roadhouses. Sewage is doing the same thing to upstate New York's Chautauqua Lake, the famous site of open-air lectures and summer artistry. In Appalachia, strip miners have ravaged the hills for ore and left behind a gutted horizon that, says one native, "makes my stomach turn." Thousands of acres of Atlantic coast marshland, home of waterfowl and spawning ground for oysters and clams, are being filled in by marina-minded resort builders.

Visitors to Niagara Falls have reported garbage spilling over the brink. Gettysburg, Pa., has safeguarded much of the historic battlefield, but the surrounding area crawls with souvenir hawkers and motels. In the Great Salt Lake, Antelope Island remains one of the last areas where buffalo roam freely in the U.S.: now the state wants to use the island as an amusement area.

Ultimate Solution. But the war is not without victories. Since Secretary Udall took office five years ago, he has over-



MRS. JOHNSON*

Greater-than-any-price values.

seen creation of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways and the nation's newest national park, Utah's Canyonlands. National Seashores have been set aside on Cape Cod, New York's Fire Island, California's Point Reyes and Texas' Padre Island. Protests from an aroused public stopped Maryland from installing a sewage disposal plant across the Potomac from Mount Vernon. Rainbow Bridge, in Utah, the largest natural bridge in the world, would have had its underpinnings gnawed away by a dam—created late had not conservationists made a case.

For the foreseeable future, the battles will increase, the crisis will become even less quiet. Litter must go somewhere. Highway businesses will expand. Cars and washing machines wear out but will not disintegrate. Pulp, paper and wood so far come only from trees. And an expanding population must have more power and more factories and more homes to live in.

Ultimately, the solution must come from science and technology. Conservationists cried over detergent foam-up in streams and rivers; science developed more easily broken-down ("biodegradable") detergents. Science has developed techniques for pretreating sewage and industrial waste so that it need not pollute the nation's waters. Science will find new ways to use growing stockpiles of scrap metal; it is developing acceptable substitutes for wood.

In the meantime, the conservationist has the often thankless task of discovering and denouncing ugliness and despoliation, and the not infrequent joy of victories won. For there now is proof that industrial progress and natural beauty can exist side by side.

* With the Laurance Rockefellers in Wyoming last week.



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THE LAW

CRIMINAL LAW

The Court & the Cop

The most controversial issue in today's criminal law is the right of the defendant v. the right of the police. Since 1961, in a succession of far-reaching decisions, the Supreme Court has greatly extended the guarantees of the Bill of Rights available to the lowliest defendant in municipal court. It has spelled out and strengthened the right to counsel, the right to quick arraignment and the guarantee against illegal police search and seizure. These decisions have put new burdens on already overworked police departments and have brought angry protests from prosecutors and police officials (TIME ESSAY, July 16). Last week, while Chief Justice Earl Warren and Associate Justice William J. Brennan Jr. sat by in solemn and startled silence, former New York Police Commissioner Michael Murphy delivered the bitter complaint of the frustrated cop on the beat, irately accused the court of handcuffing police while "vicious beasts" roar the streets.

"They Will Not Confess." Murphy, who rose from patrolman to chief of the nation's largest police force (27,000) before he stepped down last June amidst criticism from civil rights groups for his stern opposition to a civilian police-review board, spoke on a panel at a high-level meeting. It was the annual conference, in Atlantic City, of federal judges and lawyers from the Third U.S. Circuit. A frequent critic of the court, Murphy lashed into last year's controversial *Escaredo v. Illinois* decision, which requires police to tell defendants of their rights, particularly the right to counsel, before confessions can be taken. "It has been our experience," said Murphy, "that if suspects are told of their rights, they will not confess." Fully half New York's homicide convictions in 1963 and 1964 were gained through confessions, he said, adding caustically: "We are forced to fight by Marquis of Queensberry rules while the criminals are permitted to gouge and bite."

A fellow panelist quickly rose to counterattack. Murphy and plead for the Supreme Court. Yale Kamisar, University of Michigan law professor, pummeled the police for what he called chronic hysteria and efforts to make the court a "scapegoat" for society's failure to stop the criminal. He assailed Murphy's position as "simplistic, narrow-minded and politically expedient." Said Kamisar: "Fighting crime is a difficult, frustrating business. When you can't handle it, the easiest and most politically attractive device is to blame it on the courts. It's a lot more popular than raising taxes to increase the police force."

* Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

The Bad Old Days. Larding his assault with heavy sarcasm, Kamisar pulled out a sheaf of newspaper clips from "the good old days"—1910—which laid a "crime crisis" to "coddling the criminals" and "giving undue weight to individual rights." Then he added: "It sounds a lot like what we heard today, doesn't it? I wonder what rights we'd have left if we always yielded to the police hysteria."

Brushing past Kamisar at the end of the session, Murphy returned in kind, grunted only: "That was awful." Chief Justice Warren diplomatically praised the discussion as "splendid, fair

all suits in another country's courts, on the theory that embarrassing suits would obstruct foreign relations. The U.S. Supreme Court under Chief Justice John Marshall accepted the doctrine in 1812, holding that unless the State Department directs otherwise, any foreign government's claim of immunity is binding on U.S. courts.

Ducking the Check. After World War II, as more and more governments nationalized such normally commercial enterprises as airlines, railroads and shipping firms, one country after another concluded that the old concept of immunity was being abused. The U.S. in 1952 modified its position a bit to strip away some of the immunity from commercial operations of foreign nations: a government could be sued in U.S. courts, but even if it lost the case, its U.S. holdings would still be immune from attachment. U.S. firms dealing with a government like Castro's were back where they started from.

Typical of their frustration is the case of the Panamanian-based Mayan Line steamship company. Under the 1952 ruling, Mayan went into two U.S. courts in Louisiana with a \$668,000 claim against Cuba for unpaid shipping charges, and won uncontested judgments in both. When defectors sailed a Cuban freighter into Norfolk harbor in 1961, Mayan was ready, attached the ship and its cargo of sugar bound for Russia. But the Czech embassy, caretaker for Castro in Washington, invoked sovereign immunity. The State Department assented, and the attachment was thrown out. (Backing up the doctrine was an informal agreement between the U.S. and Cuba to return "hijacked" property; the day before the defection, Castro's officials had returned an Eastern Airlines Electra that had been hijacked at gunpoint from Miami.)

Mayan got its second chance this June, when the Cuban freighter *Aracelio Iglesias* collided with a Norwegian ship near the Panama Canal and had to be towed to the U.S.-controlled Canal Zone for repairs. Again Mayan filed for attachment, again the Czech embassy intervened, and again—last month—the claim was dismissed.

Castro Is No Exception. State Department officials recognize the inconsistency of the present doctrine and its sour aspects when applied to the likes of Castro. They maintain, however, that it works well with friendly countries, which voluntarily pay judgments against them. Says State Department Lawyer Carl Salano: "We believe that the U.S. should not deviate from adherence to domestic and international law just because certain other countries, such as Castro's Cuba, do so." But the doctrine appears ripe for further revision. Switzerland and Italy have dropped all immunity for certain types of commercial activity. Some State Department insiders predict that the U.S. will eventually follow suit.



FORMER NEW YORK COMMISSIONER MURPHY

Bitterness on the beat.

and searching." Pointing out that he had been a law-enforcement officer himself (chief deputy district attorney of Alameda County, Calif., for two years and California's attorney general for four years) Warren said that he had abundant sympathy for the problems of the police.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

Diplomatic Escape Hatch

Not the least among victims of Fidel Castro's Communism are the many foreign creditors whose claims have been ignored or laughed at by the Cuban government. Some 4,000 claims—totaling well over \$1 billion—are pending against Cuba. They have been filed mostly by big rubber, oil and sugar companies whose assets were grabbed by Castro. Their chances of collection? Under present conditions, exactly zero. The firms are blocked by the hoary doctrine of "sovereign immunity."

In its original form, the doctrine entitled a foreign nation to immunity from

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(2) Belts deliver instant speed variations on precision lathes—save time. This 14" Clausing lathe asks a lot of a belt—constant shifts in speed. Slippage means time lost. Positive drive belts deliver the starts and stops required. Stand up under heat, varying loads and speeds—eight hours a day. Reduce vibration, noise, machine wear. And require no maintenance.



(3) No costly downtime during "season," with new VYCAN conveyor belt. Belt failure could shut down Florida cannery. Cause spoilage. The G.T.M. specified new vinyl-covered, nylon-ply Vycan belting. 165-ft. belt hauls 70 tons of fruit an hour—from steam bath to peelers. Works 20 hours a day—6 months straight. Has already outlasted previous belts. Condition is good, despite exposure to oil, acid, scalding water, and severe edge wear.

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(Here are 3. There are 29,997 more.)

Each of these three companies found extra value with Goodyear Industrial Products. Reason? The G.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man) and the Goodyear distributor were able to supply exactly the right product for the job. Goodyear has engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifica-

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GOOD
YEAR
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS



The handshake that kept Union shipping under sail

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for Civil War shipping produces better insurance for you today

President Lincoln was alarmed. Union shipping faced paralysis.

Confederate raiders, built and equipped in Great Britain, were scouring American sea lanes. Many Yankee shipowners—unable to obtain insurance protection against the hazards their vessels faced—considered taking the fleets out of service. Others panicked and sold their ships at give-away prices.

For help, Lincoln relied on the leading insurance company of the day—Atlantic. Meeting with Atlantic President John Divine Jones, Lincoln informed him that when hostilities ceased, the United States would file claims against the Crown for shipping losses. Jones, in turn, pledged that Atlantic would back the Government by providing war-risk protection for Federal shipping.

A handshake sealed the agreement.

Atlantic led the way by insuring Union merchant ships and whalers and by the end of the war had paid over 10,000 claims.

Atlantic is still guided by the same basic marine principle that protected Union shipowners—*what's best for the policyholder comes first*. Here's what that means to you today. When you insure your home, your car, your boat, or your business with the Atlantic Companies, you can rely not only on quality insurance protection, but also on prompt, fair, and ungrudging claim payments for insured losses—in the true tradition of the marine insurer.

This includes the belief that your interests are best served today when you buy insurance through an independent agent or broker. That's the way Atlantic sells its quality protection.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Survival, not Sentiment

The San Francisco Chronicle ("Voice of the West") and the Hearst-owned San Francisco Examiner ("Monarch of the Dailies") have competed as strenuously and exuberantly as any two newspapers in the U.S. In their fight for dominance of the city's morning field, they have pirated star reporters, editors and columnists from each other. They have copied each other's gimmicks, from circus makeup to colored sports pages to wavy lines around pictures. And they often have told each other off editorially. When the zany, fun-filled Chronicle last year championed the topless bathing suit, the Examiner clucked: "The Voice of the Chest." When the more serious and comprehensive Examiner urged that Los Angeles-style freeways he expanded in the Bay area, the Chronicle scoffed: "Obvious nonsense that verges on idiocy."

Last week the competition finally cooled off, as both sides agreed to follow the growing trend toward consolidation of newspapers and cutting up of their markets. In a complex deal, the Chronicle will now gain a monopoly in the lucrative morning market. The Examiner will become an evening paper and merge with its Hearst-owned cousin, the small evening News-Call Bulletin. On Sundays, the Chronicle and the Examiner will combine into one paper: the Examiner will provide most of the hard news, while the Chronicle will contribute its features. In addition, the papers will merge their production facilities, at first doing most of their printing in the Chronicle's more modern plant and later in a new plant that they will build jointly, probably on land adjacent to the Chronicle.

Peace in the Morning. Chief figures in the deal were two dynamic heirs who are close friends but sharp professional rivals: Chronicle Editor Charles de Young Thieriot, 50, and Randolph Apperson Hearst, 50, publisher of both the Examiner and the News-Call Bulletin. For years the possibility of a deal has been discussed fitfully by "Charlie" Thieriot, whose grandfather founded the Chronicle 100 years ago, and "Randy" Hearst, whose father took over the Examiner in 1887 and used it as the foundation for his great empire. An end to the morning rivalry obviously made economic sense. The two Hearst papers were losing a combined \$4,000,000 a year; the Chronicle claimed to be making a slender profit. Both dailies were gaining circulation—the fast-growing Chronicle now stands at 361,000 and the Examiner at 303,000—but neither attracted enough new advertising. Says the Chronicle's able, aggressive Executive Editor Scott Newhall: "It has been a debilitating competitive



CHARLES THIERIOT



RANDOLPH HEARST

The necessity: merge, ally or quit.

fight, and the reading public has not been served by it."

But old rivalries and sentiments died so hard that negotiations often bogged down. The major question facing the negotiators was which paper would get the more profitable morning market. Thieriot demanded that position for his bigger and more successful paper. Randy Hearst, who was joined in the negotiations by his brother William, head of the family's nationwide chain, was reluctant to tamper with the Examiner, which had been their father's favorite paper as well as his first one. In the end, however, sentiment gave way to the survival instinct.

Repeating a Formula. Now that the News-Call has disappeared, the two remaining San Francisco papers intend to boost their ad rates as much as 20%. The Chronicle expects to get most of the city's retail fashion advertising, which traditionally concentrates in morning papers, and to increase its circulation to 500,000. The Examiner expects to stay at about 300,000 but save enough money to turn a profit. Bill Hearst hopes to repeat a formula that he tried in Los Angeles, where in 1962 he merged two money losers to form the Herald-Examiner, now in the black.

The Chronicle and Examiner estimate that they will make their biggest savings by combining production. Of the 4,000 employees on the San Francisco papers, some 800 will be fired, mainly in the production end. The Chronicle intends to keep its daily editorial staff intact, but some of the 350 editorial employees on the two Hearst papers may be dropped. Staffers will be retained strictly on the basis of seniority—a move that does not always augur well for vigorous reporting.

Such consolidations are inevitable these days. Steadily rising costs and increasing competition from suburban

dailies, newsmagazines and TV are forcing more and more big-city dailies to merge, ally or quit. The Hearst chain alone has cut its number from 19 in 1951 to nine at present. Still another Hearst paper is slated for a major change. In New York it is reasonably certain that Hearst's Journal-American will merge with the Scripps-Howard World-Telegram.

Successful, but Sacked

When William P. Steven had a falling out in 1960 with Publisher John Cowles Jr. and was bounced as executive editor of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, he made a list of U.S. dailies and went searching for a job. He landed one as editor of the Houston Chronicle. He thought his peppy, "print-first-and-plan-afterward" philosophy was just the cure for a paper that ran a poor second in circulation to the Houston Post. Steven souped up local coverage, added a few sparkling features and massively reported the doings at the Houston space-flight center. The Chronicle overtook the Houston Post in 1963 and became Texas' largest paper. Thanks in part to its purchase last year of the Houston Press (circ., 89,000), the Chronicle under Steven increased its circulation by a third, to 283,000.

For all his success, Steven, now 57, was never very popular with the Chronicle's owners. They are the trustees of Houston Endowment Inc., a \$400 million nonprofit foundation that was set up by the late millionaire Jesse Jones and converts earnings from a wide range of interests into scholarships and support for the arts. Steven reversed the paper's conservative policies and put it squarely behind integration. The Chronicle helped integrate the Houston schools and more recently, the all-city symphony orchestra.

Two weeks ago the trustees decided

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twilight,
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to know
the mystery
of Ireland's
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EDITOR STEVEN
Print now, plan later.

that they had had enough of Steven. When Jesse Jones's nephew, John T. Jones Jr., a firm supporter of Steven, resigned as chairman of the board of trustees, the remaining five trustees voted to sack Steven and three top aides and replace them with the men who had run the paper in its conservative days. The trustees offered no explanations, but Steven had his own: "The conservatives scalped me."

If the trustees had any reason besides politics for firing Steven, they were not making it public. One of them said privately that Steven's editorial policies had "embarrassed" the group. Steven is not everybody's idea of an editor, since he goes heavy on local sensationalism, as does the rival Houston Post. But he should have no trouble finding a job. President Johnson, in fact, offered him one or two after inviting him to lunch at the L.B.J. Ranch. But Steven said thanks anyway, not just now. He plans a six-month vacation far from Houston before he makes up another job-hunting list.

MAGAZINES

New Negro Supplement

For the first time this fall, ten major U.S. dailies, from the New York Journal American to the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, carried a fat, 40-page monthly supplement written largely by and for Negroes. Called *Tuesday*,¹ and distributed on either a Sunday or a Tuesday, it begins with a claimed circulation of 1,400,000, and may provide some stiff competition for the leading Negro magazine *Ebony*, which has a solid circulation of 725,000.

No Crusades. *Tuesday* concerns itself mainly with Negroes—and, in the first issue, with successful, middle-class Negroes. It has articles on CBS Reporter Joan Murray, Golf Pro Charlie Sifford, Comedians Godfrey Cambridge, Dick

¹ From the verse: Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace. *Tuesday* is also the traditional closing day for Negro weekly newspapers.

Gregory and Nipsey Russell, a Chicago law firm of four Harvard-trained Negroes, and Marian Anderson at home. It runs a Washington column that focuses on news of Negro politicians and civil rights, a teen page, and reviews of books about Negroes. It also has a "Tuesday Opportunities" section, which emphasizes that there are plenty of job chances for Negroes.

"Newspapers have too long given a negative picture of Negroes," says Publisher W. Leonard Evans Jr., 50. "We want to provide a balanced picture." Evans also hopes to win white readers, who constitute an estimated 15% of *Tuesday*'s audience. Published in Chicago and selectively distributed, *Tuesday* is delivered to Negro areas, integrated neighborhoods and some white suburbs. Says Evans: "We're not interested in a social crusade, but we want to start a constructive dialogue."

Little Preaching. Evans, a Chicago advertising man, started such a dialogue in 1953 by putting together the first Negro network of some 40 radio stations. To his surprise Evans found that more whites than Negroes were listening to some of the stations. That convinced him to play the Negro angle in print. He sold the Negro-supplement idea to newspaper publishers, got financing from the First National Bank of Chicago, and recruited a biracial board that includes Sausage Manufacturer Henry G. Parks Jr., Labor Mediator Theodore W. Kheel, and former CBS-TV Network President Louis G. Cowan.

If Evans can maintain the pace of his first issue, many whites as well as Negroes may become *Tuesday* fans. The articles are brightly written, with scarcely a trace of preaching. Some of the pieces—such as an examination of Africans' reverence for Charles de Gaulle—are more informative than the standard fare of other Sunday supplements.



PUBLISHER EVANS

Tuesday's children, modern style.



SPACESHIP

It is Deep Quest, designed to venture deep into the oceans of the world. To inner space. And already, this incredible voyage is underway, for the technologies required in deep submergence systems are now being advanced in a systematic R & D program at Lockheed.

For example, a fifth scale model of the Deep Quest pressure hull has completed verification tests at San Antonio's Southwest Research Institute. Proven: the validity of Lockheed's structural analysis and design of its interior bispherical pressure hull. In the tests this unique submarine hull survived simulated descents from ocean surface to 6,000 feet

10,800 times. It also withstood the design pressure of 5350 psi, the equivalent of a 12,000 foot depth. The hydrodynamic characteristics of Deep Quest have also been proven in an extensive series of tests at Sunnyvale, California, and Stevens Institute.

Scheduled for operations by the last quarter of 1966, Deep Quest will be able to carry a 700 cubic foot, 7,000 pound payload module to 6,000 foot depths. It will permit four men to conduct continuous submerged missions for 12 hours at four knots or 24 hours at two knots. Deep Quest's life support system capability extends to a total of 48 hours.

Lockheed brings an extensive backlog of experience gained in R & D and programs such as Polaris to the technology of deep submergence. For example, structures and materials, life support and sensor systems, modules, integrated controls, marine engineering, and advanced metals fabrication.

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MEDICINE

GYNECOLOGY

More Abortions: The Reasons Why

The growing use of more reliable methods of birth control, notably "the pills," might be expected to cut down the number of U.S. abortions. But abortions are on the rise. Many doctors agree with the estimate made by Johns Hopkins' Dr. Harold Rosen,* an expert on the subject. His estimate is that frankly illegal abortions, ranging from \$50 back-room jobs to \$1,500 operations performed by skilled surgeons, will rise some 10% this year to a total well over 1,500,000. Also increasing, by at least 10%, is the much smaller but significant number of medically acceptable "therapeutic abortions," performed in good hospitals, to protect the pregnant woman. Doctors expect them to exceed 18,000 this year.

Abortion is illegal everywhere in the U.S., but 45 states make an exception if physicians are convinced that it is necessary to save a woman's life. Some medical men interpret the laws liberally to protect not only the woman's life but also her health—and the health of her expected child. If the laws are narrowly construed, many of the therapeutic abortions now being performed in first-rate hospitals by reputable doctors are technically illegal.

Two Disasters. After a decline in therapeutic abortions for almost two decades, thanks to medical progress, two disasters spurred the current increase. First was the thalidomide tragedy, which left some 10,000 European babies deformed or crippled, and in the U.S. led to the publicized case of Sherry Finkbine, who went to Sweden to be aborted. The other was an even worse disaster: the German measles (rubella) epidemic that began late in 1963 in New England. It moved slowly across the Pacific states, and is expected to leave more than 30,000 U.S. babies stillborn or crippled. Doctors widely disagree as to what proportion of women who get the infection early in pregnancy will bear blind or deformed babies. The most authoritative estimate, from Johns Hopkins' Dr. Alexander J. Schaffer, places it at 40% if the mother catches the infection in the first month of pregnancy, declining to 10% in the third month.

A number of doctors argue that German measles is no valid reason for abortion. Says Tulane's Dr. Isadore Dyer, a chief of obstetrics at New Orleans' vast Charity Hospital: "If between 10% and 20% of the women who contract the disease in those first three months are going to have babies with anomalies, it seems rather drastic

to destroy the other 80% or 90% to guard against this." Other physicians take precisely the opposite view. Dr. Daniel G. Morton, obstetrics chief at the University of California Medical Center in Los Angeles, states frankly: "Therapeutic abortions have been done here for German measles and other reasons." Among the "other reasons" accepted at many medical centers are rape and incest.

Psychological Hangover. By far the commonest reason, wherever the law is liberally construed, is not the physical condition of the mother-to-be but her mental state. Many pregnant women insist that if they are forced to carry

on, the board of one hospital may refuse to accept a recommendation, yet the same application may be almost immediately submitted to the board of an adjacent hospital—with, at times, almost the same staff—and be approved.

If a woman is turned down on all sides but has enough money, she can go to Scandinavia, Switzerland or Japan, where a legal abortion is easier to obtain, or to Mexico or Puerto Rico, where abortions are technically illegal but relatively easy to arrange, under medical auspices, for \$150 to \$300.

Changing the Law. Because U.S. laws are confusing and frequently disregarded, the American Law Institute has recommended a model abortion code. It would legalize abortions performed in licensed hospitals if at least two physicians agree that there is substantial risk of grave damage to the mother's physical or mental health, or of the child's being born with a grave physical or mental defect, or when the pregnancy results from rape or incest. This would legalize abortions in the German-measles cases. Bills to amend the law along these lines were introduced, but failed, in New York and California.

With the moral and philosophical issues of legal abortion still in hot debate, few legislators are willing to campaign openly for changes in the law. Perhaps, says Columbia University's Dr. Robert E. Hall, it's up to obstetricians to do so—because they are the people who are stretching or breaking the law. To that end, many prominent physicians, sociologists and clergymen have formed the Association for the Study of Abortion. Its first president, appropriately, is Obstetrician Hall.



OPERATION AFTER GERMAN MEASLES

What makes it right?

and bear an unwanted child, they will go mad or commit suicide. The majority who claim this are married women who have had as many children as they want. Few of those who see their pregnancies through ever suffer from mental breakdowns; similarly, few who get legal abortions are left with a severe psychological scar. But psychiatrists and other doctors tend to agree that women who desperately seek illegal abortions almost inevitably suffer from a "post-abortion hangover." Says Manhattan Psychoanalyst Leah Schaefer: "Sometimes a woman feels so guilty that she blames everything, especially a subsequent difficult birth, on her having had an illegal abortion."

Most hospitals have committees of three to seven physicians to pass on staff members' recommendations for therapeutic abortions. But the boards have vastly different standards. Says Dr. Rosen: "The definitions of valid reason for abortion vary from physician to physician, from hospital to hospital, and from day to day within the same hospi-

* Editor of *Therapeutic Abortion* (Julian Press, \$7.50), which, though published in 1954, is still one of the best compilations on the subject.

DRUGS

A Limited Wonder

No new and virtually untested drug has ever been greeted with such optimistic fanfare as dimethyl sulfoxide, or DMSO, a colorless liquid extracted from paper-pulp wastes and commonly used as an industrial solvent. It has been widely hailed, both in the press and by some doctors, as a painkiller, a germ killer, diuretic, tranquilizer, a reliever of burns and sprains—besides being a wondrous solvent that enables other drugs to penetrate the skin and alleviate conditions as varied as crippling arthritis and athlete's foot. The surgeon who discovered DMSO's medicinal properties in 1963, Dr. Stanley W. Jacob, 41, of the University of Oregon, says extravagantly that it has other possible uses too fantastic to disclose. The highly purified, medicinal form of DMSO is not yet on the prescription market, but pain-racked arthritis victims have been paying \$3.50 an ounce for bootlegged crude commercial DMSO, which may be dangerous.

Hitching Rides. Up to now, the claims for DMSO had not been proved by careful investigation. But in this week's *A.M.A. Journal*, Dr. Albert M. Kligman, a University of Pennsylvania



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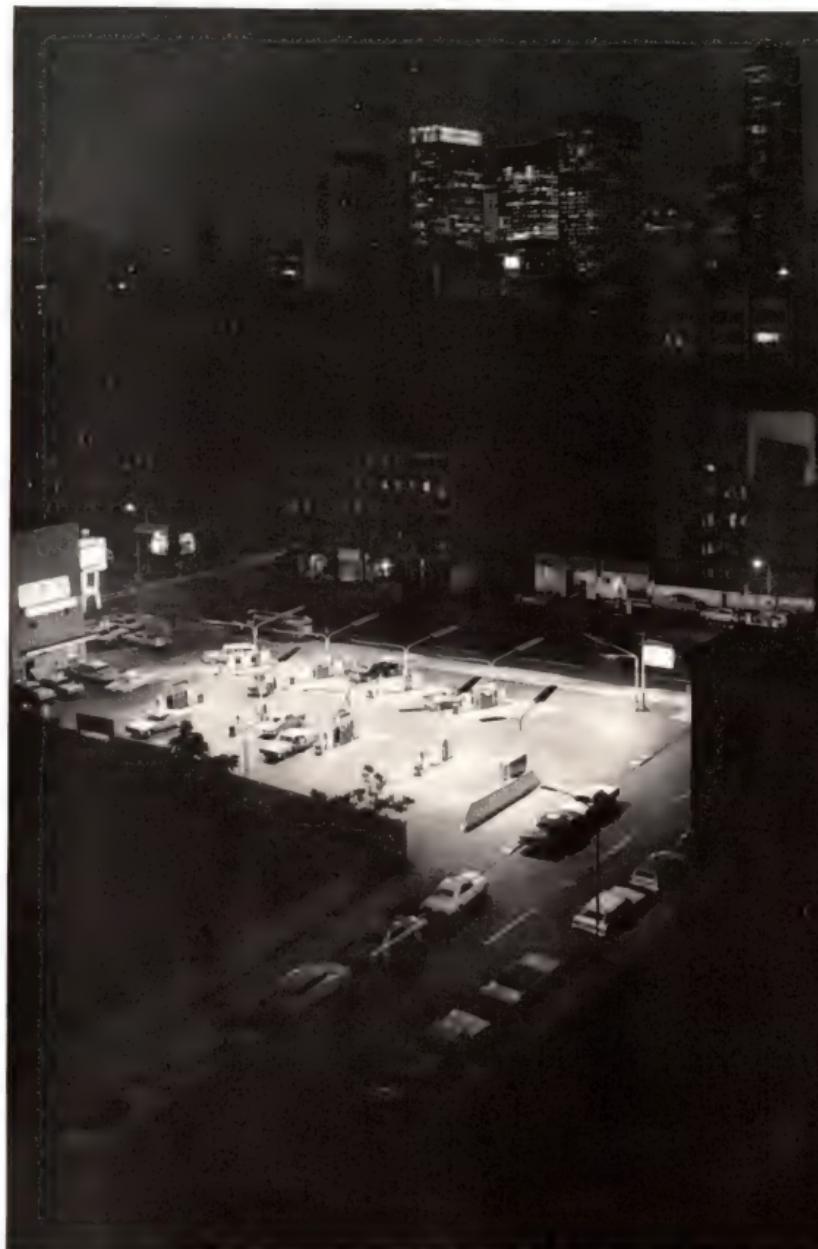
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professor of dermatology, supplies many of the overdue answers.

After the most thorough study yet made of the drug, with state prison inmates who volunteered for tedious and sometimes painful tests, Dr. Kligman offers some negative findings. DMSO, he says, provides practically no relief for itching or superficial pain. As a germ killer, it is weak "and far inferior to alcohol." It does nothing to promote the healing of clean, simple burns, and it worsened one of ten ultraviolet burns. DMSO also failed to tranquilize any of 20 men in a six-month test. Nevertheless, it has some remarkably beneficial properties.

Almost all the good effects result from the drug's unrivaled ability to pass through human skin like a hot knife through butter. And since so many other drugs dissolve readily in DMSO, they can hitch a ride with it and quickly penetrate the horny (outer) layers of the skin, thus reaching hitherto inaccessible areas.*

Spare the Needle. Other physicians have been cautiously trying DMSO on selected patients, and draw these tentative conclusions:

► As a treatment for advanced rheumatoid arthritis, which affects the entire body, DMSO alone is no better than present drugs, but some rheumatologists believe it helps markedly in acute flare-ups in the earlier stages of the disease.

► In less severe rheumatic conditions involving only one or two joints, such as bursitis and "tennis elbow," DMSO may spare the patient a painful injection into the middle of the joint. Doctors disagree as to how much of a cortisone-type drug dissolved in DMSO soaks into the joint, but patients report that they feel better and they are grateful for being spared the needle.

► For fungal infections such as ringworm and athlete's foot, DMSO transports the basic antifungal drug and helps to speed clearing of the infection. Dr. Kligman finds that DMSO itself has moderate antifungal powers.

► DMSO is also helpful in scleroderma or "hidebound disease," in which the skin's fibrous middle layer becomes thickened and so hard that the victim cannot clench his hands. Cleveland Clinic's Dr. Arthur L. Scherber reports that daily paintings with DMSO have restored the use of the hands, and healed fingertip ulcers. He is not yet certain whether DMSO has long-term effects on the overall disease.

The Food and Drug Administration's chief of drug investigations, Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, is strictly controlling DMSO's use by limiting supplies to approved researchers. With so much still to be learned, DMSO cannot go on general prescription sale for at least one year and more likely three.

* How far and fast it travels is shown by the fact that a minute or two after it is swabbed on the skin it creates a garlic odor on the patient's breath.



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OCEANOLOGY

Journey to Inner Space

From under the churning Pacific last week came the sound of a human voice: "Greetings, earth people." Far from a Jules Verne fantasy, it was the breezy salutation of one of the men of Sealab II, the U.S.'s capsule in inner space 205 ft. down on the ocean floor, one-half mile off the coast near La Jolla, Calif. The ten aquanauts on board, led there two weeks ago by Astronaut-turned-Aquanaut Scott Carpenter, were winding up the first part of a 45-day adventure that aims to discover man's capacity to live comfortably and work effectively at the lower depths.

A project of the U.S. Navy and the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Sealab is the nation's most ambitious effort thus far to explore and eventually exploit the ocean's great store of food, oil and mineral resources. In Sealab I, which submerged last year off Bermuda, four Navymen proved that they could stay down at 192 ft. for nine days. Now three teams of ten aquanauts each plan to stay underwater for 15 days at a stretch, with Carpenter remaining a whole month.

Sealab II will enable the U.S. partly to catch up with, and in several respects to exceed, the undersea exploits of France's Jacques-Yves Cousteau (TIME cover, March 28, 1960). He has stationed teams of divers at 80 ft. for one week. This week, in his third major project, six French divers in a spherical capsule will live for 15 days at 330 ft. in the sea off the Riviera resort at Cap Ferrat.

Papa Topside. Built at a cost of \$850,000, Sealab II is a 12-ft. by 57-ft. steel cylinder that houses a well-equipped scientific and medical laboratory, a compact galley and a dining area with bunks lining the walls. Stand-

ing by on the surface is a support barge linked to Sealab by an umbilical cable for power and communications. From the barge, Navy Captain George F. Bond, 50, whom the aquanauts call "Papa Topside," bosses the exercise, chats with them by intercom and observes them by closed-circuit television.

Topside keeps a careful watch over the aquanauts' condition. Each morning the doctor on board Sealab takes blood, saliva and urine samples, checks the aquanauts' heartbeats, brain waves and blood pressures. The aquanauts are tested for sight and hearing, strength and coordination. At night each man sits down to an Electrowriter to file a confidential report to the surface on how he feels and, as Bond says, "what stinks about the program."

Topsy-Turvy Life. Supplies are lowered to Sealab in a small, pressurized capsule—an aquatic dumbwaiter that brings in such goodies as chocolate cake and fresh meat to supplement the aquanauts' stock of freeze-dried food. The men can watch commercial TV but prefer to peer out the portholes at the fish looking in at them. During the flight of Gemini 5, Aquanaut Carpenter even chatted directly with Astronaut Gordon Cooper. In case of emergency, the men could get power and fresh water from a tube linking them to shore, and they could surface in a 14-ft. capsule anchored outside the Sealab.

In the pressurized, artificial atmosphere of the capsule, life can be trying and topsy-turvy. Matches will not burn and water boils only at temperatures above 300°. Fried foods are forbidden because of the greasy fumes. Fresh eggs can be dangerous: the toxic hydrogen sulfide given off by their yolks cannot be "scrubbed" out of the air with Sea-

lab's purifying gear. The atmosphere has to be rigidly controlled. Because ordinary concentrations of oxygen become toxic when breathed under pressure for a long period (causing convulsions and pulmonary disease) and nitrogen has a narcotic effect, the aquanauts breathe a special mixture of gases 4.3% oxygen, 18% nitrogen, and the rest helium. Even this mix is not perfect. Helium is so much lighter and less dense than nitrogen that the human voice sounds at a higher pitch than normal and words tumble out rapidly, producing a Donald Duck falsetto. To make themselves understood, the men must speak an octave lower and much slower than usual.

Deep Dangers. The aquanauts are doing more work than had been expected. They have set up an outdoor station to measure ocean currents, and are performing about 100 marine biology and oceanography experiments. Each morning at least two of them put on rubber "wet" suits, strap on Mark VI breathing apparatus and slip out through a hatch on the bottom of the capsule. (The hatches can be held open without flooding the Sealab because the pressure inside is equal to the pressure of the water outside.)

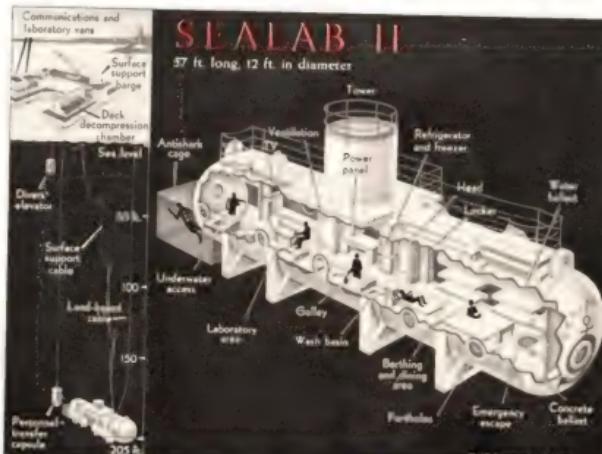
The sea's extreme cold limits trips in ordinary wet suits to two hours at most, and darkness and the dangers of the deep prevent the aquanauts from venturing beyond a 225-ft. perimeter. Neither do they swim more than 30 ft. up or down, lest they fall victim to the deep-sea diver's greatest fear—the bends. If a diver comes up too fast, gases that have dissolved in his bloodstream from breathing under pressure form bubbles that lead to dizziness, nausea or even death.

On the sorties outside, the aquanauts photograph the neighborhood, tag fish to record their movements, and collect



AQUANAUT & PORPOISE

And ten men who sound like Donald Duck.



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi



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marine samples. They are building concrete-block pyramids as fish homes, and will lay "sidewalks" with a gelatin mixture that is expected to harden into a firm surface on the soft ocean floor. To experiment with underwater salvage, the Navy will sink an old fighter plane, have the aquanauts fill it with lightweight polyurethane foam, then see if the foam displaces enough water and is buoyant enough for the plane to float to the surface.

The aquanauts this week expect to get some help from a 7-ft., 270-lb. bottlenose porpoise named Tuffy. Trained by the Navy, Tuffy has been taught to come swimming at the sound of a buzzer. He will live in a pen near the support barge, carry messages and cables between the lab, its divers, and topside.

Blooming Health. As the first team prepared to leave the lab and be replaced by a second crew last week, the men were physically in top shape, except for minor ear infections that are common to divers who use hooded swim suits. Doctors reported that the men were in excellent psychological health. Sealab's Captain Bond was particularly impressed with the aquanauts' performance. "That's what this experiment is all about," he says, "to see what man can do underwater."

BIOCHEMISTRY

Walter Lippmann &

The Sex Life of Bugs

Can Walter Lippmann wipe out bugs? Possibly. After observing 1,500 tiny European *Pyrrhocoris apterus* bugs, Czechoslovakia's Dr. Karel Sláma and Harvard's Dr. Carroll M. Williams report that a chemical substance in American newsprint prevented these insects from maturing into adults. Strangely, they grew into oversized larvae but could never reproduce.

The biochemists put the insects in contact with pieces of U.S. newspapers, starting with a Walter Lippmann column from the Boston Globe ("That seemed like a good beginning," says Williams) and going on to the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal. A substance in the wood pulp used to make U.S. newsprint acts much like the juvenile hormone that young bugs secrete. This hormone keeps the bugs immature until they are ready for metamorphosis; only after its flow is stopped can the bugs become adult. When the insects come in contact with the paper, they absorb the hormone-like chemical through their feet and antennae.

Sláma and Williams believe that different insects have different kinds of juvenile hormones. By isolating these hormones, scientists may find ways to eliminate insects selectively, without using sprays that endanger the lives of higher animals and useful insects. Ground-up newspapers may be a ready source of a hormonelike chemical to control some bugs.

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SPORT

BASEBALL

The Best

Sandy Koufax had not won a game since Aug. 14, and for a while, as he labored against the Chicago Cubs last week, the 29,139 fans in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium wondered whether baseball's top pitcher (record: 21-7) still had his stuff. His first pitch hit the dirt three feet in front of home plate, and for two full innings he threw nothing but curve balls—struggling to loosen the cramped muscles of his arthritic pitching arm. Finally, he tried a tentative fast ball, then a second and a third—and the crowd began to buzz as one after another the Cubs marched up to the plate, took their cuts, and marched straight back to the dugout.

Chicago's Bob Hendley was not exactly pitching batting practice either. The Dodgers scratched out a run in the fifth inning on a walk, a sacrifice, a stolen base and an error, but the first hit of the ball game was a bloop double by Los Angeles' Lou Johnson with two out in the seventh. It was also the last. If Koufax didn't know he had a no-hitter going, he must have wondered why nobody talked to him in the dugout. He struck out the side in the eighth, again in the ninth, and when he tossed one last fast ball past Pinchhitter Harvey Kuenn, he danced a little jig on the mound. He had won his 22nd game, 1-0. His 14 strikeouts gave him a total of 332 for the season—just 16 shy of Bob Feller's alltime record. More important, he had become the eighth man in modern baseball history to pitch a perfect game, 27 men up, 27 men down—and the first ever to hurl four no-hitters in his career.



KOUFAX IN ROUTE TO PERFECT GAME
Whatever happened to his stuff?



TALIAFERRO



HUARTE



NAMATH

Who's the highest-paid telephone operator?

PRO FOOTBALL

Battle of the QBs

Taliaferro, pronounced Tolliver, is an ancient and honorable name. It is said to come from the Latin *tulom* (sword or dart) and *terre* (to bear), date back to Julius Caesar the bestow it on a barbarian who saved his life, and it is what the T stands for in Booker T. Washington and Sam T. Rayburn. But it isn't box office, as far as David A. ("Sonny") Werblin, president of the American Football League's New York Jets, is concerned.

"I know the value of names," Sonny insisted, when he shelled out \$600,000 last year to sign up college football's two gaudiest quarterbacks: Joe Namath of Alabama and John Huarte of Notre Dame. "I know you have to have stars on the stage." So imagine Sonny's surprise last week when an unsung \$15,000-a-year-man named Mike Taliaferro heat out Namath and Huarte for the quarterback's job on the Jets.

Glad to Meet Me. Actually, Taliaferro had the edge all along: a second-year pro from the University of Illinois, he knew the New York plays, was familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the Jets' pass receivers. But Namath, the biggest bonus baby (at \$400,000) in the history of pro football, cut quite a figure around the training camp at Peekskill, N.Y. He arrived toting a bag of golf clubs, buzzed around town in a green Continental convertible with the top down and jazz blaring from a tape recorder under the dash. His self-confidence knew no bounds. "Ah can't wait 'til tomorrow," he cracked, admiring himself in the locker-room mirror, "cause ah get better lookin' every day."

Hoisting beers in a local pub, he regaled barflies with stories of his exploits at Alabama, those three winning seasons, 25 touchdown passes and 54.3% completion average. His parting words, bystanders recall, were: "Ah'm glad y'all had a chance t'meet me."

When Coach Weeb Ewbank told him, "Joe, you're throwing off your back foot and you're not getting enough follow-through," Namath replied: "Don't worry, Coach. Once I get loosened up, I'll hit all those s.o.b.s."

Then there was Huarte, who showed what he could do by sparking the College All-Stars to a near upset of the National Football League's champion Cleveland Browns (final score: 24-16)—throwing for two touchdowns and completing nine passes in a row. Taliaferro read the sports pages. He worried. He even toyed with the idea of quitting pro football altogether. "It's kind of discouraging," he admitted, "reading that stuff about Namath and Huarte in the papers every day."

Crest of Clippings. Namath never did get loosened up. He threw short passes so hard that the Jets' receivers couldn't hang onto them. His long passes tended to sail clear over everybody's head. In one exhibition game against the Buffalo Bills, he missed twelve passes in a row. Against the Boston Patriots, Joe played the full first half and completed only two out of 13—whereupon Taliaferro took over, led the Jets to two touchdowns and a 17-0 victory. Huarte had a different problem. To play for the All-Stars, he had to skip three weeks of practice with the Jets. By the time he finally arrived at Peekskill, riding the crest of his clippings, the New York play book was already two inches thick. "John was lost in the huddle," says one Jet. In the exhibition games, Huarte completed only five out of 21 passes and had three intercepted.

Last week Coach Ewbank made his decision. Namath was relegated to being just the highest-paid telephone operator in pro football—manning the Jets' spotting phone on the sidelines. Huarte was placed on waivers: any other team in the A.F.L. could claim him for the paltry sum of \$100—if they were willing to pick up his fat contract. None was, so Huarte was

demoted to the Jets' "taxi squad,"¹⁸ where he could continue to collect paychecks without suiting up for games. Mike Taliuferro had won the battle of the quarterbacks.

Was it over? "All of these boys have talent," Coach Ewbank said. And nobody knew better just how temporary a No. 1 quarterback's job can be. Back in 1956, when he was coaching the N.F.L.'s Baltimore Colts, Ewbank's No. 1 quarterback was a fellow named George Shaw. Nobody remembers Shaw. He injured a leg one day, and Ewbank had to send in a sub to take his place. The sub's name: John Unitas.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Johnny Keane: his second one-year contract (for 1966) as manager of the American League's New York Yankees, at an estimated salary of \$50,000. Keane was hired by the Yankees to replace Yogi Berra, who won the 1964 pennant but was fired after he lost the World Series to Keane's St. Louis Cardinals. Now Keane has led the once-proud Yankees to their worst showing in 30 years. When he signed last week, the Yankees were firmly ensconced in sixth place, 20½ games behind the Minnesota Twins.

► Savannah Jr.: the \$419,460 All-American Futurity for quarter horses, richest horse race in the world; at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. A 12-1 long shot, Savannah Jr. sped 400 yds. through the mud in 20.3 sec. to score an easy 21-length victory, earn \$192,730—or roughly \$10,000 per sec.

► South Carolina's Ned Jarrett: the accident-plagued Southern 500 stock-car race, averaging 115.8 m.p.h. in his 1965 Ford despite an overheated engine; at Darlington, S.C. Breakdowns eliminated all the other big-name competitors, and Jarrett coasted home eleven laps ahead of his closest pursuer.

► Hungary's Gyula Zsivotsky: a new world hammer-throw record, hurling the 16-lb. weight 241 ft. 11 in. to top Harold Connally's three-month-old mark by more than 8 ft.; at a meet in Debrecen, Hungary. Unprepared for such a contingency, meet officials spent a frantic hour searching for a 100-meter measuring tape—required for gauging record throws. They finally borrowed one from the local water board.

► California's Ed Weiner: the \$10,000 Transcontinental Trophy Dash for propeller-driven airplanes, piloting his P-51 Mustang from Clearwater, Fla., to Reno, Nev., in 6 hrs., 28 min., 37.9 sec. for an average of 373 m.p.h. Weiner covered the seams of his plane with tape to cut down wind resistance, stopped just once for fuel, landed at Reno with only 11 gal. of gas to spare.

A nickname that goes back to the 1940s, when Cleveland Browns Owner Arthur McBride kept extra players around by putting them on the payroll of a taxi company that he also owned.

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toast
their origin,
quality,
and taste



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ART

ARCHITECTURE

Symbol for a City

With a whoosh of Royal Canadian Air Force jets streaking across the sky and a blaring salute from the 100-man honor guard below, Toronto this week will begin celebrating its sparkling new city hall. Before the festivities are over, there will be fireworks, folk dancing in the plaza, a symphonic rendition of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, and a Toronto à-go-go with no fewer than six rock 'n' roll bands. Such civic fanfare is unusual even in fast-growing Toronto. But after eight years of waiting and the expenditure of more than \$30 million, Torontonians have decided to take their daring new structure to heart.

Preparations really began in 1957, when then-Mayor Nathan Phillips launched an international design contest for the new city hall, which drew 520 entries from 42 countries. Five distinguished judges, including the late Eero Saarinen, finally gave the nod to Helsinki's Viljo Revell, and for good reason. Architecture was then struggling free from the glass and steel web of anonymous buildings popularized by Mies van der Rohe. With the inspiration of Le Corbusier's massive concrete government buildings in Chandigarh and Niemeyer's skyward-lofting Brasília, architects at last felt free to conceive of civic structures as needing neither to be placed under dome or strait-laced into an office-building suit. Revell's entry came closest to what the judges were hoping for—a civic grouping that was both symbolic and functionally practical.

Clear Victory. Architect Revell did not live to see his city hall completed, but the finished building has remained remarkably true to his original concept. Rising up from Toronto's mixture of old and new buildings, it has taken the shape of two curved towers (27 and 20 floors, respectively) that, like gigantic hands, cup the central civic plaza. There, standing like a champagne glass on a single stem, is the low city-council chamber and mayor's office. Beneath the complex is a four-level parking garage with space for 2,400 cars. Setting the center off from its drab surroundings is a plaza with fountains and a reflecting pool that will double as a skating rink in winter.

The architect's clear victory was in designing a unique complex that dominates the city's skyline, presenting a

distinct, unforgettable image. "The whole thing is so unorthodox and individual, it grows on you like free sculpture," one architect confessed. "It will never get lost in all the redevelopment that will come to the area, and it won't be dwarfed by the giant buildings that will grow around it." But for many viewers, the closer they approach, the more questions get raised. The solid concrete and marble exteriors of the two office structures seem as forbidding as a medieval keep and have reminded more than one critic of corn silos.

Joy & Pride. Even some of the daring innovations seem questionable. For instance, all secretaries are given the in-

terior review



TORONTO'S NEW CITY HALL

"It grows on you like free sculpture."

terior glass walls; officials are relegated to the windowless exterior spaces. The concrete ramps (a favorite Le Corbusier device) and walkways that frame the central plaza add an unwanted clutter. The central, mushroom-like structure is shaped to give the mayor a sumptuous office and the city council an imposing, showcase chamber. But it tapers underneath, around the supporting stem, to fairly unusable space that is filled mainly with a blue-broadloom-covered circular staircase adorned with padded horsehair railings. "I guess you'd call this a meditative spot," says City Hall Coordinator George Bell.

With the furniture still being moved in, however, Torontonians were in no mood to cast too fine an eye on their new joy and pride. A poll indicated that nine out of ten were enthusiastic. Typi-

cal was the response of one home-town girl back from Italy: "Just looking at that building makes me proud." And as for incumbent Mayor Philip Givens, he could barely contain his pride. "It's unusual, unique, daring, bold," he declared. "It typifies the spirit of Toronto. It's a smasheroo."

CRAFTS

Melodies for the Eye

"I go directly and ring the bell. If they answer, fine! If they don't, I ring the bell again a year later." For Italy's Egidi Costantini, a balding man in his 50s, this persistent bell ringing has opened the doors of some of the world's most renowned artists—Oskar Kokoschka, Jean Arp, Max Ernst, Luis Fontana, Yves Klein, Jean Cocteau, Picasso. No avid autograph seeker nor voracious collector, Costantini is a contemporary Venetian visionary out to restore the grandeur that was glass four centuries ago (*see color*).

Forge of the Angels. Felled by a heart attack in 1948 and forced to eke out a living, Costantini set up a shop, like many of those lining the Piazza San Marco, selling the gaudy souvenirs that today pass for Venetian glass. "I suffered," he says. "No one needed to remind him that Murano, an island in the Venetian Lagoon still crowded with furnaces, had once been the capital of the glassmaking world. The problem was to restore art to the craft, and Costantini decided to persuade contemporary artists to supply designs for the glassmakers left on Murano.

The idea was not original. Such Renaissance painters as Veronese and Tintoretto are believed to have had a hand in the designs of fragile *cristallo*. But it was a stimulating new notion to today's artists. Austrian Expressionist Kokoschka responded first. Three years later Costantini produced his gay *Bacchantes*. Then Jean Cocteau got interested, traveled to Venice, christened the project "Forge of the Angels," and supplied drawings. Finally, even Picasso capitulated. To Costantini's enormous relief, language proved no barrier. "Speak Italian," ordered Pablo when the Venetian at last got his foot in the door. "Your French is impossible."

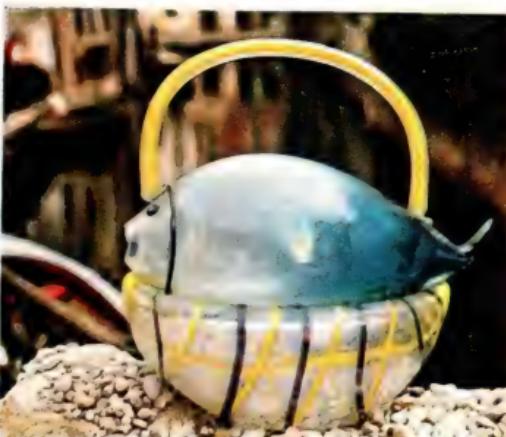
The Acid Bath. Once Costantini has a drawing or plaster model in hand, he seeks out the glass blower he feels particularly suited to the work. "We drink a glass of wine and talk," he says, "then another glass of wine and talk some more." Costantini selects the colors, and the tortuous work of blowing and shaping begins. For Ernst's tall, reddish-brown *Poet*, topped by a sharp-beaked head with a hole for an eye, the glass-worker at some stages had the equivalent of a 100-lb. weight at the end of his long metal blowpipe. Le Corbusier's amber *Bucane* went through 26 failures, costing about 3,000,000 lire (\$5,000) in workers' wages and shattered glass. As for André Verdet's *Red*

VENETIAN GLASS SCULPTURE

Modern Artists, Ancient Medium



YVES KLEIN'S striated nude looks the way the late painter's nude models used to after artist had them roll across his still-wet "International Klein Blue" canvases.



PABLO PICASSO, like other artists, furnished Glass Impresario Egidio Costantini with designs. His *Basket Fish*, photographed on pebbly bank of Venice's Rio San Severo, is one piece of glass.



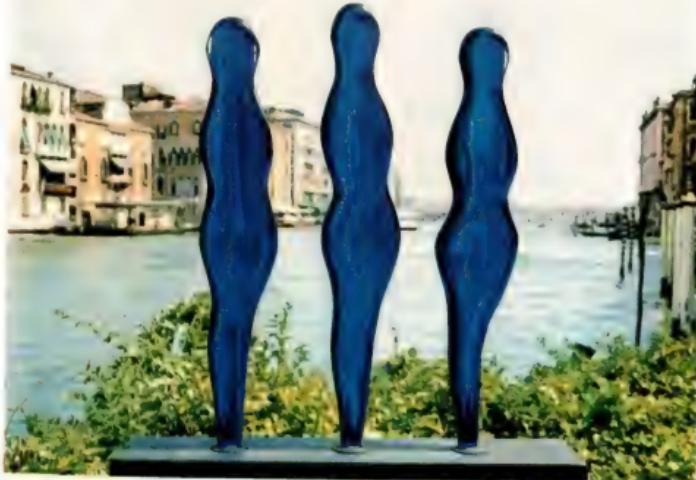
ANTONI CLAVÉ'S *Pipa Pescator* mocks the concentration and consternation of a pipessmoking fisherman. Costantini decided adding pipe would be "unesthetic."



ANDRÉ VERDET'S *Red Character* was difficult to form from honey-like molten glass because of delicate asymmetry.



MAX ERNST'S translucent, button-eyed *Pekinese* reminds Costantini of "an olive with three black spots."



JEAN ARP'S *Three Graces* overlook the Grand Canal from Palazzo Venier, the 18th century

Venetian villa of Patroness Peggy Guggenheim, who owns large collection of glass sculpture

Character. Costantini spent three years simply studying the project.

Arp, says he, comes easier: "I know him so well I don't need his drawings any more." Switching furnaces to keep other glassmakers from copying his methods, Costantini limits each sculpture to an edition of three—one for the artist (who must approve it), one for himself (to sell when the price is right), one for Collector Peggy Guggenheim, an early benefactress of the project. Then he adds his finishing touches. To give a wizened patina to Picasso's sprightly nymphs and fauns, he dipped the little people in acid baths. Now their skins look aged and lived in.

Pan's Flute. Today Costantini's glass-works number more than 700, many being carefully packed and crated for exhibition later this fall at Manhattan's



COSTANTINI IN SOUVENIR SHOP
Restoring the grandeur that was glass.

Museum of Modern Art. With Arp's curvaceous *Forms* in lavender and bright blue, Cocteau's red-eyed cyclops, Ernst's *Poet* as well as his playful, milky-white *Pekinese*. Klein's nudes splayed against the wall, and Picasso's nymphs, fauns and fish, as protean as underwater creatures in the shifting depths of their blues, it promises to look like a fragile fairyland.

Their creator, meanwhile, is busily laying plans to open his own museum in Venice. Occasionally, he hints of giving up the quest for new artists. "After all," he says, "I don't want people to begin saying, 'Hey, Costantini, you're just doing the same old thing!'" That seems unlikely. As Cocteau's put it before his death two years ago: "Costantini blows into the glass of Venice with Pan's flute. If he happens to blow a false note, he's pardoned because it's all to play a lovely, solid melody for the eye."

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MUSIC

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Message Time

*The Eastern world it is explodin',
Violence flarin', and bullets loadin'.
You're old enough to kill, but not for
votin'*
*If the button is pushed, there's no
runnin' away*
*There'll be no one to save, with the
world in a grave*
*Ah, you don't believe we're on the
eve of destruction*

Get the message? Several million teen-agers do—so loud and clear that *Eve of Destruction*, as sung by Barry McGuire, is right at the top of the best-seller charts. With a dozen more songs



SONNY & CHER

No longer "I wanna hold your hand," but "I wanna change the world."

of protest snapping close behind, it heralds a radical change for rock 'n' roll. Suddenly, the shaggy ones are high on a soapbox. Tackling everything from the Peace Corps to the P.T.A., foreign policy to domestic morality, they are sniping away in the name of "folk rock"—big-beat music with big-message lyrics. Where once teen-agers were too busy frugging to pay much heed to lyrics, most of which were unintelligible banshee wails anyway, they now listen with ears cocked and brows furrowed. The rallying cry is no longer "I wanna hold your hand," but "I wanna change the world."

That such ticklish themes as Viet Nam and integration are now the lyrical concern of the impressionable young has caused alarm in some quarters. Attempts to impose a blanket ban on *Eve of Destruction* have failed, but on grounds of taste many radio stations have decided on their own not to play it. Says Los Angeles' Disk Jockey Bob Eubanks: "How do you think the enemy will feel with a tune like that No. 1 in America?" Some rock jockeys play it

safe by allotting equal air time to *The Dawn of Correction*, an "answer song" intoned by the Spokesmen:

*The Western world has a common
dedication.
To keep free people from Red domi-
nation.
Maybe you can't vote, boy, but man
your battle stations.
Or there'll be no need for votin' in
future generations.*

"A Decaying Everywhere." Author of *Eve of Destruction* and 30 other "songs of our times" is P. F. Sloan, 19, who allows that his inspiration comes from being "bugged most of the time." A graduate of the breezy West Coast "surf sound," Sloan traded in his sneakers



BOB DYLAN

tical verses of his *Subterranean Homesick Blues*. He followed with his biggest folk-rock hit, *Like a Rolling Stone*, and the big-beat groups were quick to latch on to his songs, most notably *It Ain't Me, Babe* by the Turtles and *Mr. Tambourine Man* by the Byrds. Boozed during a performance at this year's Newport Folk Festival for his big beat, Dylan philosophized: "It's all music: no more, no less."

Sonny Bono, 25, and his wife Chér, 19, say it is all love: "I love Chér and Chér loves me and that's our image." With four singles and one LP high on the best-seller charts, they are the reigning sweethearts of folk rock. Their costumes faithfully imitated by their followers, are pop art with pockets: Chér in wildly striped bell-bottom slacks, Sonny in shaggy bohoat and possum fur



MCGUIRE & SLOAN

and sweatshirt for black leather boots and a Hans Brinker cap this spring, set out "to say what I feel," that is, an impression of "a decaying everywhere." Says he: "Society is so confused. There are triple roadblocks and detours wherever you go, and no one knows which road to travel." Viet Nam? "I know we have to stay there, but I don't know why particularly." The Bomb? "It's like a cloud hanging over me all the time."

Other recent Sloan songs are studies in alienation: *This Mornin'* ("I seem to be existin' in a world that will not listen"), *Child of Our Times* ("They'll try to make hypocrisy your heredity, so choose your views most carefully"). Underneath the shroud of gloom, claims Sloan, an "instant solution" is there for the probing: "If the world is full of hate, we have to change it to love."

Honest & Real. Folk rock owes its origins to Bob Dylan, 24, folk music's most celebrated contemporary composer. Much to the despair of the folk purists, Dylan first bridged the gap between folk and rock six months ago by adding a thumping big beat to the clipp-

ests. In the face of adult censure, they join hands and sing *I Got You, Babe* "They say your hair's too long. But I don't care. With you I can't do wrong." When the manager of a Los Angeles restaurant recently asked them to leave because their appearance disturbed the customers, Sonny rushed home to the piano in his garage and dashed off a reprisal:

*Why do they care about the clothes
I wear
If that's the fare I have to pay to be
free
Then baby, laugh at me
And I'll pray for you, and do all the
things*

*That the Man upstairs says to do.
By last week, *Laugh at Me* was selling at the hot clip of 5,500 copies a day. Why? "Maybe it's because we're honest and real," says Sonny.*

Clearing the Skin. The East Coast extension of folk rock is represented by the husband and wife songwriting team of Cynthia Weil, 24, and Barry Mann, 26. Their latest effort, *We Gotta Get Out of This Place*, recorded by the



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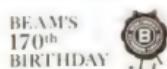


Received 25 August 1970; revised 10 October 1970; accepted 10 November 1970.

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86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM
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Someone you know needs the USO. Someone you know wants to have in a hostile world. Someone you know needs a reminder that folks back home really care about him you care. Give to the civilian-supported USO through our local United Fund or Com-

Community Chest.
USO is there, only if
you care.



Animals, expresses a hoped-for freedom from the boredom of meaningless work. In *Home of the Brave*, they speak out for the right to wear long hair;

The P.T.A. and all of the mothers say
he oughta look like the others . . .
Why won't they try to understand
him?

Why won't you let him be what he wants to be?

Cynthia, a Sarah Lawrence College graduate, who with her composer husband will make \$100,000 in royalties this year, contends that message songs have taken hold because "the kids are much brighter now, a little more in. They really want to rebel, and maybe we can help them as human beings."

Not all the rewards of message songs are spiritual. Lou Adler, president of Dunhill Records, has noticed a "beautiful change" in his prize songwriter, P. F. Sloan. "Phil's complexion was very bad," he says. "He had acne all over his face. Now it's cleared up—perhaps because his mind has cleared up."

BAUDET

No Lousy Little Stories

Balanchine's New York City Ballet: "Pretentious and silly," "stiff and neo-classical," "gymnastic and stylistically infelicitous." His dancers: "A memorial should be erected to all the gallant Americans who fell at Covent Garden."

Such was the skewering George Balanchine & Co. received during their first two trips to London in 1950 and 1952. In the years since, the troupe somehow always managed to bypass England during its repeated tours of Europe. Last week, winding up an eleven-week swing across Europe, the New York City Ballet was back in London. If any memorial was to be erected this time, it would be for all the gallant critics who fell at the feet of Balanchine.

The London Times was typical: "This great ballet company, so sadly misunderstood when it came in 1950 and 1952, was now appreciated for its true, priceless worth. This is one of the noblest classical ballet companies of all time . . . The range of Balanchine is fantastic." He is the "unending, unflagging Mozart among choreographers." When the reviews appeared, the tickets were snapped up in a box-office crush that has meant S.R.O. audiences ever since.

Why the critical flip-flop? Balanchine tactfully made it clear that it was not he who had matured, but the London audiences. His present company, he pointed out, is not necessarily better than the one he brought to Covent Garden in 1952. It is just that London balletomanes, long raised on dance with a heavy dose of story line, have lately come to realize, says Balanchine, "that you don't need the lousy little stories. They say Balanchine is a neoclassicist. They put you in a position where you are not, and then they can't comprehend when you don't stay there."



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RELIGION

THE PAPACY

Paul to the U.N.

A discreet endorsement of the United Nations tucked into Pope John XXIII's 1963 encyclical *Pacem in Terris* was a tip-off that Rome foresaw fruitful cooperation with the U.N. in a common goal: peace. Last year Pope Paul VI tightened the link by sending a tactful mionsignor to the U.N. as the Vatican's official observer. Last week, just as the serious turn of war between India and Pakistan heightened Paul's worries over man killing man, the Vatican announced that Paul will go to New York on Oct. 4 and make a plea for peace before the U.N. General Assembly. Sometime that day he will celebrate Mass in either Yankee or Shea Stadium and will probably find time to confer with President Johnson.

Shortest in Time. As is their custom, Vatican aides managed to find an appropriate symbolism in the date chosen for Paul's trip; it is the feast day of Francis of Assisi, patron saint of San Francisco where the U.N. was born. Although it will be the longest of Paul's flights in miles—4,273 each way, compared with 3,843 for his pilgrimage to India—the New York trip will be the shortest in time, largely because the Vatican Council will be in the midst of its fourth session. The Pope will arrive at Kennedy Airport at 10 a.m., may well fly home that evening.

The chance of a meeting with Johnson was cleverly made to seem a coincidence of timing, since protocol forbids that the President should drop everything to meet the head of a state that the U.S. does not recognize diplomatically. After the announcement of the Pope's trip, the White House revealed that L.B.J. had a "previously scheduled" engagement to dine with U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg on Oct. 3. Presumably, Johnson will stay overnight, meet the Pope either at Goldberg's suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel or at the residence of Francis Cardinal Spellman. Among their possible topics of conversation: establishing diplomatic relations.

Singular Opinions. Despite his efforts to keep world peace, Paul's principal duty is still to keep the faith. Recently a group of Catholic theologians, mostly Netherlanders, have been pondering whether bread and wine actually become the body and blood of Christ when they are consecrated (transubstantiation), or whether the change is simply a matter of their significance ("transignification").

Last week Paul issued an encyclical firmly in favor of transubstantiation. He did not deny the right of the holders of "singular opinions" to investigate, but it was his duty to warn against "the grave danger that these opinions involve for correct faith."

EPISCOPALIANS

Attorney for the Defense

Before he became a priest of the Episcopal Church, San Francisco's Bishop James A. Pike was a lawyer. Last week, at a meeting of the House of Bishops in East Glacier, Mont., Pike showed that he still has his old courtroom skill. The 142 assembled prelates considered two issues in which he was attorney for the defense. Pike won one case and established significant precedents in the other.

The most dramatic question before the bishops was whether to take up a proposal by 13 Arizona clergymen that Pike be tried for heresy. They charged



BISHOP PIKE

After a non-reprimand, a non-apology.

that he had denied such tenets of the faith as the virgin birth and the triune nature of God. Although Pike has plenty of critics among the hierarchy, they boggled at the thought of anything so drastic and medieval as a heresy trial. Nonetheless, the bishops' theological committee initially drafted a sharp reprimand that cleared Pike of heresy but deplored his habit of expressing controversial doctrinal views in public. When Pike threatened to make a public defense of his orthodoxy, the bishops on the committee had second thoughts and started to work out a compromise. What they wrote was a formal statement aimed at Pike that wasn't quite a reprimand; this was followed by a reply from him that wasn't quite an apology.

Always Responsible. The committee's revised statement expressed satisfaction with the sincerity of Pike's faith and acknowledged the right of individuals to seek new formulations of the Episcopal faith—but warned that only the church as a body has the right to define that faith. In response, Pike avowed his loyalty to the church, disclaimed that he

ever had any intention of damaging the brotherhood, and promised: "I shall try always to be responsible in the written and spoken word."

The other major issue before the House of Bishops was Pike's authorizing a deaconess to distribute previously consecrated elements at a Communion service (TIME, April 30). This radical departure from church tradition, Pike told the bishops, was based on an ambiguously worded canon on deaconesses approved by last year's general convention, which implied, to him, that women were "ordained" to the diaconate just as men are. To close this loophole, a committee proposed a new resolution enumerating the "chief duties" of deaconesses that excluded distribution of Communion. Ex-Lawyer Pike quickly spied the flaw: distributing Communion could be deemed a "minor function" of deaconesses and thus permissible. Finally the committee brought in a no-nonsense substitute resolution that flatly stated: "Deaconesses may not be permitted to administer the elements of the Holy Communion."

Indelible Orders. "I expected this form to be the result of your reconsideration," said Pike graciously, and he agreed to abide by the rules. But he felt that he had won a significant clarification of the role of women in the church. In response to his arguments, the House passed another resolution that formally acknowledged deaconesses as a "fourth order" of the ministry (along with deacons, priests and bishops), whose status, like that of men, is permanent and indelible.

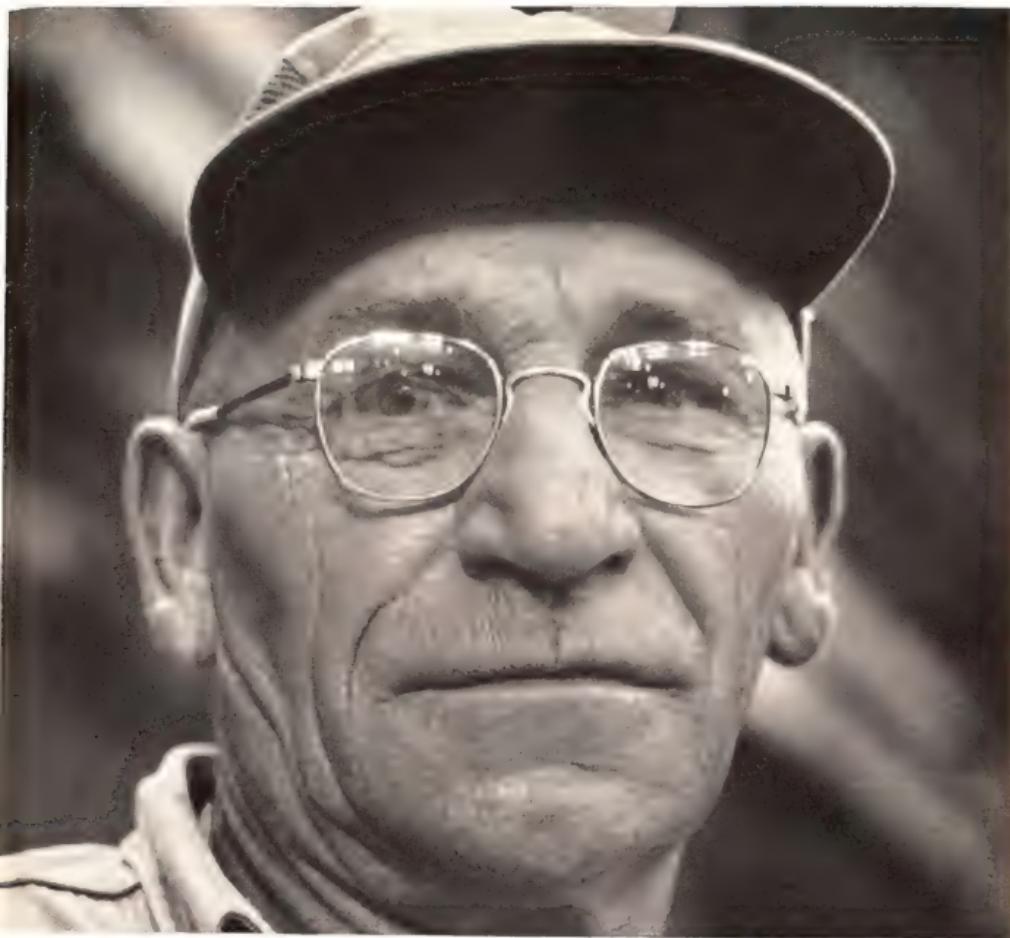
PROTESTANTS

It Pays to Advertise

"CAN YOU TEACH HIM THE NEW MATHE?" Probably not," said the two-column ad in the Washington Post last week. "But trained school teachers can. Can you teach him the Bible? Perhaps. But our trained Sunday School teachers . . . can do better." At the bottom was a list of the 22 United Church of Christ parishes in the Washington area that teach the Bible according to the denomination's new \$1,000,000 Sunday School curriculum.

Like many another church recently, the United Church of Christ has decided that it pays to advertise. Two years ago the United Presbyterian Church commissioned a series of radio spots by Stan Freberg. The Unitarians have acquired a substantial quota of converts over the years with low-keyed ads in magazines that begin: "Are You a Unitarian Without Knowing It?" And long before any of these, the Knights of Columbus began sponsoring magazine ads giving once-over-lightly explanations of Roman Catholic doctrine. **BUT WHY THE CANDLES, HOLY WATER AND BEADS?** headlines one of their ads.

The United Church publicity campaign is intended as much to explain and identify the denomination as to gain



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8 times more power to relieve pain of hemorrhoids!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain!
Prolonged relief of pain, burning and
itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. A leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has over eight times more pain-killing power than the other most commonly used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep...thus puts pain to sleep. Let's go about your business...relieved of the stabbing pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Ointment today—handy applicator with each tube. Start to live again, in comfort!



converts. Although it is a 1957 merger of the venerable Congregationalists and the Evangelical and Reformed Church, the liberal United Church is still confused by many people with the fundamentalist Churches of Christ. And in Washington, a city of high mobility, many United Church parishes are losing members.

The ads are printed not on the church-news page, but alongside supermarket and department-store advertising. Future ads will describe the denomination's colleges, mission work and role in race relations. "If it works in Washington, and it looks like it will," says the United Church's Communications Director Everett Parker, "we will move it to other cities."

THEOLOGIANS

Living with a Verity

Albert Schweitzer was nine decades old when he died, a fitting age for a life so worthy, and a span sufficiently protracted beyond his main achievements that he himself had heard all possible praise and criticism that could be said of him. His apostles painted him as a saint; they turned his ethic of reverence for life into reverence for Schweitzer. His detractors found his philosophy uselessly pretentious and his medical practice frightfully outdated. The world weighed these extremes, consulted its feelings, and struck its balance on his humanity: he died admired by mankind.

His Master's Lines. Schweitzer's reputation outran his accomplishments, but his accomplishments were real enough. His *Quest of the Historical Jesus* was a milestone in modern theology that searingly exposed the futility of 19th century attempts to extricate the "real Jesus" from the Gospel Christ. Yet the book ends, paradoxically, with a real Jesus of Schweitzer's own—a messianic teacher who preached the imminent coming of God's Kingdom and accepted the Cross in the belief that his passion would bring the New Aeon to being on the instant. Schweitzer was a pioneering musicologist and interpreter of Bach, one of the first to protest the oversized orchestras with which the 19th century obscured the clarity of the master's musical lines. Schweitzer's two-volume biography of the composer, analyzing his mystical genius, is generally acknowledged as the starting point of the modern Bach revival.

Schweitzer took a grim view of modern history. His *Civilization and Ethics* begins with the dark warning that "our civilization is doomed"—a conviction he footnoted in later years with finger-wagging at the African independence movement and the Atomic Age. Yet Schweitzer saw a way to transform society, if only men would live according to his ethic of "reverence for life." This verity became the framework of all morality and thus of culture. "It is good to maintain and further life; it is bad to



SCHWEITZER'S FUNERAL AT LAMBARÉNE
He tried to love as Jesus loved.

damage and destroy life," he wrote. He had a wistful faith that this formula was the panacea for the world's woes. "Do you think that reverence for life is gaining ground?" he liked to ask visitors.

Children of Nature. His jungle hospital began as one man's noble effort to follow the example of Jesus and became a bizarre institution tailored to the idiosyncrasies of a spiritual dictator. Because Schweitzer's reverence extended to all life, not a fly was swatted at Lambaréne: goats, pigs and traveler ants shared the squalid huts in which the patients lived. Only with reluctance did Schweitzer admit electricity to the operating room; sanitation still consists of open sewers flushed by the tropical rain. To the end, he wore a pith helmet, spoke French and German but did not bother to learn the local dialects. He believed that the African was "the child of nature," who could not be trusted and wanted only to be left in the primitive security of tribal life.

Schweitzer clearly intended Lambaréne to be his monument, and just before he died happily supervised the completion of a new ward. But soon after his burial, Schweitzer's daughter, Rhena Eckert, as much as admitted that the hospital might have a hard time surviving. "We will try to carry on his work," she told reporters, "but Lambaréne as a spiritual center is irrevocably gone." In time, the Gabonese villagers may come to prefer the gleaming white government hospital a mile up the river. But Lambaréne, and the world, will always have the memory of a giant who tried in his singular way to love as Jesus loved, who oddly but honestly lived Goethe's song:

*The deed is everything.
The glory naught*



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Water supply: 760 million gallons a day. Enough for Philadelphia or Detroit. Enough for growing Panama City—Bay County, Florida, for generations to come. This is today: water abundance. But just 10 years ago a water crisis threatened.

The problem was there had never been a problem. No floods. No droughts. No water rationing. Pure, fresh water had always been plentiful; people didn't think much about water shortage.

But with the postwar years came rapid change—a boom in the tourist trade. Soon vacationers came by the

hundreds of thousands. Many settled permanently, all used water.

Industry, too, was on the rise: chemical processing, metal fabrication, new manufacturing. And then there was paper, the biggest industry; it takes millions of gallons of water a day to run a paper mill.

Growth Creates Water Problems

The result was inevitable. With increased consumption, the local ground water supply soon proved inadequate. The water table dropped. Then, in 1955, salt water began to seep into the supply.

Salt water intrusion...in other

coastal areas it had created health hazards; caused loss of industry, economic stagnation. Corrective measures had cost millions of dollars.

A Few Foresaw the Dangers

But this wasn't to happen in Panama City. As far back as 1948, a few local leaders had seen the problem coming. Wisely, they began to plan a vast, new county water supply.

By 1955, this project was well underway. Legislation enabling the project had already been passed, a dam site selected, and a feasibility study made.

The only possible stumbling block was support for the financing. It would



mean a 3-mill tax on all property. This authority had to come from the people.

But by now the people had been well educated to the need. In a special referendum, they gave their overwhelming support and passed the measure by an 8-to-1 majority.

Foresight Brings Rewards

Completed in 1960, the vast, new Deer Point Reservoir has given a tremendous lift to Panama City's and Bay County's economy.

With its 285 miles of wandering shoreline, the lake has become a sportsman's paradise, last year attracting over 100,000 fishermen.

Shipping from Panama City's port doubled in 1964. Building is at a record rate. New motels, 2 new shopping centers—in commercial construction alone, \$50 million was spent last year in Bay County.

International Paper just completed a \$6 million expansion of its mill. North of the city, Gulf Power is constructing an \$80 million generating plant.

The Deer Point Project, and what it will mean to the area in terms of future growth, has had a stimulating effect on all these programs.

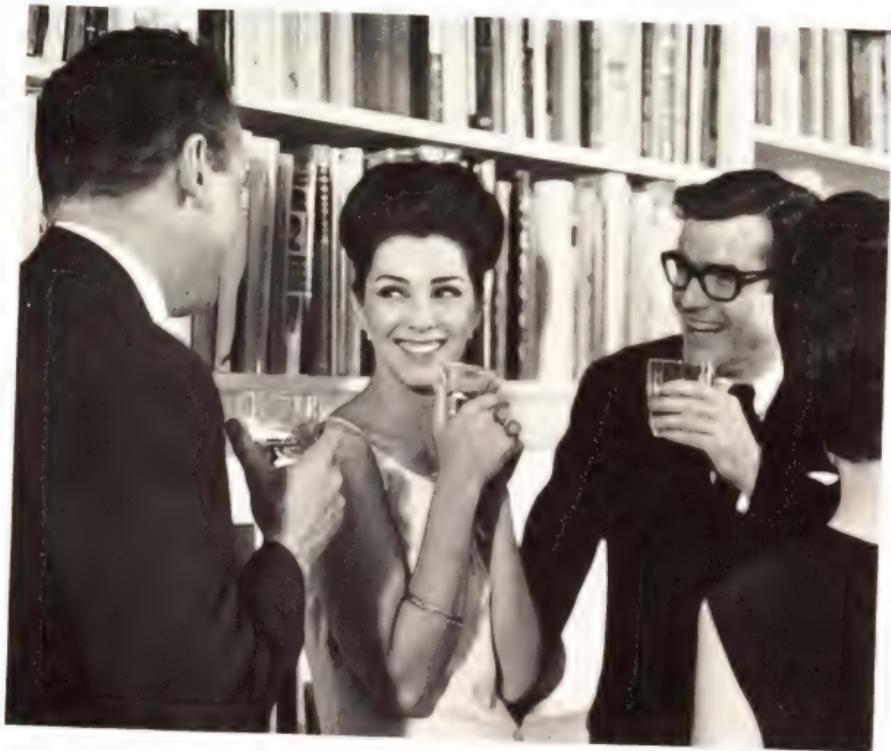
Initiated, sponsored and financed locally, the Deer Point Project is truly an outstanding example of local vision

and initiative. It shows what a few people working together can accomplish.

Urgent Need for Better Water Management

Your community may not have a water problem now. But what about tomorrow? Five years from now? Are supplies adequate to meet future needs? By 1980 our nation will require twice the water we use today. Perhaps, in your area, you should take a hand.

For information about what needs to be done, and how you can help, write for "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A." Department T-45, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



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It's no secret. Mellow flavor.

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For the bright touch at your party.

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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

A Scent in the Air

Washington may fear inflation, but Wall Street loves it—even before it has arrived. Reason: the very threat of inflation often attracts investors afraid that their money will erode elsewhere, and tends to give the market that boomy feeling. Though most economists agree that inflation is no serious threat to the economy right now, Wall Streeters believe that they have begun to sniff a hint of it in the air. Every warning about its dangers—such as the current statement by the New York Federal Reserve Bank that the economy “is clearly vulnerable to inflationary pressures”—seems only to strengthen the scent. Last week this “inflation syndrome,” plus some good news about the economy, combined to spur the stock market to its second big advance in as many weeks.

No Top in Sight. The two-week gain was the largest since stocks rebounded, at the end of June, from their spring collapse. On top of the 12.01-point jump the week before, the Dow-Jones industrial average moved up another 10.98 points last week, to close at 918.95—only 20.67 points, or 2.2%, below its alltime high of 939.62 in mid-May. The two-week gain gave investors \$11.5 billion in paper profits, brought the market’s recovery to a point where nearly 80% of its May-June losses were erased. The advance was also marked by heavy trading, a good indication that the advance had broad support; last week saw the heaviest one-day trading volume (7,360,000 shares) on the New York Stock Exchange since June 29.

This sturdy performance was backed both by the possibility of more defense spending for Viet Nam and by a growing confidence that the 55-month-old economic expansion will continue. Last week Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President’s Council of Economic Advisers, forecast that the economy will continue expanding through 1966 and said that the top of the current advance is not yet in sight. The Government expects total output of goods and services to rise to \$670 billion in 1965, up 6.6% from 1964. U.S. industry seems to share the optimism; the Commerce Department boosted its estimate of this year’s capital spending for plant and equipment by 11% to \$50.9 billion, 13% above last year’s level.

Bargain Hunters. One result of this mood was a buying rush for bargain-priced shares, notably of such electronics and aerospace companies as Fairchild Hiller, Avnet, SCM and Ampex. Airlines, chemicals and drug issues spurred, many of them faster than leading industrial blue chips. Boeing (up 84 points for the week) reached a new high for the year; so did Lockheed, RCA, General Electric, IBM

and Xerox. Small investors were buying strongly, but brokers also noted active trading by institutions.

Partly because of rising buyer interest and partly because bank loans are becoming harder to obtain and the bond market is weak, many firms are planning to float new stock issues in the fall. They have been waiting since spring for the right time to bring their issues to market, feel that the current advance provides the proper opportunity. The market showed signs of profit-taking at week’s end, may yet have some rocky sessions ahead. Many analysts are predicting, nonetheless, that it will soon break through to a new peak. Whatever the fall may bring, the market has exuberantly dissolved its summer doubts.

steel. Some steelmen predict that a 30% to 40% drop in orders over the next four months will cut industry output from 75% of capacity to as little as 60% before orders rebound. The Government’s experts, on the other hand, believe that the underlying demand for steel in an advancing economy remains so strong that the pace of production will be interrupted for no more than a few months while users whittle down their big stocks.

A major factor behind the manufacturers’ desire to cut inventory is cost—in money tied up, storage, handling, insurance. One estimate is that the \$1.5 billion worth of steel on hand before the settlement was costing users \$20 million a month to carry in in-



STEEL CONTRACT SIGNING IN PITTSBURGH

Tiptoeing upward.

STEEL

The Pacesetter’s Pace

Steel accounts for only 5.2% of industrial output in an increasingly diversified U.S. economy, but its impact is vastly larger. It remains not only the producer of the most important basic metal for industry but a psychological pacesetter whose mood and movements are closely observed. Now that the threat of a nationwide strike has been removed, everyone wants to know what comes next for the steel industry, falling orders, shrinking inventories, rising prices?

The answer is that all three seem likely—but at a pace that should neither disrupt prosperity nor add much new thrust to the general level of prices.

Costly Stockpiles. Steel users stocked up so heavily as a hedge against a possible strike that many could operate for two months without buying any more

inventory. Many warehousemen may continue ordering steel just to be safe, but take advantage of a steel industry practice: the right to cancel an order without penalty right up to the time the mills actually start executing it. Automakers, who absorb 12% of the nation’s steel output, plan to work down their 80- to 90-day stockpiles slowly, thus lessening the economic impact; General Motors will take six months to return to its usual 20-day supply, and Chrysler will stretch the shrinkage over four or five months.

The Administration expects no notable overall rise in steel prices, chiefly because the steel industry continues to face rising competition from imports and from such home-grown competitors as aluminum, cement and plastics. The industry has already revised prices (mostly upward) on 20% of its products this year, usually by increasing the

extra fees charged for finishing items to a customer's preferred size or weight. After inventories return to normal, it will probably tiptoe toward price boosts on such defense items as carbon sheet, bars, plates and tubes. Despite grumblings that the wage settlement with the union will cause a cost-price squeeze, steelmen know only too well that any dramatic increase in prices (such as \$6 a ton) would run smack into Lyndon Johnson's determination to hold prices steady.

Quick to Defend. Last week, as steel management and union leaders sat down in Pittsburgh to sign a contract that guarantees labor peace in the industry for the next three years, a controversy rose about just what the settlement had actually cost. Had labor's gain exceeded the White House guidelines, which set a 3.2% a-year limit to "noninflationary" wage increases? The United Steel Workers put the price of the wage-insurance-pension package at 47.3¢ an hour; industry sources estimated it at anything from 51¢ to 59¢. The President's Council of Economic Advisers called the cost "about 48¢" an hour. As many figured it, that seemed to work out to a guideline-shattering 3.5% to 3.7% a-year boost.

Since the White House itself had insisted that the steel pact fell "within the guidelines," the council was quick to defend the pay boost as noninflationary. Computations that produced a figure higher than 3.2% rested on flawed logic, said the council, because 1) they included the 11½-an-hour pay hike granted May 1 to persuade steelworkers to postpone their original strike deadline, but 2) at the same time figured the annual cost of the contract over a period beginning four months later, on Sept. 1. Correctly figured, the council insisted, the steelworkers' 48¢ an hour (on top of their average \$4.41-an-hour pay and benefits) therefore spreads over a 39-month span and not a 35-month span. That way, it amounts, as neatly as the console of buttons on Lyndon Johnson's desk, to precisely the guideline ceiling of 3.2%.

MERCHANDISING

New Licks in the Stamp Battle

The average supermarket stocks more than 6,000 items, but none has lately been more advertised or scrutinized than the final one tucked into many shopping bags: the trading stamp. As their contracts with stamp companies expired, several big merchants recently dropped the stamps and announced that they would lower prices. Stop & Shop Stores wiped out stamps in 73 New England markets. A & P cut them out in Michigan, and Safeway Stores eliminated them in Arizona. In New York City, two chains with 162 stores between them last month threw out all stamps, plastered newspapers with DOWN GO PRICES ads, and caused a run on stamp redemption centers. Last week the oldest and largest of the 200 U.S. trading-

stamp firms, the Sperry & Hutchinson Co., struck back. It took full-page ads warning, "Watch out, Mrs. Shopper," and claiming that "food chains that dropped stamps later raised prices higher than when they gave stamps."

Sophisticated & Mobile. Introduced in supermarkets in volume 15 years ago, stamps have been a source of controversy ever since. They proved to be remarkable promotions for the grocers who offered them first: they more than made up in increased business for the 2% of gross sales that they cost. As more stores stocked stamps, however, the competitive advantage vanished—while the fixed cost of stamps remained. Says Waldbaum's Supermarkets Presi-

dent Ira Waldbaum, whose 62 New York stores, along with the 100-store Daitch-Shopwell Supermarkets, dropped stamps last month: "We found that the cost of stamps was becoming an excessive burden and they were not as competitive as a few years ago." New York's irrepressible Rep. Emanuel Celler has called for a Congressional investigation of the trading stamp industry.

Before it canceled, Waldbaum's carefully surveyed customer preference: it says that only 4% definitely wanted stamps. Grocers in general have discovered that shoppers are more sophisticated and more mobile than they were a generation ago: housewives now scout for low food prices, use their cars and convenient parking facilities to move from store to store for selected items. Many housewives who formerly shopped only

AEROSPACE

How to Succeed by Being A Nonprofit Organization

Along with the proud or privileged aspects of his new job, incoming Air Force Secretary Harold Brown last week inherited a problem that has caused the Air Force considerable embarrassment. One of Brown's first tasks was to meet with outgoing Secretary Eugene M. Zuckert and 13 distinguished businessmen and educators—trustees of the embattled Aerospace Corp. Subject: how to mend the firm's badly shredded reputation. Five years ago, convinced that no private corporation could capably handle the overall systems engineering and technical direction of its missile-development program, the Air Force set up California-based Aerospace as a Government-financed, nonprofit corporation. Some of the things that went on thereafter would make profit-minded businessmen apoplectic, and were enough to set off an investigation by the General Accounting Office and a House Armed Services Subcommittee.

Best Treated. The report on Aerospace's activities, a product of eleven months' work, touches very little on technological activities. Secretary Zuckert credits Aerospace with guiding the development of the Titan III and Minuteman II missiles; Air Force Systems Commander General Bernard A. Schriever says that its engineers saved \$100 million by improving the reliability of Atlas and Thor boosters. Aerospace has grown to be the 45th largest defense contractor, in the course of working on \$309 million in military contracts has collected \$15.9 million in fees. What seemed to bother the investigators was how the taxpayers'



Watch out, Mrs. Shopper!

Someone may be trying to fool you
about prices and trading stamps



Food chains that
dropped stamps later raised
prices higher than when
they gave stamps

S P E R R Y & H U T C H I N S O N S T A M P A D
L e s s l u r e .

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Athens	Huntsville, Ala.	New York City
Atlanta	Italy	Ogden, Utah
Australia	Kansas City, Mo.	Ontario
Austria	Karachi	Paris
Bedford, Mass.	Kashmir	Peking
Boston	Lambarene, Gabon	Philadelphia
Brazil	La Paz	Pittsburgh
Bridgeport, Conn.	Libreville, Gabon	Quebec
Burlington, Mass.	Logansport, Ind.	Saigon
Cape Kennedy	London	San Francisco
Caracas	Longview, Tex.	San Juan
Catavi, Bolivia	Los Angeles	Santa Monica
Chicago	Manchester, N.H.	Santiago, Chile
Cleveland	Manila	Santo Domingo
El Dorado, Ark.	Mexico	Seattle
El Salvador	Miami	Singapore
Franklin Park, Ill.	Midland, Mich.	Spain
Garden City, N.Y.	Midland, Tex.	Stratford, Conn.
Gary, Ind.	Minneapolis	Tokyo
Geneva	Moscow	Toledo
Germany	Nashua, N.H.	Union, N.J.
Grand Turk Island	New Castle, Pa.	Washington, D.C.
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Hanoi	Newton Falls, Ohio	Winnipeg



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broker who subscribes to Dow Jones service has the help of an enormous and highly skilled staff. It is the world's largest business-financial news gathering organization.

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money was disposed of, largely in ways that have made the company's 4,300 employees probably the best paid, best treated in the aerospace industry.

Among the expenditures turned up by auditors:

► Although it worked solely at Air Force direction, Aerospace spent \$1,100,000 over a four-year period to maintain its own public relations staff in California and Washington, also kept a Manhattan public relations firm on a \$2,000 monthly retainer to advise it and create an independent image. In addition, it paid a Washington newsmen \$100 monthly, later \$150, to pass on such information as advance texts of speeches by General Schriever.

► At a fee of \$240 a day, Aerospace retained a consulting psychologist to counsel employees and assist in management procedures. The psychologist drew up one outline for personnel interviewing that reminded interviewers to grunt "uh-huh" occasionally, instead of talking, in order to draw out applicants. He also advised Aerospace President Dr. Ivan A. Getting that his staff included an unusually large number of "insufficiently adequate personnel."

► Aerospace spent more than \$200,000 on recruiting advertisements, paid some new employees as much as 100% more than they had been receiving in other jobs. Moving expenses were handsome: Dr. Getting was allowed \$3,133.02 to truck his 40-ft. boat from Gloucester, Mass., to San Pedro, Calif., and one engineer was allowed \$3,900 for moving 21 miles closer to his job from a house 80 miles from the plant.

► The company not only paid country-club dues for its executives, but also paid in full for courses in religion, marketing and physical education, some taken on company time. It also allowed unlimited sick leave at full pay.

"No Big Bad Things." Aerospace is now working on a score of projects that include the MOI (for Manned Orbiting Laboratory) program and Defense Department communication satellites. Such services as the psychologist and public relations counselors have been dropped, and the Air Force's auditing has been tightened up. "There have been no big bad things," insists Secretary Zuckert. The little bad things, however, took on enlarged significance simply because Defense has contracts with 300 other nonprofit organizations. Stunned by what it found at Aerospace, the House Armed Services subcommittee intends to look into spending and allowances at some of these.

CORPORATIONS

To See & Analyze

Its cameras photograph Ho Chi Minh's missile sites. Its sensitive instruments help police to identify paint smears on hit-and-run victims, enable conservationists to check traces of water pollution in fish. Its products helped in the creation of the first atomic bomb, also made possible the production of



LAUNCHING BALLOON WITH TELESCOPE



PERKIN & NIMITZ

Solly management and an eye on Mars.

synthetic penicillin and vitamin B₁₂. All of these tasks—and many more—are the business of a little-known Connecticut company named Perkin-Elmer Corp., one of the fastest growing members of the fast-growing scientific instrument industry. Variety has paid well for Perkin-Elmer: last week it reported its tenth straight year of record sales (\$66.7 million, up 17%) and its eighth straight year of record profit (\$3,500,000, up 34%).

Perkin-Elmer sells no consumer products, strikes for a balance between Government contracts and sales to U.S. business. Last year the company supplied the Government with \$27 million worth of instruments and precision optical equipment, shipped \$24 million worth of instruments to U.S. industrial firms, hospitals, research laboratories and universities, and sold another \$16 million worth to such overseas customers as a Swiss drug company, a Japanese steelmaker and a Spanish brewery. Perkin-Elmer operates nine domestic plants, owns or is affiliated with manufacturers in Britain, West Germany and Japan.

Son of the Sea Dog. From headquarters in Norwalk, Conn., this global operation is run by a man with a famous name: Chester W. Nimitz Jr., 50, son of the naval hero and himself a retired rear admiral. Salty-tongued Chey Nimitz, who served in the submarine service in World War II and later got his technical training as an executive at Texas Instruments, went to Perkin-Elmer as a vice president in 1961 because he wanted to be nearer the salt water. When the company's president resigned because of illness eight months ago, Nimitz took the helm.

Perkin-Elmer's founder and chairman is Richard S. Perkin, 58, whose company has made him a millionaire 25 times over. As a youthful Manhattan investment banker with a passion for amateur astronomy, Perkin and a friend named Charles Elmer in 1938 opened a small shop in a converted Jersey City

rathskeller to grind precision lenses, mirrors and prisms for telescopes. When World War II came, the fledgling company suddenly found itself designing the optics for bombsights, aerial cameras, range finders and submarine periscopes.

Mystical Mechanisms. Optics still produce 40% of the company's revenues, but Perkin-Elmer has expanded vigorously into analytical instruments that serve the chemical industry in myriad ways. The company now derives more than half its sales from such mystical mechanisms as its \$25,000 infrared spectrophotometer, a crucial tool in the development of synthetic fibers, and the \$6,000 atomic absorption spectrophotometer, which almost instantly measures the amount of metal in a chemical sample. Lately, it has also branched into laser technology, produces the powerful gas lasers used in tracking missiles. For the U.S. space program, it makes the instruments that align the Saturn and Centaur guidance systems, the infra-red sensors that monitor carbon dioxide inside the Apollo spacecraft, and the cameras that photograph—and sometimes ride on—the rockets launched from Cape Kennedy. Its balloon-borne telescopes analyzed the atmosphere and climate of Mars long before Mariner spacecraft ever got near that planet.

To continue its growth, Perkin-Elmer searches restlessly for new products, spends \$4,000,000 a year on research. Nimitz runs the company like a tight ship, believes that the Navy teaches valuable lessons about "the necessity and the way of getting a job done through other people. Almost any plan is a good plan if you can get people to work at it willingly and together." Perkin-Elmer's plan is to win for itself a reputation as a place that will design or make an analytical instrument to suit the needs of any customer. Customers have already gotten the message. Perkin-Elmer has a record \$36.3 million backlog of unfulfilled orders.

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The topological redhead

Few people get far enough into mathematics to enjoy it. In its advanced forms, there is great beauty, philosophical speculation, playfulness, even wit.

One of the most arcane and fascinating branches of math is topology—the study of the transformation of surfaces. The boy's head at left illustrates one of topology's basic theorems: a sphere cannot be covered with radiating lines (or red hair) without at least one fixed point.

Mathematics is the subject of the first volume of the LIFE Science Library. The topological redhead is one of its illustrations. The volume doesn't teach you how to use calculus or analytical geometry, but it depicts the uses, history and pleasures of mathematics from primitive man to Einstein's Unified Field theory.

The LIFE Science Library is published by TIME-LIFE Books, a division of Time Incorporated. Some 420,000 subscribers are already enrolled for the science series.

Although it's only four years old, TIME-LIFE Books sells more than 9 million books a year in the U.S. and Canada. It prints books in 13 languages, selling 2 million a year abroad.

TIME-LIFE Books is another example of how Time Incorporated endeavors to bring information and understanding to people everywhere.

TIME/LIFE

Once this was wasteland. Here's how FMC helped change it.

Like a lot of potential farm land, this valley was once brown and unproductive. Today, thanks to modern agricultural tools and technology, the land prospers... yielding abundance to match an ever-growing need.

To provide for America's future...and to help our neighbors around the world grow more of their own food, FMC produces vegetable seeds and fertilizers... pumps and irrigation systems that can green up deserts... sprayers and dusters, and pesticides that stand

off hordes of predators... garden tractors and mechanical harvesters to supplement the farm labor force.

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FMC CORPORATION

Putting ideas to work in Machinery • Chemicals • Defense • Fibers & Films



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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

A Time of Paralysis

Western Europe's prosperity is the result, as much as anything else, of the reduction over the past few years of commercial barriers between its countries. Though most of the Continent is split into two giant trading blocs—the six-country Common Market and the seven-country European Free Trade Association—trade among members of each bloc and even between the blocs has climbed to levels scarcely dreamed of only five years ago. Europe should be eagerly pressing ahead to whittle down the remaining roadblocks to greater trade and prosperity—but it is not. It is stalled in a growing paralysis of decision making that has potentially serious consequences not only for Europe but for the rest of the free world.

Last week Charles de Gaulle made it clear that France intends to remain the major cause of that paralysis. Declaring that France has no intention of surrendering any sovereignty to the Common Market, he in effect closed the door to the sort of Common Market that Europe has envisioned—one that would have its own decision-making body, its own treasury and its own supranational laws. Finally adding insult to injury, De Gaulle heaped scorn on the Eurocrats, the architects of the Common Market, by referring to them as "a technocratic, stateless and irresponsible clique," and to their plans as "a project removed from reality." It is "conceivable and it is desirable," said De Gaulle, that the Common Market get rolling again—but he predicted "a delay the duration of which nobody can now estimate." *"Voilà pour le Marché Commun,"* said De Gaulle—so much for the Common Market.

Throughout Europe, both within the Common Market and outside it, a sort of ennui and despair has settled over the economic tasks that remain to be accomplished. Items:

► The Market has been so stymied since the French boycotted its policy-making council in Brussels in June that it has not yet figured how to carry out a scheduled 10% year-end cut in its internal tariffs and, more important, has come to a complete standstill in the vital task of formulating a farm price-support policy that is acceptable to all its members. Without the farm agreement—as De Gaulle indicated last week—the Market cannot make even minimal progress.

► The U.S.-inspired "Kennedy Round" of negotiations in Geneva, attended by 70 nations, faces a long and frustrating delay at best and a lingering death at worst because the deadlocked Common Market cannot present proposals (due this week) for cutting duties on farm products imported by the Six. The U.S. insists on this condition before it will



ON THE RHINE NEAR KOBLENZ

Traffic jams and competition, but still the cheapest way.

agree to cut industrial tariffs. Aimed at the deepest international tariff reductions in history, the Kennedy Round is going exactly nowhere.

► The European Free Trade Association (EFTA) has been thwarted in its crucial attempts to set up negotiations with the Common Market for lower duties on specific goods. When the EFTA council meets next month in Copenhagen, its leaders expect to report sadly that the possibilities of bridge building between the rival trade blocs have evaporated.

The European elections—both scheduled and potential—double the difficulty of ending these impasses. Britain's precarious Labor government, preoccupied with saving the pound, lacks the political and economic base to spur European negotiations and inspire EFTA, of which Britain is the reigning member; furthermore, it may soon find itself facing an election at home. Reinforcing the pound's defenses, the U.S. and nine other countries last week agreed on additional (but unspecified) short-term credits for sterling. Though the speculation-fighting arrangement came at a time when the pound was already gaining strength, one nation made itself conspicuous by refusing to join the common effort: France.

While West Germany's election next week should make little difference in the country's external policies, it has focused the energies of German leaders on campaigning rather than on the Common Market, made them reluctant to face the issue of farm price supports for fear of offending the farmers. France's December presidential vote promises a thaw only if, as seems unlikely, De Gaulle chooses not to run.

WEST GERMANY

Barging Ahead

Ever since the days of the Roman Empire, Europe has depended heavily on inland waterways as vital arteries for its economic lifeblood. West Germany's arteries pump the hardest. Along the country's 2,789 miles of navigable rivers and canals last year flowed 184 million tons of goods and raw materials, 27% of the country's total freight traffic. Germany's 7,600 barges carry more total tonnage than those of any other European country (though the neighboring Netherlands transports 66% of its internal commerce by water). This week in Hannover, Federal Transport Minister Hans-Christoph Seehohm will sign an agreement that calls for the greatest single development of Germany's waterways since World War II: a \$750 million, 20-year expansion and modernization program to be financed two-thirds by the federal government, one-third by the states.

Oldest & Cheapest. During World War II, Allied bombing clogged the waterways with 4,000 sunken vessels, 370,000 tons of twisted bridge steel, 14 million cubic feet of concrete and rubble. Since the war, Germany has spent more than \$1 billion to clear away the debris, rebuild the fleet, deepen the rivers and improve the country's 65 inland ports. Reason for continued reliance on the Continent's oldest form of transportation: it is still the cheapest way to ship bulk freight. To move a metric ton of coal from Duisburg to Mannheim, for example, costs \$1.87 by water, \$4.87 by rail.

The key element in the vast new program is the construction of a \$190 mil-

lion, 70-mile-long North-South Canal that will link Hamburg to the Mittelland Canal, itself to be deepened and widened at a cost of \$420 million. The new canal, running parallel to the River Elbe, will give the North Sea port direct access to the Ruhr industrial complex, is expected to generate an extra 10 million tons of freight annually after it is completed in 1972. The plan also calls for deepening and improving five other major canals.

Growing Pains. Though inland shippers carried 9.8% more cargo last year than the year before, they are facing some unpleasant growing pains. Wage costs have doubled in the last 15 years while rates have actually fallen because of competition, especially from pipelines (oil accounts for 16% of Germany's total waterborne tonnage). Traffic is so heavy that barges frequently stack up in jams several miles long behind such bottlenecks as the locks on

them. Now, however, more of Africa's new businessmen are not only university-trained and experienced but surprisingly sophisticated in trade and finance. In Equatorial Africa, it is no longer unusual to see a \$200,000 letter of credit emerging from the folds of a native robe. Nowhere is the new African businessman doing better than in Nigeria, black Africa's most populous and most prosperous nation. With a population of 55 million and an economy that grows 4% each year, the number of Nigerian millionaires is growing almost as fast as the country itself.

Peanuts & Petroleum. Even before Britain withdrew five years ago, Nigeria had a flourishing trade, exporting peanuts, cotton, palm kernels and cocoa and importing in exchange manufactured goods, foods and tobacco. The first native millionaires made their money by competing with the white man for this trade. Among Nigeria's richest

hauls oil rigs and supplies for British Petroleum Ltd. Chief Shafi Lawal Edu 54, who is president of Lagos chamber of commerce, has built a fleet of eight oil tankers. He owns a silver-blue Rolls-Royce, but usually drives around in a Mercedes—thinks it is less ostentatious.

No Need to Clash. Many Nigerian businessmen have taken advantage of the novel opportunities that inevitably accompany broadening prosperity. Chief Timothy Adeola Odutola, 63, a one-time farmer, developed a business to produce bicycle tires for the growing army of bikes, has done so well that he is adding a \$1,700,000 plant, plans eventually to harvest his own rubber from his 5,000-acre plantation. A former office worker, Ade Tuyo, 63, cast around for a business that would have "first priority in people's spending," opened a bakery that today has four shops and makes 115 products. The firm's unusual name—De Facto Works



DANTATA



TUYO



BANK-ANTHONY



ODUTOLA



EDU

Under native robes, \$200,000 letters of credit.

the Wesel-Datteln Canal, thus delaying the delivery of goods.

Some experts predict that Germany's inland waterways will gradually lose ground to trucking and pipelines. Shipping Expert Walter Marquardt, deputy head of the Transport Ministry's inland shipping section, questions the gloomy forecasts, noting that "traffic predictions have almost always proved too low." Even if inland shipping's share of commerce fails to grow proportionately, says Marquardt, it is still bound to increase in absolute terms as growing factories—in Germany and elsewhere—require ever greater amounts of the ores and bulk raw materials that the slow-chugging barges still carry so economically.

AFRICA

The Nigerian Millionaires

Along with pride in status and problems of self-government, independence for the 31 nations of black Africa means the emergence of black businessmen. A few flourish on cottage industries, that early stage of every economy; some are the opportunistic agents of the colonial companies that formerly ruled

businessmen is Alhaji Sanusi Dantata, 46, who buys and ships much of the rich Kano region's peanut crop. Dantata's agents last year bought 84,000 tons from small farmers, paid with traditional handfuls of coin counted out in dusty village squares. Sir Odumegwu Ojukwu, 66, knighted shortly before independence, started off by importing dried fish for resale to the nonfishing Nigerians, then decided to ship the fish inland himself instead of leaving the job to others. He also amassed the country's largest fleet of "mammy wagons," the trucks that carry Nigerians (including market women, which gives the trucks their name) from place to place.

In today's new Nigeria, businessmen are more likely to succeed by producing new goods or services. Sir Mobolaji Bank-Anthonys, 59, known as "The Black Englishman" for his impeccable manners and imperceptible air, began by importing cuckoo clocks and marble statues. He now controls or owns part of ten companies, including a tanker fleet and a charter airline. Emmanuel Akwui, 43, earned law degrees at Cambridge; returning home just as Nigeria's oil boom began he organized a company that now has 70 vehicles,

Ltd.—was shrewdly chosen by Tuyo to impress Nigerian bankers with the fact that he was seriously in business.

Bayo Braithwaite, 36, one of Nigeria's younger businessmen, left a British insurance company to found a firm that would write life insurance on Nigerians, which the British underwriters avoided. So successful has Braithwaite been that his African Alliance Insurance Co. Ltd. occupies a six-story Lagos home office and has 300 bush-beating agents. Braithwaite lives in an elegant house in suburban Ikoyi, where glass and concrete are deliberately intermixed with African folk art to prove that "the two need never clash."

So it is, too, with Nigerian business. The Nigerians feel that they and their one-time white masters need never clash. "The time is coming," says Timothy Odutola, "when we will produce more than we can consume and we will have to look outside Nigeria for markets." Against that time, Nigeria is seeking joint ventures in Europe and the U.S., has also concluded negotiations for eventual associate membership in the European Common Market. Already, it exports more to the Market than to its old master, Britain.



"Henry, why can't we just get on the plane?"

We're happy to see people taking an interest in our fan-jet engines.

You might call it fatherly pride. The fan-jet was an American Airlines invention in the first place.

So you can imagine the mixed emotions we have, now that other airlines

have these engines on a number of their planes, too.

But if (for some strange reason) you do take another airline, you ought to ask for one of their fan-jet flights. Just to see what it's like.

Fan-jets get you off the ground 30%

faster than ordinary jets. It's kind of impressive, seeing an airplane do what it's supposed to do, so briskly.

Of course, asking American if you'll get a fan-jet is a waste of time.

We haven't taken anybody up in an ordinary jet in years.

American Airlines

"So you're locked in..."

Maybe.

But in our experience that's more likely to be an attitude of mind on the investor's part than an actual fact of life.

Take a look yourself at some of the typical situations in which a man is likely to say he's locked in. Basically there are three kinds:

- (1) The investor with a loss in some stock.
- (2) The investor with a short-term profit.
- (3) The investor with a big long-term profit.

Here are some examples typical of each, together with our own appraisal of each situation:

(1) Suppose you bought X stock at 50 six months ago. It hasn't performed the way you hoped it would. Now it's at 45. You think it will come back and that your judgment will be vindicated. Maybe it will, but to our way of thinking the sensible question you ought to ask yourself is whether X stock at 45 is the best buy you can find in the market today. If it isn't, we think you ought to sell it, take the five point loss, which will reduce your income tax, and put your investment dollars in what does seem to you a better buy.

(2) Now let's look at the situation that might confront you if you had a short-term profit. Let's suppose you bought Y stock three months ago at 45 and happily it has moved up to 50. You're tempted to go on holding that stock for another three months so that you won't have to pay the full income tax rate on your profit but might be able to settle for only half as much tax. Maybe that's smart and maybe it isn't. The answer depends on what your short-term tax rate would be if you took the profit now and whether the tax saving you might make by holding for another three months is worth the risk you are assuming of a possible drop in the value of the stock. If you can only hope to save a comparatively few dollars, obviously you are better off taking your profit now. A profit in hand is worth two in the future.

(3) Finally, let's assume you have a truly substantial long-term capital gain in Z stock — a stock that may have multiplied three or four times in value since you bought it years ago, yielding you a profit measured in thousands or tens of thousands of dollars. You don't want to pay even the long-term capital gains tax, so you just sit there, "locked in." The only way you can avoid paying that capital gains tax is to hold the stock until death, and even then there's the estate tax. Whether the capital gains tax on your profit would be greater or less than the estate tax is a problem that takes pretty careful calculation — perhaps even consultation with an accountant or lawyer. Then there's another problem or two: What about the possibility of a decline in the price of your stock? What about the greater attractiveness of other investments that may not have realized their appreciation potential as fully as Z stock?

As we said, maybe you're locked in — but maybe you're not — in any of these three typical situations. At least we think these questions are worth some pretty serious consideration, and if you would like to know what our answer would be in your situation, just ask us. We will give you the most objective opinion we can — and it's yours for the asking. So before you simply accept the fate of being locked in, why not talk the situation over with us? Just come in, call, or write. Joseph C. Quinn, Senior Vice President

MILESTONES

Born. To Maury Wills, 32, base-stealing Dodger shortstop (84 as of last week), and Gertrude Elliot Wills, 31; their sixth child, fourth daughter; in Spokane, Wash.

Married. Roger Thomas Staubach, 23, All-America Navy quarterback in 1963, now an assistant coach at Annapolis; and Marianne Jeanne Hoobler, 23, pediatrics nurse; in Cincinnati.

Married. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, 40, famed German lieder singer; and Ruth Leuwerik, 39, German film star; both for the second time (his first, Cellist Irmgard Peppen, died in childbirth in 1963); in Zollikon, Switzerland.

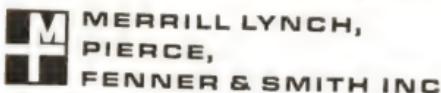
Married. Orville Enoch Hodge, 60, former Illinois state auditor and gubernatorial hopeful who in 1956 went to jail for embezzling \$1,450,000 in public funds; was paroled in 1963 to make a new life as an Oldsmobile salesman; and Viola Coombs, 61, a home-town secretary; both for the second time; in Granite City, Ill.

Died. Clifford Stanton Heinz III, 25, great-grandson of Food-Company Founder H. J. Heinz and heir to a share in the \$40 million family fortune; by his own hand (.25-cal. pistol), following several years of general despondency and psychiatric treatment; in Chicago.

Died. Dorothy Dandridge, 41, Negro singing star, who in the 1950s ruled the supper clubs with her stunning beauty, gold lame-clad figure and torch songs (*Love Isn't Born, It's Made*), later turned to films, giving starring performances in *Carmen Jones* and *Porgy and Bess*; but then saw the torch dim, was forced into bankruptcy in 1963; of a stroke; in Hollywood.

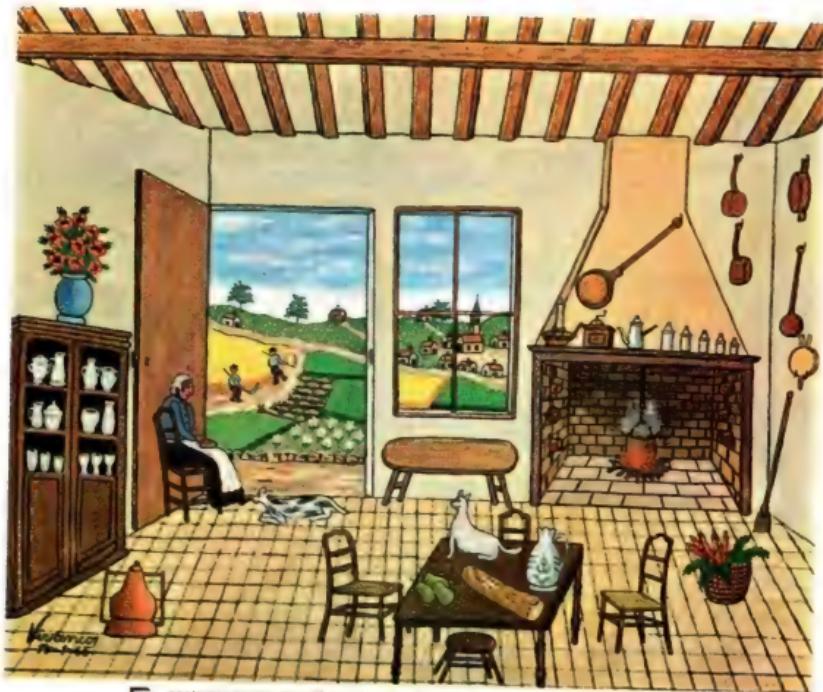
Died. Hermann Staudinger, 84, German chemist and 1953 Nobel prize-winner, who fathered the age of plastics with his 1927 theory that large organic molecules derive their individual properties from orderly chainlike structures, hundreds of atoms long, thus making it possible for scientists to reproduce the structures synthetically, and develop such wonders as nylon (for silk) and Orlon (for wool); of a stroke; in Freiburg, Germany.

Died. Joshua Lionel Cowen, 85, inventor of the Lionel electric train, a boyhood tinkerer who got off on the right track by patenting the first flashlight at 19, a year later developed a crude battery-powered wooden train set that proved an instant hit with children's fathers, served as president (1901-45) and later board chairman (1945-57) of the U.S.'s biggest toy train company (sales in 1957: \$18,776-862); of a stroke; in Palm Beach, Fla.



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CINEMA



ANDRESS BEFORE



& AFTER

No older than the clichés.

Waiting for Leo

She is for children, television addicts, and those who relish cinema clichés. The large cliché collection here assembled includes the Reincarnated Hero, the Perilous Quest, the Lost City, and the ravishingly beautiful woman who is really 2,000 years old. But *She* is no copycat: Britain's H. Rider Haggard wrote it in 1886. 51 years before Ronald Colman ever heard of Shangri-La.

It is 1918, and three demobbed British soldiers sit drinking in a handsome Arab cabaret in Palestine. Exposition is almost unnecessary for such an archetypal trio: Leo, the young leader (John Richardson); Major Holly, the older officer (Peter Cushing) who used to be a college professor; and Job, their comic but loyal batman (Bernard Cribbins) in a gentleman's gentleman's derby and a lower-class accent. In almost no time at all, Leo has been abducted by russians with gold medals bearing his profile and dragged before the blonde and beautiful Ursula Andress.

She introduces herself, "I am Ayesha, whom some call She Who Waits"—an appropriate sobriquet for someone who has been waiting for 20 centuries. After a kiss or two, she hands him a ring and a road map to the hidden city of Kuma, beyond the Desert of Lost Souls and the Mountains of the Moon, where she will give him riches, power and herself. Leo and his friends set out posthaste.

Come perils, throughout which Leo is 1) rescued by a beguiling girl called Ustana (Rosenda Monteros) and 2) sustained by spirit-reviving visions of Ur-

Since then it has sold 83 million copies in 44 languages.

sula Andress. Comes the crucial choice between the adoring Ustana ("I can but offer you my heart and unending loyalty") and the prospect of Ursula and a kingdom—with immortality to enjoy them in. Leo chooses as anybody would in his right mind. He is punished, of course. And so is Miss Andress, who with the help of a makeup man has to demonstrate at the fadeout what a 2,000-year-old woman really looks like. She doesn't look a day over 1,500.

Million-Dollar Heist

Once a Thief spends much too much time establishing the sexual compatibility of its two stars: Frenchman Alain Delon, who rates as a kind of male Bardot, and Hollywood's Ann-Margret (*Bus Riley's Back in Town*), who proves once again that it was good looks, not good acting, that made her "the outstanding young box-office attraction of 1963-64."

As soon as the lengthy love scenes are out of the way, the story gets clicking. Alain is a nice young ex-con trying to straighten out with the help of Wife Ann-Margret but with no help at all from his gangster brother. First thing anybody knows, there is poor Alain wrapped up in a plot to heist a million dollars' worth of platinum wire. Double and triple crosses pop in and out as if run through a revolving door, and thriller fans will find a plenitude of such ritual sounds as the squeal of tires, the chunk of a silenced gun, and the rat-a-tat of sound-track percussion to activate their endocrines.

It is all good, dirty, if not particularly original fun. Skull-faced Jack Palance comes off as one of the most improbable-looking masterminds in the annals of crime, and Van Heflin is solid as the vengeful detective who turns out to have heart. But *The Thief's* best value is in the minor roles: John Davis Chandler, an ash-blond menace with



DELON ESCORTING ANN-MARGRET
Nothing to do with acting.



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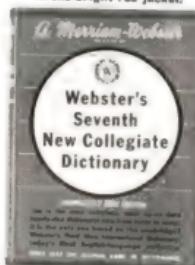
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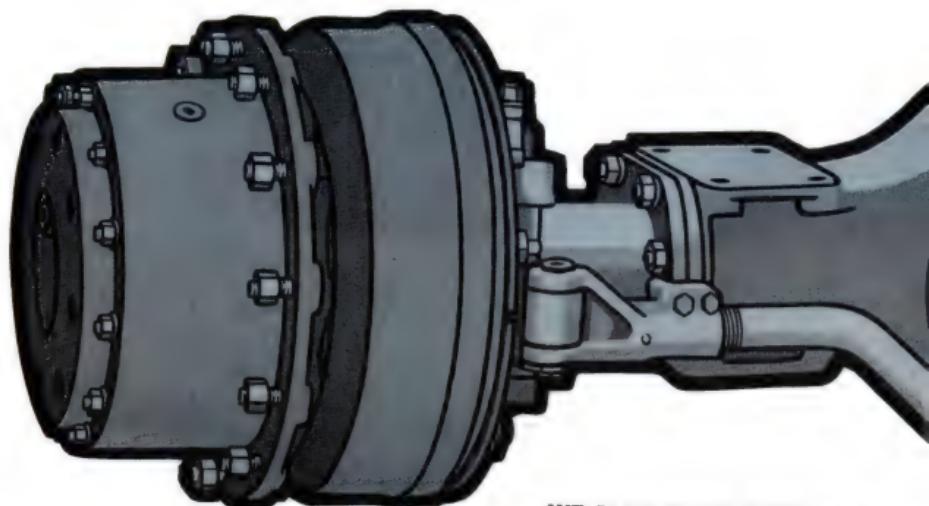
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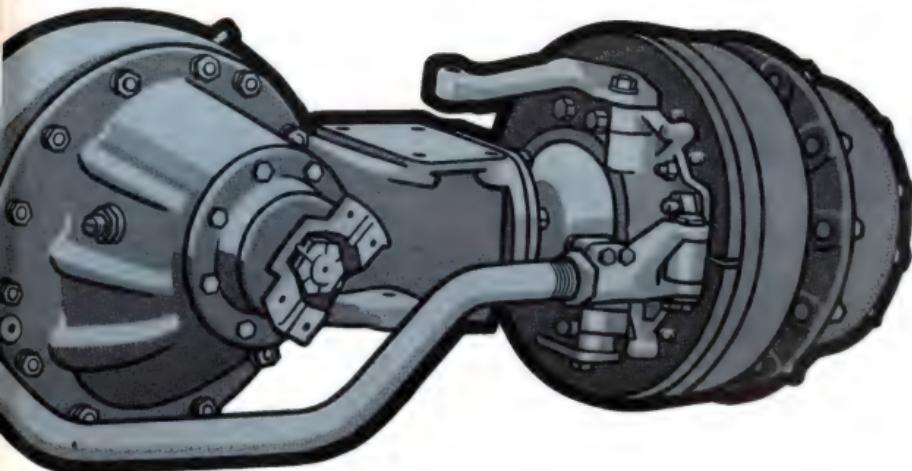
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a voice like a stripped gear, who seems to have difficulty getting his plum-size eyes open: Zekial Marko (who also wrote both the book and screenplay), an engaging loser who would obviously do anything to anybody; Tammy Locke, a fearsome moppet, capable of a look of existential bafflement when her father won't let her dry the dishes—and of cheerful chuckles when Daddy and his friends end up on the dock all covered with blood.

I Loathe Paris

Paris Secret, a cheap "documentary" pep show of sadism, sex and morbidity, is billed as "the Paris no tourist has ever seen." It lingers unashamedly on banal hokum, such as the backroom rituals of what purport to be secret cults of egg worshippers and navel contemplators, a tedious chase through a midnight forest



"SECRET" EGG WORSHIPER
Hokum at the husband factory.

in which men in evening clothes run after girls dressed as birds, and a street photographer who offers to take pictures of Negroes kissing his blonde wife. Among the sequences:

► A widow visits a factory that makes show-window mannequins, arranges to have her deceased husband meticulously copied in plastic down to the last blemish. The finished product, dressed in one of his suits, is cozily installed on the living-room sofa at home.

► A tattoo artist is tattooing a picture of the Eiffel Tower on a blonde's behind. The girl, says the narrator, is a student who is helping to pay her tuition with the money that she will get for the picture. How can she sell it? The next scene shows a doctor carving the Eiffel Tower off the girl—and with it her skin, which he proceeds to stretch and preserve. Collectors pay steep prices for such specimens, remarks the commentator coolly, while the camera eyes a collection of framed dragons, mermaids, girls' names, and similar skin art.



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Location: Bloomington, Minnesota. Architect: Robert F. Ackermann. Builder: John Engberg.

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BOOKS

Word Salad

LANGUAGE ON VACATION by Dmitri A. Borgmann. 318 pages. Scribner. \$6.95.

Subhookkeeper is the only English word that contains four successive pairs of letters. Triennially is one of the very few English words in which the odd and even letters spell two complete words: timily and renal. The longest English word that can be typed in the top letter line of a typewriter is—typewriter? The longest English word without an e in it is floeinauinbilipilification (the action or habit of estimating things as worthless).

This resolutely useless information is published in one of the year's most peculiar and fascinating books, an artfully

• PALINDROMES, as Borgmann presents them, are still more fun. Spelled the same backward as forward, they fall into several categories: palindromic words (Malayalam, evitative, detartrated); palindromic names and trade names (Mary Belle Byram, Yreka Bakery); vertical palindromes that read in reverse when they are turned upside down, either hand-printed:

SWIMS

or hand-written:

champs

Best of all are the palindromic sentences (Dennis and Edna sinned; Sums are not set as a test on Erasmus; Ma is a nun as I am).

• WORD SURGERY, the process of creating words by eliminating letters from longer words, is epitomized in one surprising sentence: "Show this bold Prussian that praises slaughter, slaughter brings rout." Now eliminate the first letter of each word and read what remains.

Borgmann provides an amusing section on rhopalic sentences in which each word has one letter more than the last ("I do not know where family doctors acquired illegibly perplexing handwriting"), and some helpful hints for the Scrabble set (aa is a hookworm disease of ancient Egypt, and the xxjoanw is a musical instrument). Unfortunately, he omits acrostics, telestichs, lipogrammata, univocalic verses, Richelieu's équivoque or Swift's "Lacerated Latin" verses, in which Latin words make English statements ("Omi de armis tres./ Imi na dis tres./ Cantu disco ver/ Meas alo ver"). But he does include a section on the word square, the prototype of the crossword puzzle, and tops it off with an impressive sentence square composed entirely of five-letter words.

seven young crazy maids shall smart
young girls mad maid alert maid never
crazy ideas mad those items never aired
maids moved those items never aired
shall alert women never voice views
smart males often aired views fully

Also represented: Sotadic verses, pangrammatical rubaiyat and problems in alphametics (alphabet arithmetic). They are all wonderfully ingenious and entertaining, and so is Author Borgmann, who dazzles right down to the last word—which happens to be a palindrome: ZZZZ. But the last word really belongs to the readers, and it will doubtless be another palindrome: AHA!

The Death of Angels

THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM by Brian Moore. 250 pages. Viking. \$4.95.

Seventeen-year-old Gavin Burke was watching his nubile sister. She threw her legs over a sofa arm, exposing cream white thighs and pink knickers. "Nice legs, hot stuff," said the Black Angel. "Stop that. She's your sister," replied the White Angel. Black Angel:

"Remember last week, going past the bathroom? You looked." White Angel: "You're diseased. Degenerate." Black Angel: "Stop being so serious, I just said they're nice legs."

Poor Gavin. The time is the late '30s, and the angels talk so much that he can seldom get a word in. And what would he say anyhow? He has failed his exams, so he cannot go to the university. He hates his own "girlish hands and all beaked nose thrusting out blindly like a day-old bird's." He is a Roman Catholic in dull bourgeois Belfast, where the "papist" minority moves with silent loathing among the majority Protestants—"the Prods." In short he feels doomed, and no one disputes his judgment. Not his solicitor father, an Eire-über-alles bigot who delights in Hitler's early military victories. Not his complacent mother, nor his studious brother, nor his pretty sister nor even his student-nurse



MOORE

Exploring experience.

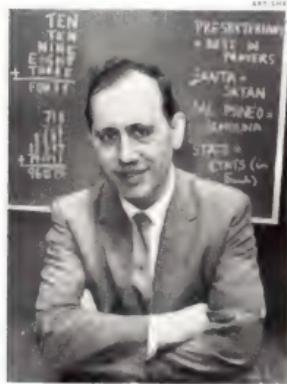
girl friend Sally—"a nun in mufti." In fact, about the only thing that gives him any comfort is something not even the angels could understand: modern poetry, and especially Wallace Stevens' lines:

Let her be finale of seem.

The only emperor is the emperor of ice-cream.

Himself Proclaimed. Rather than return to school, Gavin enlists in the air-defense service as a medical aide and is thrown among the rude, crude Irish whom he has never known—men who have not had jobs since the Depression. In a whirl of discovery, Gavin joins a Communist theater group, meets a Protestant minister who seems hep but actually is only homo, falls in love for a night with the pathetic and beautiful young wife of a slumming millionaire who had got her man by producing a *virgo-intacta* medical certificate.

When the first German bombers drone in over Belfast, Gavin is enthralled at the prospect of the adult world's destruction. "Come on, Hitler, blow up city hall!" cries a leftist friend. "And



BORGmann

Teasing intelligence.

cyclopedia of logology assembled by a stark-raving logomaniac named Dmitri Alfred Borgmann, a Chicago actuary whose name, when its letters are transposed, spells "damn mad boring trifler." Boring he is not. Among his offerings: • TRANSPOSITIONS, says Author Borgmann, are words rearranged into other words, and he gives examples in a rising order of difficulty: harmonicas—marshasino; microcephaly—pyrochemical; oxhearts—thoraxes. Got the idea? Then go ahead and see how many transpositions can be formed from the word angriest—Borgmann lists 65.

• ANAGRAMS & ANTIGRAMS, says Borgmann, are words or groups of words that can be transposed into words or groups of words that have the same or the opposite meanings. Anagrams: conversation—voices rant on; medical consultations—noted miscalculations; the nudist colony—no undy clothes; Washington crossing the Delaware—he saw his ragged continental row. Antigrams: evangelists—evil's agents; the lenten season—none eat less then.

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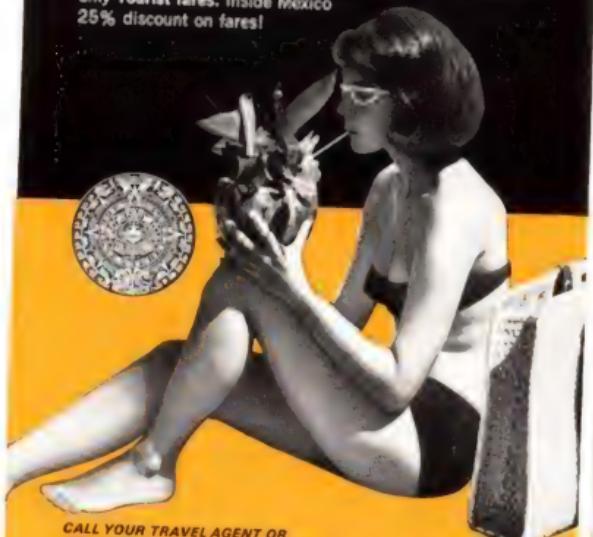
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Queen's University!" shrieks Gavin. But, in a qualm of conscience, he rushes back to the hospital for a 24-hour stint in the morgue, identifying and collining the raid victims. Half-potted on hospital whisky, he grinds through the grisly work in a manner that wins admiration from doctors, medical students and even from his girl friend Sally. At the raid's end, Gavin no longer hears the angels; instead, he hears a calm new voice within himself. He might fittingly have remembered another Wallace Stevens stanza:

*In the little of his voice, or the like.
Or less, he found a man, or more,
against
Calamity, proclaimed himself, was
proclaimed.*

Astigmatic Eye. Gavin's achievement of manhood is the capstone of the book. In the course of 48 hours, he has learned that his father is fallible, that his girl is really rather silly and that he himself can command the respect of his fellowmen. In dealing with non-autobiographical characters in earlier novels (*The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, *The Feast of Imperial*, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*), Moore showed searching insight, uncompromising candor and the touch of a genuine talent. In this somewhat autobiographical novel (Moore was also an air-defense corporal in Belfast), his vision sometimes seems a little astigmatic, as if his eye clouded when the subject moved too near. But he displays the quality of a genuine novelistic talent—that is to say, he makes vivid a considerable area of human experience.

Dubious History

THE CRIPPLED TREE by Han Suyin
461 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

Han Suyin made a literary reputation of sorts by telling, in *A Many-Splendored Thing*, all the revealing, intimate details of her carryings-on in Hong Kong with a married British foreign correspondent who got killed in the Korean War. Several auto-biographical exposés later, Eurasian Suyin, now 48, tells again of herself, this time as a child, and of the declining fortunes of her father's Mandarin family at a time of chaos, civil war and foreign depredation in China. "The characters in this book," says the author, "are not fictional, neither are the events."

Actually, the book is a Moravia-type shocker telling of impaled babies, little girls six and eight years old sold to brothels, and quarterings by the thousands. The purpose of all this gore is to prove that the suffering and horror wrought upon China by the West forced the Chinese to go Communist in self-defense. Author Suyin lets her morbid imagination gallop away when she writes of such events as the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 by Japan and the Western powers: "Soldiers of France and England and Germany went

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HAN SUYIN

Peking is a great place to visit.

about with open trousers to rape women, and spears to impale the babies. Militant missionaries boasted of the peasants they shot after baptising them. One of them, an American, wrote: 'I sent eight hundred and forty-one new souls to heaven this week.' And there is that German officer having fun in Peking: 'When I go pheasant shooting, I shoot cocks and spare hens; but when hunting Chinese, I kill them all, men and women, old and young.'

This sort of brutal treatment, says the author, explains why the Chinese people—49 years later—welcomed with open arms the Communist victory in 1949. As for the accounts of mass murder perpetrated by the Reds (Chairman Mao himself modestly admits liquidating 800,000 landlords and capitalists from 1949 to 1954); they are horror stories invented by Western propagandists. In her eyes, Communist China has done no wrong, its leaders are the most kindly of men, and she visits Peking every year. "What astonished me most," says Suyin, marveling at Mao's benevolence, is the sight of "old warlords, with the blood of hundreds of Communist revolutionaries, decapitated or tortured, on their executioners' knives," living comfortable, rehabilitated lives on government handouts.

As for Han Suyin herself, she prefers to live in capitalist Singapore.

Age of Hope & Plebes

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES by Alfred Kazin. 166 pages. Atlantic Little Brown. \$4.95

Good autobiography is often not so much a self-portrait as a chronicle of the times. Such is *Starting Out in the Thirties*, a chatty tour of the Depression in New York and the generation of radical writers—John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Clifford Odets, James T. Farrell, Robert Cantwell—who, like Author Kazin, were starting out in the



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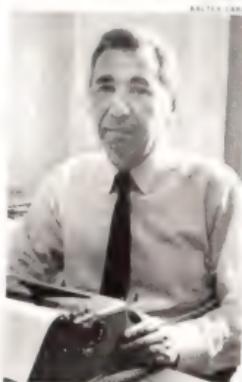
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Thirties. An essayist, critic and anthropologist (*F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work; The Portable William Blake*), Kazin was born in a Brooklyn slum, the son of an immigrant Polish Jew. He got his first job as a part-time book reviewer for the *New Republic*, in the summer of 1934—"that bottom summer when the first wild wave of hope under the New Deal had receded." It was a thin time, and Kazin recalls that "there were so many of us" who depended on review assignments to live that Editor Malcolm Cowley "would sell the books there was no space to review and dole out the proceeds among the more desperate cases haunting him."

Like most young New York intellectuals of his day, Kazin considered himself a socialist. "I thought of socialism as orthodox Christians might think of the Second Coming," he says, "a

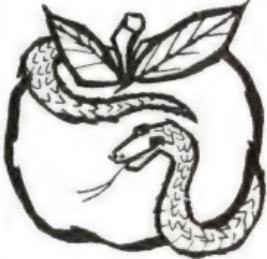


ALFRED KAZIN
Rebels from good families.

wholly supernatural event which one might await with perfect faith, but which had no immediate relevance to my life." Like most of his friends, he spent much of his free time in passionate discussion of the decade's great storms: the Moscow purges, the rise of fascism, the Spanish civil war.

But, he says, "what was new about the writers of the Thirties was not so much their angry militancy as their background. When you thought of the typical writers of the Twenties, you thought of rebels from 'good' families—Dos Passos, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Cummings, Wilson, Cowley. The Thirties were the age of the plebes—of writers from the working class, the immigrant class, the non-literate class, from Western farms and mills—those whose struggle was to survive."

In a way it was an uncomplicated age. There were bad and good, rich and poor, oppressors and liberators, fascists and socialists. The dreams of the revolutionary idealists were shattered in 1939 when Stalin signed his nonaggres-



"Let My Temptation Be a Book..."

which I shall purchase, hold, and keep... (Eugene Field in the *Bibliomaniac's Prayer*) And it's worthwhile to be tempted by books like these.

H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle"; Vladimir Nabokov's "Bend Sinister"; Dylan Thomas' "The Doctor and the Devils"; Samuel Eliot Morrison's "John Paul Jones."

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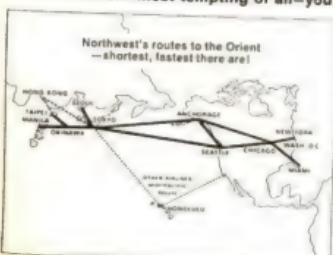
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sion pact with Hitler. From then on, says Kazin, the role of the intellectuals was forever changed: "The elan of their lives, revolutionary faith in the future, was missing. History was now a tangle of meanings, without clear-cut issue. What would never come back, in this most political of ages, was the faith in a wholly new society that had been implicit in the revolutionary ideal."

Is this bad? Amidst his lively reportage, Kazin seems to think so. But although the intellectuals of today might not be as happy as they were in the Thirties, they are at least facing the real, muddy problems of a pragmatic compromising world.

Current & Various

THE REAWAKENING by Primo Levi 222 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$4.75

A horse-drawn Russian army cart creaked to a halt before the cement cellblock at Auschwitz. Gathering their tattered bundles, a dozen silent men crawled into the wagon, huddled together against the cold, and jolted through the gate into the snowy darkness. Among them was Primo Levi, a young Italian Jew who had been interned for two years at Auschwitz and the nearby slave-labor camp of Buna-Monowitz. In an earlier book, *If This Is a Man*, Chemist-Sociologist Levi recalled his imprisonment in chilling detail. In this reflective sequel, he tells of his arduous return to life. With jovial inefficiency, the Russians shunted him from camp to camp, finally sent him off on a ramshackle freight train that wandered erratically for 33 days across six countries before setting him down at last in sunny Italy. The journey had its bits of humor: Captain Egorov, commander of a repatriation camp, met the news of an imminent general inspection by swatting the Augean public latrine in an impenetrable tangle of barbed wire. The journey also had its vestiges of horror: Daniele, a sole survivor of a Nazi raid on the Venice ghetto, put bread on the ground before starving German prisoners of war and forced them to crawl on all fours to get it. Slowly, by fits and starts, Levi reawakened to reality. From a peremptory Greek companion, he learned basic survival tactics: "He who has shoes can search for food." Then one day Levi asked directions from a Polish priest, got an answer in Latin, felt a sudden, inexplicable sense of restoration to humanity and health. His memoir is dignified and affecting, a gentle epic of recuperation.

TWO PEOPLE by Donald Windham 252 pages Coward-McCann. \$4.95

Black-haired Marcello was an amiable Roman *ragazzo*; Forrest was a young American businessman who had recently separated from his wife, stayed on in Rome to forget. The story of their homosexual relationship forms the basis—but only the basis—for this perceptive, unsensational novel. For Mar-

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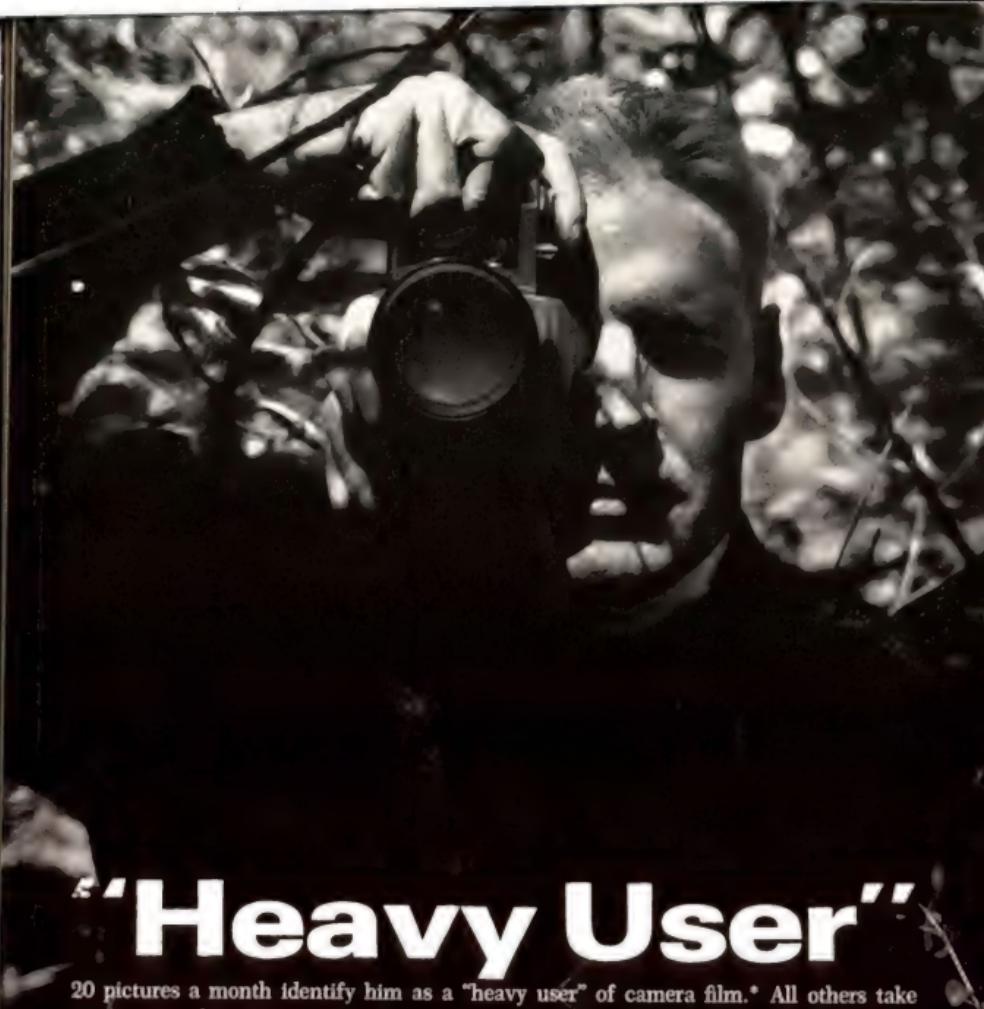
even on the ground from the plane's own power supply.

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Mohawk and Braniff are flying it now. American begins service in a few months. And in the Hawaiian Islands, Aloha will start using it early next year. All to bring jet service to cities the jet age left behind.

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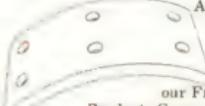
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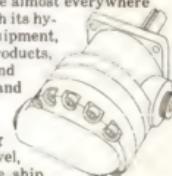


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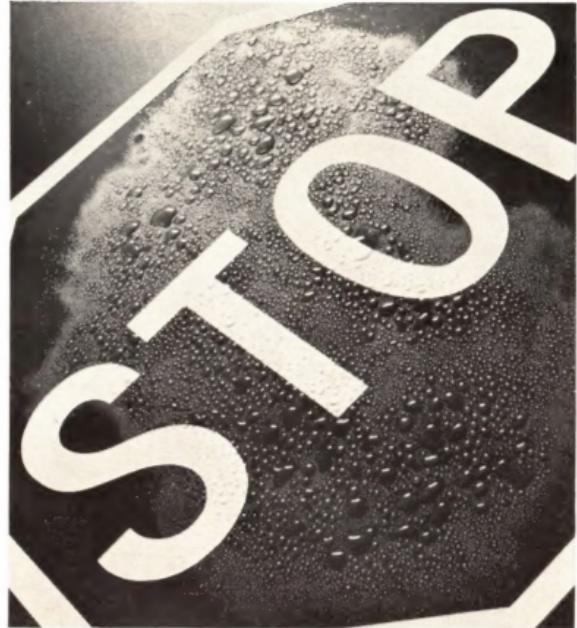
NOVELIST WINDHAM.

Roma: Amor.

cello, son of a domineering manufacturer, the affair begins casually as one among many he has already enjoyed. He is unemotionally pleased by the physical pleasure and equally delighted to pick up some extra cash to spend on his girl. But for Forrest the affair is unique: what begins as a distraction becomes an obsession—both with Marcello and with Rome. At last, realizing that he will always remain essentially an alien both to Marcello and to Rome, he breaks off the affair and returns to his wife in America. Though all this sounds like a conventional refurbishing of that shopworn literary theme, homosexuality, it is considerably more. Forrest and Marcello are really people in whose alien yet partially convergent experiences Author Windham explores two characteristic encounters with the Eternal City.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ASIA by Jean Herbert. 410 pages. Oxford. \$7.50.

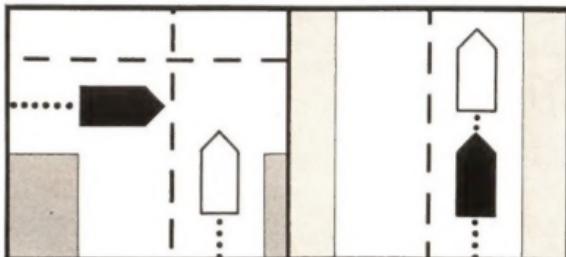
Asia is the elephant of continents, and Western visitors are like the blind men of the legend: each finds a different Asia and thinks it is the only one. Recent visitors, of course, have experienced an elephant on the rampage; their reports are exciting but often lack depth. To restore perspective is the purpose of this treatise by Dr. Jean Herbert, a professor of Oriental studies at the University of Geneva. The author's learning is formidable and his style a pleasure, but even after 40 years of study, he cannot quite manage to see the elephant whole. The book is a brilliant essay on the traditions and temperament of Asian man, but Dr. Herbert has almost nothing to say about what has happened to those traditions and that temperament in the last 20 years. However, the reader who has foreground but lacks background will be grateful for this vigorous and informative encapsulation of a continent.



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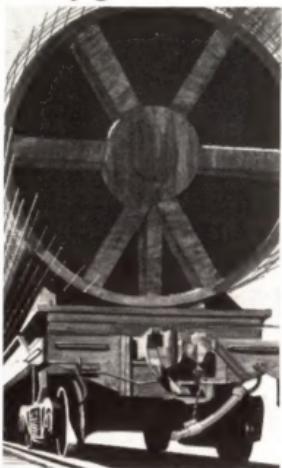
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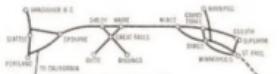
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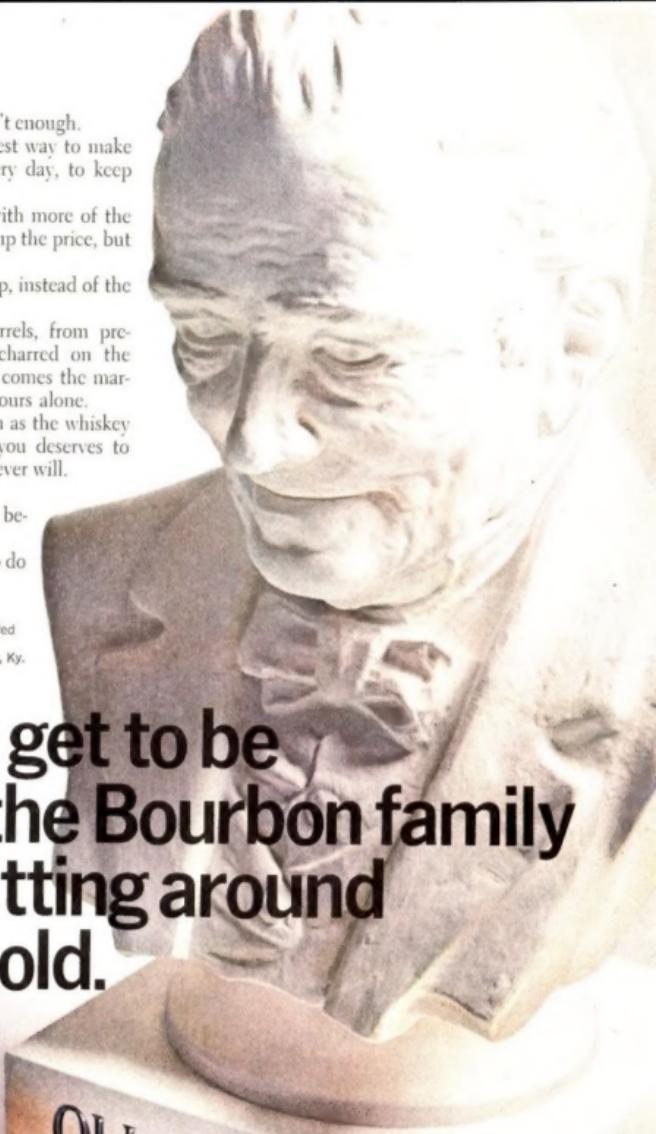
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